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The Birthplace of Quala. —Page 230.

Rivers in the Desert :

OR,

MISSION-SCENES IN BURMAH.

BY THE

REV. JOHN BAILLIE,

GCNY. AND CAIUS COLE, CAMBRIDGE.

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF HEWITSON," ETC.

"MANY shall come from THE EAST and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."—*Matt.* viii. 11.

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TO

THE REV. WILLIAM MARSH, D.D.

HONORARY CANON OF WORCESTER,

WHO,

FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY, HAS STOOD FORTH,

THE EARNEST AND ENLIGHTENED FRIEND

OF MISSIONS TO JEW AND GENTILE,

*These Pages, ..*

SKETCHING THE WORKERS AND THE WORK IN BURMAH,

ARE,

WITH MUCH CHRISTIAN REGARD AND AFFECTION,

INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

**“ Oh, what a bright and blessed world  
This groaning earth of ours will be,  
When from its throne the tempter hurl'd  
Shall leave it all, O Lord, to Thee ! ”**

## P R E F A C E.

---

THE following Memoir of the Burmah Mission has been prepared at the suggestion of various friends, who, on account of the Mission's extraordinary results, desiderated such a brief but comprehensive narrative of its workers and work as might stimulate the Church of Christ, in these portentous days, to fresh zeal and faith in winning souls.

The materials of the Memoir lie scattered over a variety of publications; such as the Lives of Dr. Judson, of Boardman, of Ann Judson, of Ko-thah-byoo, of Sarah Judson, and of Emily Judson; "the Church Missionary Intelligencer;" "the Missionary Magazine of the American Board of Missions;" and sundry

other works. It has been the Author's aim to weave the varied fragments into one connected whole.

Modern missions can appeal to no such brilliant success. "While in Basle," was the remark, to an American traveller, one day, of Dr. Hoffman, long at the head of the Missionary Institution in that city, and now one of the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries in Prussia, "I had the publications sent me from all the Missionary Societies in existence; and I have always considered your Karen Mission" (a branch of the Burman) "as the most successful in the world." The same traveller found Dr. Hengstenberg, at Berlin, "spelling out the English Memoir of Ko-thah-byoo" (one of the converts). And a distinguished Indian judge writes:—"As illustrations of the working of the gracious Spirit of God, through the simple preaching and reading of the Word,—the Burman Missions are among the most important in the world. Nay, more, it may well be doubted, if the whole history of Missions since Apostolic days exhibits any more interesting and affecting manifestations of the divine energy of that Word, or more lovely and delightful fruits of the Spirit in newly converted disciples."

It becomes, therefore, to the Church, a most grave

inquiry—"To what is this so signal success to be ascribed?" The reader will find, as he proceeds, materials for arriving at a very decisive reply.

The sect, to which Judson attached himself, has not been named. Like Bunyan, and Martyn, and Brainerd,—Judson is the property, not of a sect, but of the whole Church of God. His light, like theirs, "so shone," that men, seeing his good works, glorified—not his sect, but—his Father in heaven.

If ever there was a time when such a narrative was "in season," it is at this crisis in the history of those vast populations of the East, on which events so appalling have recently concentrated all eyes. Burmah, strictly speaking, is not India; its energetic and brave people look down upon the Hindoo with a kind of scorn; and its superstition, also, is cast in another mould. But both the Burman and the Hindoo are formed after the same grand Asiatic type. And, at a time when atrocities so terrific have almost driven "the man of the dark skin" out of our hearts' possible sympathies, it is something to find, amongst the race, footprints bespeaking so unmistakeably the presence of the God of grace. The Author will feel amply recom-

pensed for his labour, if, in any measure, these pages be used by the divine Quickener to stimulate the Church into new activity in going forth to those benighted nations with the gospel of the kingdom.

*London, December 15, 1857.*

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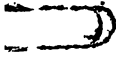
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## MISSION-SCENES IN BURMAH.

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ONE misty morning in autumn, a traveller left Geneva to ascend the Grand Salève. Reaching the foot of the mountain, he began the ascent by a zigzag pathway on its steep front, the mist so thick that not an object could be seen beyond a few yards. As he picked his way laboriously and exhaustingly, he suddenly emerged into a bright sunshine,—the beams reflected with an almost dazzling brilliancy from the summits of the snow-capt Alps. Beneath was the mist, like some vast sea, smooth and white as a chalcedony; and, as he listened, he could catch at intervals the lowing of the oxen, and the village-bell, and the busy hum of the haunts of men.

Away in the far-East, where, amidst the magnificent scenery of Burmah's hill and dale,

“The spring  
Perpetual smiles on earth with verdant flowers,  
Equal in days and nights,”

another traveller, some forty years since, might be seen gazing, day after day, and month after month, upon a



scene which he has crossed half the world to reach—the poor benighted pagans down in that thick mist. Himself a child of the mountain-sunshine—walking and rejoicing in the fellowship of Him who is the Light, JUDSON has heard of these children of the mist, and of the thick darkness ; and he has come to beckon them upward into the light of his sun. The story of his wondrous work of faith we are now to tell. The history of modern missions has no such bright page.

## CHAPTER I.

The FIELD—The last of the Buddhs—Atheists—The palm-leaves—The assassins—The Burman country—Woman—The white elephant—The god—The LABOURER—The boy—A problem—"I have found it!"—"Old Virgil dug up"—Youthful ambition—The Deist—Seeing the world—The precipice—The country-inn—The death-chamber—The awakening—The surrender—The man of one idea—"Star in the East"—Life-devotement—ANOTHER LABOURER—Early traits—The first chill—The ball—The Nicodemus-corner—The meshes—The Cross—The secret chamber—The preacher at Bradford—The meeting—"One mourner"—Self-dedication—The living epistle—The PRISONER—The dungeon at Bayonne—The Stranger—The rescue—Visit to London—The voyage to India—Scene on the Hooghly—William Carey—Juggernaut—The oasis.

Six hundred and twenty-four years before Christ, amidst the splendours of an Indian court, there was "born of human parents" a mysterious being—"the last of the Buddhs"—whose disciples were one day to number four hundred millions of souls. After "toiling to obtain his divinity," through a term of years represented by four with one hundred and forty ciphers,

Gautama had appeared upon the scene as the only son of the reigning monarch. At the age of twenty-nine, he suddenly was moved to quit the court, with all its voluptuous attractions,\* for the wilderness and its austerities. Six years passed over him; and, now clothed with the divine nature, he was declared to be "a god, and the supreme object of worship."† In his eightieth year he died, obtaining the glory of "annihilation." But for five thousand years he was to continue the great Buddh, whom all hearts must worship, and to whom every knee must bow. Burmah's whitened pagodas, crowding her groves and mountains, are the dismal altars of this dark superstition.

The Buddhist is an atheist, owning no living god; and he has no immortality to cheer or to stimulate him, his highest ultimate destiny being to pass into annihilation.‡ "I take refuge in Buddh," says he, as

\* One of these was "a harem of eighty thousand Oriental beauties."

† The author of the "Embassy to Ava in 1795," describes "a flat stone of a coarse grey granite," which he saw "laid horizontally on a pedestal of masonry six feet in length, and three wide," and "bearing what was alleged to be the genuine print of the foot of Gautama." He gives a facsimile, on which are upwards of a hundred emblematical figures, each in a separate compartment, and somewhat resembling the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Two convoluted serpents are pressed beneath the heel. It is a type of creation, and is held in profound reverence. In Ceylon, on a rock called "Adam's Peak," a similar impression is pointed out: Gautama placed one foot on the continent, and the other on the adjacent island.

‡ The Hindoo has his Buddh also, but an incarnation of Vishnu. And the Hindoo aspires after absorption in the Deity—an idea wholly distinct from the "annihilation" of the Buddhist.

he prostrates himself before the idol: "I take refuge in his doctrines; I take refuge in his followers." But, alas! there is no power to touch the heart—to guide the conscience—to rule the life.

In the island of Ceylon, and four hundred and fifty years after Gautama's annihilation, a prophet arose, whose mission was to inscribe on palm-leaves the divine "communications," which hitherto had floated amongst his devotees in the form of unfixed traditions. And, half a century later, another prophet appeared, commissioned to enshrine these scriptures in certain "sacred rolls." The code forbids theft, adultery, falsehood, the use of intoxicating liquors, and the destruction of animal life. But, though obedience is rewarded with a higher stage of being, into which, at death, the soul passes in its progress towards "annihilation," the motive power is so feeble that the code is a mere dead letter. Cold-hearted, unfeeling, suspicious, inhospitable, deceitful, false,\* they compel every stranger, as he

\* "While the law of Gautama," says a writer of authority, "forbids us to take the life of any animated being, the Burmans are bloodthirsty, cruel, and vindictive, beyond most of the nations of India. Murders are of very common occurrence, and the punishment by death is inflicted with every aggravation of cruelty. Whilst licentiousness is absolutely forbidden, they are said to be universally profligate. Whilst the law denounces covetousness, they are almost to a man dishonest, rapacious, prone to robbery, and to robbery ending in blood. The law forbids, on all occasions, treachery and deceit; and yet, from the highest to the lowest, they are a nation of liars. When detected in the grossest falsehood, they indicate no consciousness of shame, and even pride themselves upon successful deceit."

gazes upon the bright tropical verdure of their hills, and contrasts with it the dark shadows of their degraded hearts, to lift up to God his grievous wail—

“ Every prospect pleases,  
Only man is vile.”

One morning, in Burmah, just before daybreak, two foreigners were awoke by a sudden crash. Calling for a light, they looked round the chamber, and, to their consternation, found “ every trunk and box broken open and robbed of their contents.” In the mosquito-curtains surrounding the bed were discovered two large holes, cut by a sharp weapon, just behind the pillow. The assassins had thus requited the self-denying labours of men whose only revenge was to dedicate anew to Burmah the lives thus spared.

This people inhabit a fertile region, watered chiefly by the Irriwadi, which, in the rainy season, is navigable for large vessels, for nearly five hundred miles from the sea.\* The climate is most salubrious; and the constitutions of the natives are singularly healthy and robust.† But a stern despotism represses all energy. The highest citizen may be ordered to immediate execution, by the mere will of the monarch. A chief officer of state has been seen, for some trifling offence,

\* Before the Burman empire was dismembered by the recent wars with Britain, it covered a space 1050 geographical miles in length, by 600 in breadth, and containing 194,000 square miles.

† “ The Burman shipwrights,” says the author of the “ Embassy to Ava,” “ are athletic men, and possess in an eminent degree that vigour which distinguishes Europeans, and which gives them a pre-eminence over the enervated natives of the East.”

laid on his back for hours, with a weight on his chest, exposed to the meridian sun.

Woman is sunk into the lowest misery. "In their treatment of the softer sex," says the author of the "Embassy to Ava;" "the Burmans are destitute both of delicacy and of humanity; they consider women as little superior to the brute-stock of their farms."

An affecting instance of the people's moral degradation is the homage yielded to a certain white elephant. Superbly lodged near the royal palace, and sumptuously dressed and fed, the preternatural animal is honoured as next in rank to the king, being provided with special functionaries, and receiving from foreign ambassadors presents and other tokens of respect.

Not less affecting is the spectacle of the idol-temple. Buddh is seated on a throne, encircled by a hydra, and clothed in a royal garb,—his hair woolly like the Africans, and his ears long and distended. The worship is a vain repetition of certain phrases, coupled with an offering of rice, betel-nuts, incense, and flowers.

The poor Burman is in "the region and shadow of death." Sin, atonement, forgiveness, a Saviour, are sounds unknown. "Without God and without hope in the world," is his brief but dismal history. We stand, forty years since, on one of his rock-promontories; and, as we listen to the shout which ascends from the idol-crowd, we seem to hear from above this appeal—"Whom shall I send? and who will go for us?"

“ You will one day, Adoniram,” said a citizen of Maine, some sixty years since, to his son, a youth of ten—and, as he spoke, he patted him on the head with unusual affection,—“ you will one day be a great man.” The boy is the future founder of the Burmese mission.

The father of ADONIRAM JUDSON was one of those grave, stately personages whom it is easier to respect, and almost to reverence, than to love. “ His white hair,” says one who remembered him after he had passed his seventieth year, “ his erect posture, his resolute will, and his somewhat taciturn manner, together with the position which he naturally took in society, left you somewhat at a loss whether to class him with a patriarch of the Hebrews, or with a censor of the Romans.” Himself unambitious of personal distinction, his fondest hopes were centred on his children’s future eminence.

In his third year Adoniram might be seen at his mother’s knee, lisping his letters so promptly that, one evening, on his father’s return from a short journey, he “ surprised him by reading a chapter in the New Testament.” At four years of age, he would gather together some neighbouring children, and, mounting a chair, would imitate his father’s pulpit-exercises. On these occasions, it used to be noticed, the hymn commonly sung was—

“ Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord.”

In his seventh year he read one day that the earth is a sphere, and that it moves round the sun. "Does the sun, then," he asked himself, "move at all?" "Yes," said his little sister, "it does move, for I can see it." "Ah! but I dare not trust my senses, for they have deceived me more than once. I must have some positive proof." A day or two afterwards, he was missing at the mid-day meal; and his father—growing uneasy, for he had not been seen for several hours—hastened away in search of him. At some distance from the house, as he hurried across a field, he found Adoniram stretched on his back, gazing intently upwards through a circular hole which he had cut in his hat,—his eyes swollen, and almost blinded, by the extreme heat and dazzling light. "I am looking at the sun," said he calmly, as his father began to frown; and at home that evening, with the ecstasy of another Archimedes, he whispered to his little confidant, "I have found it now!"

It is his tenth year, and already his scholarship is talked of through the neighbouring little towns. "That's it! I have got it!" the boy exclaimed one evening, sending the bricks of a half-built house rolling about the floor. It was a problem which a citizen of Beverley had sent him, with the offer of a dollar for its solution. Shutting himself up in his room, he had spent over it an entire day, scarcely sparing a few moments for his meals. The next morning, as he was in the nursery, amusing his little sick brother, the boy had been intent for hours, first on one plan and



then on another, when suddenly he hurried up-stairs to his chamber. The problem was solved, and he must record the result. His strung bow had gained a new firmness.

In the grammar-school he went by the nickname of "Old Virgil dug up,"—a very ancient-looking hat, coupled with his studious ways, procuring for him this sobriquet. Oftener found, at play-hours, in some remote corner enjoying a stolen interview with Ben Jonson, or Richardson, or Fielding, than in the roar and din of the game, he yet had about him an energy, and an enthusiasm, and a genial kindness, which made him the general favourite of the school. And those grave and ponderous tomes which he devoured in his father's library during his ample hours of leisure! Often—often did the heart of the divine beat high, as he would silently forecast the destiny which such a taste betokened.

One winter he had a severe illness, and he was reduced to such extreme weakness that his life trembled in the balance. Eternity for the first time cast upon him its dark shadow—

"Heaven from above, and conscience from within,  
Cried in his startled ear,—Abstain from sin!"

But the illness subsided; and, as he "lay long days and nights reflecting on his future course," visions of the wildest ambition would flit across his soul. Now an orator, now a poet, now a statesman, now "an eminent divine," he would

“Toil on up the steep gravel cliff,  
Whose yellow summit shot up far into the brazen sky.”

Then he would be “alarmed at his wicked soarings;” and, after some twitches from the inner monitor, he would comfort himself with the thought that it was only “the fever in his brain.”

Or if, at times, a suspicion crossed him, that the true disciple of the lowly One must “be not a great worldly divine,” toiling for the same perishable objects as the other heroes of his worship, but “a humble minister of the Gospel, labouring only to please God and to benefit his fellow-men!”—was there not “a sublimity about that?” If not here, at least as he entered the other world, would not the self-abjuring man have a reputation worth possessing—aye, the only one which should outlive this scene of shadows, and which he might carry with him elsewhere?

But this last kind of greatness was not so easily shorn of its attractions. True, there would flash on him again, “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory!” And he began to fear, what he dared not confess even to himself, that he “did not want to become a Christian.” The Master’s word, “How can ye believe, who receive honour one from another?” sounded like a death-knell through his soul: but his father had said that one day he would be a great man; and might he not be *religiously* great?

At sixteen he entered Providence College,\* where he “devoted to his studies every moment of his time.”

\* August 17, 1804.

In the face of "the most powerful competitors," he was declared, at the close, "the first man of his class." "Dear father," he wrote, in a hurried note, "I have got it. Your affectionate son, A. J." And, a few days later, the President added:—"I most heartily congratulate you on your cheering prospects in this very promising son; and I most heartily pray that the Father of mercies may make him now, while a youth, a son in His spiritual family, and give him an earnest of the inheritance of the saints in light."

In the same college was an under-graduate, whose vivacious wit and commanding talent had entwined his name around Adoniram's heart. According to the fashion of the day, E—— had indulged in "free inquiry," until now he boasted of having

"Darkened and put out  
Eternal truth by everlasting doubt."

He was "a confirmed deist;" and, with tastes so kindred and literary sympathies so keen, Judson was not likely to escape the snare. Often, of an evening, they would "discuss together the subject of their future profession;" at one time, "proposing the law, as affording so wide a scope for political ambition;" at another, "exalting their own dramatic powers with a view to writing plays." They separated for a time; and one thing only was settled, that each should, "like a man of spirit," reject his father's God.

Young Judson, as yet, had seen but little of the world; and he set out on a little tour through the

Northern States. The wonder of the day was the newly-invented steamer; and, on the second trip of the Robert Fulton, he sailed from Albany to New York. The scenes were exciting, and his ardent spirit seemed to have woken up in a new world. One evening, in New York, he entered the theatre; and the next day he contrived to attach himself to the company, "not with the design of entering upon the stage, but partly for the purpose of familiarising himself with its regulations, in case he should enter on his literary projects, and partly from curiosity and love of adventure."

But a week had scarce elapsed, when a strange terror seized him. Before leaving home, he had communicated to his parents his infidel views; and, whilst the father had sternly reasoned, his mother had only wept and prayed. The tears now are before him—he trembles—he halts. He is "on the verge of such a life as he despises;" and his soul—is *it* safe?

"Like something precious ventured far from shore,  
'Tis valued for the danger's sake the more."

But a day or two pass, and the spell is on him once more. "I would not for the world," he whispers to himself, "see a younger brother in this peril; but I—I—I—do not need to fear. I am only seeing the world—its dark side as well as its bright one; and I have too much self-respect to do anything mean or vicious." A few days more, and he is on his way back to his uncle's in Connecticut for his horse, intending to pursue his travels westward.

When he arrived at the parsonage that night, the pastor was from home ; but a young preacher was there, whose solemn and gentle earnestness attracted the student's heart. For hours he listened to the stranger's godly converse, as if to an angel of God ; and, far on in the morning, they at length retired to rest, Judson feeling a mysterious misgiving,—“trembling all over.”

The next morning he was on his journey, and at nightfall he arrived at a country inn. “I am obliged,” said the landlord, gravely, as he conducted him by and by to his room, “to place you next door to a young man who is very ill indeed. I fear he is dying ; but I hope it will not occasion you any uneasiness.” Had it been the plague or his own coffin in the next room, Judson could not have been more startled ; but, affecting a smile, he replied, he should have no feeling whatever, and he bade his host a hearty good-night.

Throwing himself on the bed, he tossed restlessly hour after hour ; the dismal sighs of the sufferer and the half-suppressed whispers of the watchers falling through the thin partition with a terrible distinctness on his ear. And then that word of the landlord—“He is dying !” Is he ready ? is he forgiven ? A blush stole over him for a moment. “Is this all my philosophy ? what would my college-friend say to me, if he saw me so weak ?” And, as the bright July sun poured in a bright flood of light, he smiled at his “superstitious illusions,” and, sallying forth for breakfast, enquired for the “young man.”

“He is dead !” replied the landlord.

“Dead?”

“Yes, poor fellow, he is gone! the doctor said he would probably not survive the night.”

“Do you know who he was?”

“Oh, yes; it was a young man from Providence College—a very fine fellow; his name was E——.”

Stunned as by a thunderbolt, Judson’s heart sank within him. “Dead! lost! lost!” he muttered, at intervals, as he sat for hours in a small room in the inn, intending every moment to resume his journey, but unable to set out. “The Bible is true!” he whispered to himself, fixing his haggard eye on a Testament which lay open before him; “I know it, and I am undone!” The student was hit by the archer; and, abandoning his projected travel, he turned his face homeward.

One day, not long after his return, two Professors of the Theological Seminary at Andover arrived on a visit. Struck with his deeply earnest air, they urged him to enter the institution, not doubting that He who had wounded him would in due time heal. In its calm retreat, the light ere long dawned. “We refuse,” he wrote afterwards, alluding to this season, “to open the window-shutters, and we complain that it is dark. God is waiting to be gracious, and to make us happy, if only we will not run away from Him.” In less than six weeks, “a hope through the merits of Christ took possession of his soul, he scarcely knew how;” and he surrendered his heart to God with all his characteristic ardour. “From the moment I fully believed,”

says he, "I have never had a doubt. I am as sure I am a new creature, as I am sure of my own existence."

And his whole plans of life were at once reversed. Banishing for ever his old dreams of literary, or of political, or of clerical ambition,—he now only asked, "How shall I so order my future being as best to please God?" "It may literally be said," writes one who knew him, "that he became a man of one idea; and that was, love to Jesus."

One evening at Plymouth—it was in the winter of 1810—the home-circle were talking complacently of Adoniram's splendid prospects.

"Dr. Griffin has been here," said the father, as his son came in, "proposing that you shall be his colleague in the largest church in Boston."

"And you will be so near home," added his mother, smilingly.

"And we shall all be so happy together," interposed his sister, evidently reckoning on the concerted plan as all finally adjusted.

"No, sister," said Adoniram, after an ominous pause, his heart almost bursting; "I shall never live in Boston. I have much further to go than that."

Some months before, he had met with an appeal on behalf of the heathen—Buchanan's "Star in the East;" and, ever since, he had "devoured, with great greediness, every scrap of information concerning Eastern countries." Above all, the vivid pictures of the "Embassy to Ava" had awakened his sympathies for perishing Burmah.

And, impatient of anything short of a life-devotement, he had decided to go forth.

Calmly, but fervidly, he described that evening the course which he had chalked out; and with many and bitter tears did his mother entreat him to change his resolve. But He who "walks among the candlesticks" had prepared for Burmah this "shining light;" and the time was drawing near when He was to carry it across the ocean to its place.

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In those years, God was preparing another labourer for the Burmah field.

"I hope, my daughter," said a grave matron, somewhat sharply, to a sprightly, ardent girl in a thriving town of Massachusetts, "you will one day be satisfied with rambling." ANN HASSELTINE was one of those rare spirits who live to turn with energy their own wheel, and the wheels of others. Even in childhood her earnest purpose would betray itself; and as she rose into girlhood, a book would allure her from her most favourite walk, or from the gayest social circle. At twelve and thirteen, in the academy at Bradford, such was her decision of character, that not a teacher or an associate crossed her path who did not augur for her some peculiar destiny.

Ann's religious life, up to her sixteenth year, was a medley of pharisaical duties and of stifled con-



victions. Early taught by her mother to be a "good child," she had for years "made it a matter of conscience" to "speak the truth," to "say her prayers night and morning," to "abstain from her usual play on the Sabbath,"—not doubting that "she would at death escape that dreadful hell, the thought of which sometimes would fill her with terror." Balls and parties of pleasure—pronounced by the religious circle in which she moved to be "innocent amusements"—"completely occupied her mind." "My conscience," she tells us, "reproved me, not for engaging in these amusements, but for neglecting to say my prayers, and to read my Bible on returning from them; but I finally put a stop to its remonstrances by thinking that, as I was old enough to attend balls, I was surely too old to say prayers."

Surrounded by associates wild and volatile like herself, and enjoying full scope for indulging to the utmost her extreme taste for gaiety, she often would think herself "one of the happiest creatures on earth." "My fears," says she, "were quieted; and for two or three years I scarcely felt one anxious thought relative to the salvation of my soul."

One Sabbath morning, she was dressing for church; and, as she left her toilet-table, she "accidentally" opened a little volume of Hannah More's, when those words (printed in italics, and with marks of wonder) met her eye: "*She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth!!*" "I stood," she writes, "for a few moments, amazed and panic-stricken, and half inclined to

think that some invisible agency had directed my eye to the words." And though, after a while, they seemed not so applicable to her as she at first imagined, and she "resolved to think no more of them,"—it was the dark cloud which

"Chilled and darkened this wide-wandering soul."

A few months passed, and she was intent on Bunyan's Pilgrim. "I finished the book on a Sabbath," she says, "and it left on me this impression—that Christian, because he adhered to the narrow path, was carried safely through all his trials, and was admitted into heaven. I resolved from that moment to begin a religious life." Retiring to her chamber, she "prayed for Divine assistance;" and, as she rose from her knees, she felt pleased with herself, thinking she was in a fair way for heaven.

But, "perplexed to know what it was to live a religious life," she "again had recourse to her system of works." She must "refrain from attending parties of pleasure, and be reserved and serious in the presence of the other scholars." But, the very first afternoon after returning to school, one of her companions "came with a very animated countenance," announcing "a splendid party on New-year's Day in a neighbouring town;" "and we are both," she added, "to be invited." "I cannot go," replied Ann, coolly; "I shall never again attend such a party." And, "much pleased with such a good opportunity of trying herself," she felt as if she had gained a triumph.

A few evenings afterwards, a neighbouring family sent for her and her sisters to join a little home-circle. On their arrival, they found "two or three other families of young ladies." Dancing was introduced—her "religious plans were forgotten"—she "joined with the rest, and was "one of the gayest of the gay." Returning home, she saw on her table the invitation to the "New-year's Day party;" and she "accepted it at once." The night arrived, and its follies passed without awakening one qualm of conscience. The next five months, she "scarcely spent one rational hour." So far, indeed, did she outdo her friends in gaiety and mirth, that "some of them began to fear that she might have but a short time to continue in her career of folly, and that she would be suddenly cut off."

In the town of Bradford, that summer, there was a strange "shaking" among the "dry bones." One evening, in a church, a vast multitude were gathered; and, as the message of life was uttered with an unwonted power, the great tear trickled down many a cheek unused to such lamenting. In a retired corner of the building, one hearer might be seen, seeking to hide from other eyes the emotion which harrowed her. It was Ann Hasseltine, trembling under this word—"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Again among her associates, she assumed an air of gaiety; but, as the appalling text ever and anon rose before her, she would groan out this sigh—"Oh! I think *I* shall be one of that number." "I lost," she

tells us, "all relish for amusements—felt melancholy and dejected—and the solemn truth lay with weight on my mind, that I must obtain a new heart or perish for ever."

One Sabbath evening, she was listening to the preacher, as with searching power he exposed Satan's device in tempting to conceal from others the heart's convictions. Stealing away home, and retiring in the dark into a corner of the garden, she "wept in secret," feeling "as if led captive by the devil at his will, and as if herself already in his grasp." And yet she "would not have any of her acquaintances know that she was under serious impressions—no, not for the whole world." A day or two afterwards, she was on a visit to an aunt, "determined she should not know the state of her mind, though secretly hoping that her relative would tell her something of hers." They had not been long together, when Ann was asked to read to her. She began, but could not govern her feelings, and burst into tears. "What is the matter?" asked her aunt, kindly. "Oh!" she exclaimed, with deep emotion, and forgetting unconsciously her resolution to hide her soul-trouble, "I'm afraid of my sins; I am resisting the blessed Spirit: I cannot make up my mind to be the Lord's." "But, if you trifle with convictions, which are evidently made by the Holy Spirit, you may be left to hardness of heart and to blindness of mind." Struck to the heart, she "resolved to give up everything, and seek to be reconciled to God." And the fear of man had vanished. "I was willing,"

says she, "that the whole universe should know that I felt myself to be a lost and perishing sinner."

On her way home, she was seized with a misgiving. What if the society of her school-companions should spirit away her impressions? And, if it did, her soul was undone! That evening, a large party of the scholars were assembled at her father's house. "How," she thought, "can I be so rude as to leave the convivial circle?" And she thought again—"If I lose my soul, I lose all." Exchanging with one or two a hasty word of welcome, she passed to her chamber, and spent the evening alone, full of anxiety and distress.

"What," says Cowper,

"What is all righteousness that men devise?  
What—but a sordid bargain for the skies?"

And again—

"See the sage hermit—  
Wearing out life in his religious whim,  
Till his religious whimsy wears out him.  
His works, his abstinence, his zeal allow'd,  
You think him humble—God accounts him proud."

In those perilous meshes Ann Hasseltine was now entangled. "I shut myself in my chamber," she writes, "denied myself every innocent gratification, such as eating fruit and other things not absolutely necessary to support life, and spent my days in reading and in crying for mercy." And she adds:—"I thought myself very penitent, and almost prepared, by voluntary abstinence, to receive the Divine favour.

After spending two or three weeks in this manner without obtaining the least comfort, my heart began to rise in rebellion against God. I thought it unjust in Him not to notice my prayers and my repentance." But

" Christ as soon would abdicate His own,  
As stoop from heaven to sell the proud a throne."

And Ann Hasseltine began to grow sullen. " I could not endure the thought," she writes, " that He was a sovereign God, and had a right to call one and leave another to perish. So far from being merciful in calling some, I thought it cruel in Him to send any of His creatures to hell for their disobedience." And another thing vexed her. " My heart was filled," says she, " with aversion and hatred towards a *holy* God; and I felt that, if admitted into heaven with the feelings I then had, I should be as miserable as I could be in hell." It seemed as if all was over. " I longed," she says, " for annihilation; and, if I could have destroyed the existence of my soul with as much ease as that of my body, I should quickly have done it."

It was Satan's last onset, " casting down " his victim as Jesus drew near. One evening in July, she was sitting alone, with the Bible in her hand, when suddenly those words of the lepers caught her eye— " If we enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there; and if we sit still here, we die also." " I felt," says she, " that, if I returned to the world, I should surely perish—if I stayed where

I then was, I should perish,—and I could but perish if I threw myself on the mercy of Christ.” The wanderer was at the Cross—a new light had dawned.

Cowper, recording his own arrival at the Cross, has written —

“ There no delusive hope invites despair ;  
 No mockery meets you, no deception there.  
 The spells and charms that blinded you before,  
 All vanish there, and fascinate no more.”

And Ann Hasseltine wrote :— “ Then came light, and relief, and comfort, such as I never had known before ; Christ appeared to be just such a Saviour as I needed. I saw how God could be just in saving sinners through Him. I committed my soul into His hands, and besought Him to do with me what seemed good in His sight.” “ I have sweet communion,” she added, “ with the blessed God from day to day ; my heart is drawn out in love to Christians, of whatever denomination ; the sacred Scriptures are sweet to my taste ; my chief happiness now consists in contemplating the moral perfections of the glorious God. Sin, in myself and in others, appears as that abominable thing which a holy God hates ; and I earnestly strive to avoid sinning, not merely from fear of hell, but because I fear to displease and grieve His Holy Spirit.”

Henry Martyn once wrote— “ I found my soul ascending to God with a divine sweetness. Nothing seemed desirable but to glorify Him ; all creatures

were as nothing." And already the future missionary to Burmah wrote:—"Nothing in life can afford me satisfaction without the light of God's countenance. Oh my God! let me never more join with the wicked world, or take enjoyment in anything short of conformity to thy holy will! In thy strength, O God, I resign myself into thy hands, and resolve to live devoted to thee! I am this day seventeen years old: and what a year it has been to me! I find more solid happiness in one evening-meeting where divine truths are impressed on my heart by the Holy Spirit, than I ever enjoyed in all the balls and assemblies I have attended during the seventeen years of my life."

And one who knew her then, says:—"Redeeming love was now her theme. You might spend days with her, and not hear any other subject named. The throne of grace, too, was her early and late resort. I have known her spend cold winter-evenings in a chamber without fire, and return to the family with a solemnity spread over her countenance, which told of Him with whom she had been communing. I fancy I see her, with deep emotion, inclining over her Bible, rising to place it on a stand, retiring to her chamber, and, after a season of prayer, proceeding to visit this or that family, that she might speak of Him whom her soul loved." And she herself adds:—"Felt a willingness to give myself away to Christ, to be disposed of by Him as He pleases. Here I find safety and comfort. Jesus is my only refuge. I will trust His word, and rest my soul in His hands."



In the course of that autumn, in one of the pulpits of Bradford, a youth of "erect, commanding figure," and of a "manly countenance glowing with celestial fire," was proclaiming, one day, with an unwonted ardour, the message of life. A day or two afterwards, the preacher was introduced by a mutual friend to Ann Hasseltine; and, by a kind of intuition, she discerned in him the same consuming zeal which had just taken possession of her own soul. Was not the Master indicating His will that the two labourers should proceed together to the mission-field?

Adoniram Judson was not going forth blindfold. "I have now to ask," said he, writing to Ann Hasseltine's father, with an almost prophetic anticipation of what was coming, "whether you can consent to part with your daughter early next spring, to see her no more in this world—whether you can consent to her departure for a heathen land, and her subjection to the hardships and sufferings of a missionary life—whether you can consent to her exposure to the dangers of the ocean, to the fatal influence of the southern climate of India, to every kind of distress, to degradation, insult, persecution, and perhaps a violent death? Can you consent to all this, for the sake of Him who left His heavenly home and died for her and for you, for the sake of perishing immortal souls, for the sake of Sion and the glory of God? Can you consent to all this, in the hope of soon meeting your daughter in the world of glory, with a crown of righteousness brightened by the acclamations of praise which shall redound to her

Saviour from heathens saved, through her means, from eternal woe and despair?"

And, a month or two later, he wrote to herself thus:—"May this be the year in which you will change your name, and take a final leave of your relatives and native land, and cross the wide ocean to dwell on the other side of the world among a heathen people! If our lives are preserved and our attempt prospered, we shall next New-year's Day be in India, and perhaps wish each other a happy new-year in the uncouth dialect of Hindostan or of Burmah. We shall no more see our kind friends around us, or enjoy the conveniences of civilised life, or go to the house of God with those that keep holy day; but swarthy countenances will everywhere meet our eye, the jargon of an unknown tongue will assail our ears, and we shall witness the assembling of the heathen to celebrate the worship of idol-gods. We shall be weary of the world, and wish for wings like a dove, that we may fly away and be at rest. We shall see many dreary, disconsolate hours, and feel a sinking of spirit, and an anguish of mind, of which now we can form little conception. Oh, we shall wish to lie down and die! And that time may soon come. One of us may be unable to sustain the heat of the climate and the change of habits, and the other say, with literal truth, over the grave—

' By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed ;  
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed ;  
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned ;'—

but, whether we shall be honoured or mourned by

strangers, God only knows. At least, either of us will be certain of *one* mourner."

And Ann was bravely girding up her loins. "No female," she wrote, "has, to my knowledge, ever left the shores of America to spend her life among the heathen; nor do I yet know that I shall have a single female companion." All her friends were dissuading her. The scheme was "wild and romantic in the extreme." At times, she was "ready to sink, appalled by the prospect of pain and suffering, to which her nature was so averse." And then, was it certain, that, "if assailed by temptation, or exposed to danger and death, she should be able to endure, as seeing Him who is invisible?" But, "was it a call from God? would it be more pleasing to Him that she should spend her life in this way than in any other?" Convinced of this, she should be willing to relinquish every earthly object, and, in full view of the dangers and hardships, to give herself up to the work."

A week or two passed, and she wrote again:—"I now feel willing to leave it entirely with God. He can qualify me for the work, and enable me to bear whatever He is pleased to inflict. I am fully satisfied that difficulties and trials are more conducive than ease and prosperity to promote my growth in grace, and to cherish an habitual sense of dependence on God. Time appears nothing when compared with eternity; and yet events the most momentous depend on the improvement of these fleeting years. O Jesus, direct me, and I am safe! use me in Thy service, and I ask no more! I

would not choose my position of work, or place of labour; only let me know thy will, and I will readily comply! Might I but be the means of converting a single soul, it would be worth spending all my days to accomplish. Yes, I feel willing to be placed in that situation in which I can do most good, though it be to carry the gospel to the distant, benighted heathen!"

And, a little later, she added:—"I am now, not only willing to spend my days among the heathen in attempting to enlighten and save them, but I find much pleasure in the prospect. Yes, I am quite willing to give up temporal comforts, and live a life of hardship and trial, if it be the will of God.

‘ I can be safe and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.’

Oh, if He will condescend to make me useful in promoting His kingdom, I care not where I perform His work, nor how hard it be! ‘Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word!’”

And, about the same time, to another, thus:—  
“My determination has not been hasty; nor has it been in consequence of an attachment to an earthly object, but with a sense of my obligations to God, and with a full conviction of its being a call in Providence, and consequently my *duty*. My feelings on the subject have been exquisite. Now my mind is settled and composed, and is willing to leave the event with God. How short is time, how boundless is eternity! If we

may be considered worthy to suffer for Jesus here, will it not enhance our happiness hereafter? O pray for me! spend whole evenings in prayer for those who go to carry the gospel to the poor heathen."

"I hear," said a lady, one day, to a friend, "that Miss Hasseltine is going to India. Why does she go?" "Why, she thinks it her duty: would not you go, if you thought it your duty?" "But I," returned the lady, with emphasis, "*I* would not think it my duty." Others, however, found in her self-devotion an impulse to a like consecration. "Ann Hasseltine called upon us this morning," wrote Harriet Newell, herself at a future day a missionary, "and informed me of her determination to quit her native land to endure the sufferings of a Christian among heathen nations—to spend her days in the sultry clime of India. How did this news affect my heart! Is she willing to do all this for God, and shall I refuse to lend my little aid in a land where divine revelation has shed its clearest rays? I have *felt* more for the salvation of the heathen this day than I recollect to have felt through my whole past life."

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In the hold of a French frigate, amidst the din and the oaths of the common sailors, lay a youthful stranger one day, "excessively sea-sick," and "speechless, friendless, comparatively moneyless." Two or three weeks after leaving New York, the ship had been captured by

the "Invincible Napoleon;" and Adoniram Judson had been thrust rudely among the crew with an indignity most trying to his sensitive heart. He was on his way to England, to negotiate with the London Missionary Society a plan for his beloved Burmah; and, as he lay in the foreign ship, worn out and sorrowful, and unable to communicate even with the doctor who had come to visit him, a strange feeling began to creep over him—it was the first moment of misgiving he had known. His thoughts went back to his "dear old Plymouth home"—then to Bradford—and finally to the Boston Church, "the biggest church in Boston." It was the tempter seducing him from his life-work: and instantly he was on his knees. He rose; and, in the grey twilight of his prison, he "fumbled about for his Hebrew Bible." One day, the doctor, observing the Bible on his pillow, took it up, and, stepping towards the gangway, began to read; on his return, addressing his patient in Latin, he got to know who he was; and that evening he obtained a berth in the upper cabin, and a seat at the captain's table.

Landed on the coast of Spain, Judson was marched, with the captured sailors, through the streets of Bayonne. As he passed along, he expressed his indignation with great vehemence in a few words of broken French, but only to raise among the crowd a smile at his expense. His next shift was to declaim in English against this oppression, hoping that some native or foreigner might understand him and pity him. "Lower your voice," at last said a stranger in English.

“With the greatest possible pleasure,” he answered eagerly, “if I have at length succeeded in making myself heard; I was only clamouring for a listener.” “You might have got,” replied the stranger, “one you would have been glad to dismiss, if you had continued much longer.” Explaining his circumstances in a few hurried words, and learning from the stranger that he was “an American from Philadelphia,” Judson received a promise of friendly aid. “But you had better go on your way quietly now,” whispered his countryman. “Oh!” said the prisoner, “I will be a perfect lamb, since I have gained my object.”

In a back-street of Bayonne might be seen, in those days, a dark, dismal structure, with its chief apartment underground. It was a dungeon, with a column in the centre, on which hung a solitary lamp; and round the wall was scattered a quantity of damp, mouldy straw—the prisoner’s only resting-place. Into this abode Judson was conducted; and, pacing up and down in a kind of wild despair, he watched all night each creak of the rusty gate, in the hope that it might be his friend come to the rescue. Could he keep his feet till the morning? for already he was sick and giddy—the place was so damp and the air so offensive. And if he could not, which part of the straw should he select as the least loathsome? At length, as he was leaning on the pillar, close by the lamp, for a moment’s rest, the door opened once more; and in stalked the lank figure of the American, wrapt in a huge cloak. Catching his eye as he advanced to the column and

took up the lamp, the stranger affected not to notice him; and Judson, understanding the *ruse*, suppressed with difficulty his emotion, and gazed mutely on. "Let me see," said the American, in English, carrying the lamp round the room, and eyeing the prisoners with a careless glance, "if I know any of these poor fellows." "No, no friend of mine," he observed, as he returned to the pillar, and replaced the light; then, swinging his great military cloak around Judson's person, and hiding him in its ample folds, he whispered, "Come along!" Judson, drawing himself into the smallest compass possible, instinctively took his arm. At the door of the cell they slipped into the gaoler's hand a gold piece, and the stranger passed out. Another bribe secured the entrance, and they were gone. "Now run!" said his conductor, releasing him from his grasp; "follow me—for your life." Forgetting his fatigue, Judson hastened after him, through the streets, to the wharf, and was placed on board an American merchantman. The next evening, in the twilight, the stranger returned. "The papers for your release," said he, as he entered, "cannot be got for some weeks; but a shipbuilder has kindly offered you his attic, and you will be safer there than here." After a few days' concealment in the attic, he was released on his parole.

At length quitting Spain, he reached England, where the Society warmly welcomed him. Even his person was singularly prepossessing. "Small and exceedingly delicate in figure, with a round, rosy face,



and hair and eyes of a dark shade of brown," he had the appearance of extreme youthfulness; in contrast with which was a deep sonorous voice, which bespoke the manly soul. And not less striking was his burning zeal. After the most brotherly dealings, Judson again sailed for New York; and, in other six months,\* his own church at home, preferring to a joint responsibility an undivided direction of the mission, ordained him, with four others, to the great work.

On his voyage to India, Henry Martyn wrote:—  
"We are just to the south of all Europe, and I bid adieu to it for ever, without a wish of ever revisiting it, and still less with any desire of taking up my rest in the strange land to which I am going. Ah! no: farewell, perishing world. 'To me to live' shall be 'Christ.'" Not unlike was the experience of the Judsons:—"When I reflect on the many sources of enjoyment I have left in my native land—when I think of my home and the friends of my youth,—the idea of having left them *for ever* is exquisitely painful. Yet I have never regretted having left them for Christ's sake. We have again crossed the equator, and are within a few days' sail of Calcutta. We know not where we shall go, but I feel willing to leave it all with our heavenly Father."

After a passage of one hundred and twelve days, India hove in sight. "The day before yesterday," they write, "we could distinguish nothing on land except the towering mountains of Golconda. Yester-

\* February 6, 1812.

day we were nearer, and could easily discover the trees upon the shore. We are now at anchor in the Bay of Bengal. If we have a favourable wind, we hope to get to Calcutta to-morrow. Oh ! how soon will our labours in the Mission begin ! Yet we are happy the time is so near when we may begin to labour for Christ in a pagan land."

The day following :—" The scene is now truly delightful. We are sailing up the river Hooghly, a branch of the Ganges, and so near the land that we can distinctly discover objects. On one side of us are the Sunderbunds — islands at the mouth of the Ganges. The smell which proceeds from them is fragrant beyond description."

And the next day, thus :—" I have never witnessed or read of anything so pleasant as the present scene. On each side of the Hooghly, where we are now sailing, are the Hindoo cottages, as thick together as the houses in our seaports. They are very small, and in the form of hay-stacks, without either chimneys or windows. They are situated in the midst of trees, which hang over them, and appear truly romantic. The grass and fields of rice are perfectly green ; and herds of cattle are everywhere feeding on the banks of the river ; and the natives are scattered about variously employed, — some are fishing, some driving the team, and many are sitting indolently on the banks of the river. The pagodas we have passed are much larger and handsomer than the houses."

And they add :—" Notwithstanding the scene is

so pleasant, on account of the works of Nature, yet it is truly melancholy when we reflect that these creatures—so numerous, so harmless—have immortal souls, and, like us, are destined to the eternal world, and yet have none to tell them of Christ. I suppose the natives who live on these shores, for many miles, have never seen a missionary. I should be happy to come and live among them in one of their little houses, if it was as large a field for usefulness as some others. There are many elegant English seats near the shore. We are within four or five miles of Calcutta. I hope God will make us useful, and keep us near to Himself.”

Some twenty years before, in a little village in one of our midland counties, a humble shoemaker might be seen, of an evening, discoursing to a little group with an intentness which held each heart fixed. It was William Carey, weeping great tears as he pointed his auditors, on a rude map, to the vast tracts of pagandom. The tears had not flowed in vain. The first friendly hand to welcome the Judsons at Calcutta was Carey's. Stopping before a large stone-building, and ascending a pair of stairs, they were ushered into his study. There he sat, with the Bible before him, his whole soul intent on one of his translations. Rising, and giving them a cordial shake by the hand, he knelt and asked the God of missions to vouchsafe to them a blessing. From a neighbouring building there rose, morning and evening, the song of praise—it was from two hundred boys, and nearly as many girls, picked up in the

streets, and learning at the mission to read the Word of God.

Taking boat up the river, a distance of fifteen miles, to Serampore, they were greeted not less warmly by Dr. Marshman. The third day after, there was a celebration of the worship of Juggernaut. "We went," they write, "about ten in the morning. There was an immense multitude of natives. The idol was set on the top of a stone-building. He is only a lump of wood ; his face painted, with large black eyes, and a large red mouth. He was taken from his temple, and water poured on him to bathe him. This is introductory to a more solemn act of worship, which will be performed a fortnight hence. After these poor deluded creatures had bathed their god, they proceeded to bathe themselves. Poor, miserable, deluded beings ! they know not what they do."

In this quiet oasis they had sojourned about ten days, waiting the arrival of their missionary brethren, when an order reached them which threatened to dash all their fondest hopes.

## CHAPTER II.

India and England—Judson ordered off—Burmah—The shut door—The Creole—"Contraband"—The tavern—Sail for the Mauritius—Aspirations—Return to India—The gloomy night—The verandah—The language—His closet—Loneliness—The people—Labours—Gift of tongues—Native conscience—The pagoda—Burmese grammar—The little son—Home-scene—The cradle and the grave—The well and the rope—The press—Translation—An inquirer—Brightening prospects.

IN India, for a century, England has been "sowing the wind;" and lately she has "reaped the whirlwind." Forgetting her mission as the depository of God's gospel, she has pandered to the Hindoo's debasing superstition; and, detecting the timidity, he has begun to feel she fears him.

"All is vanity which is not honesty;  
 And there is no wisdom but in piety.  
 A just conjunction, godliness and honesty, ministering to both  
 worlds.  
 Well wed, and ill to be divided, a pair that God hath joined  
 together."

England has blushed in India to own her God; and

India has learned to despise her, and to feel her yoke a burden.

The same Gadarene devil, which years before had forbidden the entrance of Robert Haldane, was now in resolute activity to cast out Adoniram Judson. Summoned to Calcutta, he was ordered by the Government forthwith to quit the country. The order was a step in the process by which, unwittingly, they were to reach the field to which God was carrying them.

Burmah—the scene to which originally his eye had been turned at home—now wore the aspect, on a nearer view, of a field whose door the Lord had not yet opened. “The Burman empire,” one of them had written from Calcutta, “seems at present out of the question. Every account we have from that savage, barbarous nation, confirms us in our opinion that the way is not prepared for the spread of the Gospel there.” And, having petitioned to be allowed to go to the Mauritius, they were waiting a few weeks in Calcutta, beneath the hospitable roof of an English Christian, until a passage could be got to that island, when the Government issued a peremptory command that they should sail at once for England on board a Company’s ship.

In two days a ship was to sail for the Isle of France. Forbidden to leave their residence without the permission of a police-officer, who was placed on guard at its gate, they applied to the chief magistrate for a pass to the ship, but were refused. The captain was next asked if he would take them on board without

a pass. "There is my ship," said he; "we sail to-morrow morning; take the risk: you may come on board, if you please." As night drew on, they contrived to pass the patrol, and arrived at the wharf just as the Creole was quitting her moorings. They embarked; and the craft had already been down the river two days, when suddenly they were arrested by a government despatch, forbidding the pilot to proceed, as "passengers were on board who had been ordered to England." Not deeming it safe to continue on board the remainder of the night, Mr. Judson and his brother-missionary took a boat and went on shore, leaving his wife and their baggage on board. After lying at anchor all the next day, a note arrived in the evening from the owner, reporting that the police could not allow the vessel to sail until it was ascertained that there were no "contraband persons" on board. Meanwhile, in a little tavern, about a mile from the ship, the missionaries were joined by Mrs. Judson; and together, on their knees, they committed their way to God. What a spectacle! Heralds of the cross, who had left all for Christ, and had traversed half the globe to tell to these benighted pagans the story of His wondrous love, driven by Christian England to hide in a heathen's dwelling! O England! England! surely there is upon thee the "white hair"!

Two days elapsed, and two weary nights, when a message arrived from the captain that he was at liberty to proceed, but that the missionaries' baggage must be removed at once. Not venturing to continue at the

tavern, or to return to Calcutta, they decided to go down the river about sixteen miles, where there was another tavern; and Mrs. Judson was to go on board alone, to arrange about the baggage. The ship was already some distance down, borne along by a strong wind, when the little boat, rowed by six natives—the river very rough, and a scorching sun overhead—put off from the shore with Mrs. Judson. A large sail was hoisted, and every moment threatened to swamp the craft and send them to the bottom. “Never fear, madam,” the sailors now and then would whisper; “never fear!” and the heroic woman encouraged herself in her God. After a while, they reached the ship; and in an hour or two longer the baggage was disembarked.

At the tavern, not a known face was to be seen. “I entered it,” she says, “a stranger, a female, and unprotected. I called for a room, and sat down to reflect on my disconsolate situation. I had nothing with me but a few rupees. I did not know where Mr. Judson was, or when he would come, or what treatment I should meet with here. I thought of home, and said to myself, ‘These are some of the many trials attendant on a missionary life.’”

Night came, and with it Mr. Judson. What was to be done? Breaking their distress to the tavern-keeper, they concocted a plan for getting a passage to Ceylon. A friend of his—the captain of a vessel bound for Madras—was expected down the river next day; and, without doubt, he would take them. After



waiting two days, the ship hove in sight, and anchored directly before the house. "The tavern-keeper," writes Mrs. Judson, "went on board to see the captain for us; but our hopes were again dashed, when he returned and said the captain could not take us." With a heavy heart they had just sat down to their evening meal, when a letter was handed in, containing a pass from the magistrate, allowing them to go on board the Creole, the vessel which they had just left. "Who procured this pass for us," they write, "or in what way, we are still ignorant; we could only view the hand of God, and wonder." But the Creole had been away three days, and probably she was already out to sea. One hope only remained,—she might just possibly have anchored at Saugur, seventy miles down. Instantly entering the boat in which their baggage still lay, the three fugitives set out, under cover of the darkness; and, speeding down with a favourable wind, they reached Saugur the following evening, where, to their joy, the Creole was at anchor, waiting for some of the ship's crew. They were taken on board; and thus closed their first trial of missionary life. It was on November 30, 1812.

After a tedious passage, they reached the island, but only to shift their tent once more. "It seems," writes Mrs. Judson, "as if there were no resting-place for me on earth. O when will my wanderings terminate? When shall I find some little spot which I can call my home while in this world? Yet I rejoice in all thy dealings, O my heavenly Father! for thou dost

support me under every trial, and enable me to lean on thee." And six weeks later:—"We are now entirely alone,—not one remaining friend in this part of the world. No matter how soon we leave this earth, if only we live to God while on it. O for a closer walk with God! O to fill up every moment with service acceptable to the dear Redeemer! We have sometimes thought of staying on this island, as missionaries are really needed, and the Governor would be pleased to have us stay. But we long to get to the place where we shall spend the remainder of our lives in instructing the heathen." And, after an interval of two months:—"We have engaged a passage to Madras, and expect soon to embark, not knowing what may befall us there. We shall probably meet with great difficulties and trials; and we know not to what part of the world we shall next have to direct our course."

They sailed; and now, within three days of Madras, they wrote:—"We have this day renewedly given ourselves to God, to be used and disposed of as He sees best. We feel that we are but empty vessels, which must be cleansed and filled with grace, or remain for ever empty, for ever useless." Scarcely had they reached the city, when their arrival was reported to the police, and a despatch was forwarded to the Governor-General. Anticipating as certain an order for their immediate arrest and transportation to England, they concluded that their only safety was to escape from Madras before such an order could arrive. Instant search was made in the roads for a vessel going to

Burmah ; and the only one to sail that season was an old, crazy craft, bound for Rangoon. "O our heavenly Father," they prayed, "direct us aright! Where wilt thou have us to go? What wilt thou have us to do? Our only hope is in thee; and to thee alone we look for protection. O let this mission still live before thee, notwithstanding all opposition, and be instrumental in winning souls to Jesus in some heathen land."

The way seemed to be made plain, and they embarked. "It is our present purpose," they wrote, "to make Rangoon our final residence, if we find it practicable to live in such a place; otherwise, to go thence to Penang, or some of the Malay islands. But I most sincerely hope that we shall be able to remain at Rangoon, among the Burmans, a people who have never heard the sound of the Gospel, or read, in their own language, of the love of Christ. Though our trials may be great, and our privations many and severe, yet the presence of Jesus can make us happy; and the consciousness that we have sacrificed all for His dear cause, and are endeavouring to labour for the salvation of immortal souls, will enable us to bear our privations and trials with some degree of satisfaction and delight."

At length they reached Burmah. "We had never before," Judson wrote, "seen a place where European influence had not contributed to smooth and soften the rough features of uncultivated nature. The prospect of Rangoon, as we approached, was quite disheartening. I went on shore, just at night, to take a view of the place and of the mission-house; but so dark, and

cheerless, and unpromising did all things appear, that the evening of that day, after my return to the ship, we have marked as the most gloomy and distressing that we ever passed. But if ever we commended ourselves, sincerely and without reserve, to the disposal of our heavenly Father, it was on that evening. And, after some recollection and prayer, we experienced something of the presence of Him 'who cleaveth closer than a brother.'" The next day Mrs. Judson was carried on shore; and in the almost deserted shell of a mission the wanderers found a place of rest.

In Burmah Judson was to pass four-and-thirty years, his whole work-day of life. His first aim was to master the language. Let the reader figure him in a large open room or verandah; the table covered with Burman books; and at his side, as he bends intently over them, "a venerable-looking man, in his sixtieth year, with a cloth wrapped round his middle, and a handkerchief round his head,"—the pundit and his pupil, talking and chattering all day long with scarcely a moment's cessation. "Our progress in the language," he writes, after a few months, "is slow, as it is peculiarly hard of acquisition. We can, however, read, write, and converse with tolerable ease; and frequently we spend whole evenings very pleasantly in conversing with our Burman friends." And the following winter:—"I keep myself as busy as possible all day long, from sunrise till late in the evening, in reading Burman, and in conversing with the natives. I feel that at present this is my one object, and that, when my

attention is diverted to anything else, my time is lost. I have been here a year and a half; and so extremely difficult is the language—perhaps the most difficult to a foreigner of any on the face of the earth, next to the Chinese—that I find myself very inadequate to communicate divine truth intelligibly.”

And he took heed, meanwhile, to his own soul. He writes: “Had a comfortable and happy season of prayer this evening. I know not that I ever had so strong a desire to live to God, and continually to enjoy His presence. Felt a disposition to pray that He would enable us to continue in this country, bear with submission and fortitude the trials and afflictions before us, and spread the light of truth through the empire. Though we cannot yet make known the Gospel, it is easy for God to prepare the people’s hearts to receive the Saviour, as soon as they shall hear the joyful sound. We long to speak their language. O Jesus! be with us, and assist us in all our studies and in all our exertions!”

Appalling, at times, was the spiritual loneliness of the scene. “There is not an individual in the country that I can pray with,” he wrote, in the following spring, during his wife’s temporary absence at Madras, “and not a single soul with whom I can have the least religious communion. No Burman has, I believe, ever felt the grace of God; and what can a solitary, feeble individual or two expect to be the means of effecting in such a land as this, amid the triumphs of Satan, the darkness of death?” And, another day, he added:—

“ I have in some instances been so happy as to secure the attention, and in some degree to interest the feelings, of those who heard me. Oh, display thy grace and power among the Burmans! subdue them to thyself, and make them thy chosen people !”

New barriers presented themselves. One day, some months later, after a visit to the bazaars, they write : “ Were surprised at the multitudes of people with which the streets and bazaars were filled. Their countenances are intelligent, but they are given to every sin. Lying is so common and universal among them, that they say, ‘ We cannot live without telling lies.’ We feel more and more convinced that the Gospel must be introduced into this country through many trials and difficulties, through much self-denial and earnest prayer. The strong prejudices of the Burmans, their foolish conceit of superiority over other nations, the wickedness of their lives, together with the plausibility of their own religious tenets, make a formidable appearance in the way of their receiving the strict requirements of the Gospel of Jesus.” But their faith did not stagger. “ We frequently receive letters from our Christian friends,” they add, “ begging us to leave a field so entirely rough and uncultivated, the soil of which is so unpromising, and to enter one which presents a more plentiful harvest. But we are convinced that we are in the very situation in which our heavenly Father would have us to be. And God grant that we may live and die among the Burmans, though we should never do anything more than smooth the way for others. I just

now begin to see my way forward in this language; and hope that two or three years more will make it somewhat familiar. I am beginning to translate the New Testament, being extremely anxious to get some parts of Scripture, at least, into an intelligible shape, if for no other purpose than to read, as occasion offers, to the Burmans I meet with. I am sometimes a little dispirited when I reflect, that for two or three years past I have been drilling at A, B, C, and grammar. But I consider, again, that the gift of tongues is not granted in these times—that some one must acquire this language by dint of application, must translate the Scriptures, and must preach the Gospel to the people in their own tongue, or how can they be saved?”

And again they write:—“We often converse with our teachers and our servants on the subject of our coming to this country, and tell them that if they die in their present state they will surely be lost. But they say, ‘Our religion is good for us, yours for you; you will be rewarded for your good deeds in your way, we in our way.’ They have not the least idea of a God who is eternal—without beginning or end. All their deities have been through the several grades of creatures, from a fowl to a deity. When their deities take heaven, as they express it, they cease to exist; which, according to their ideas, is the highest state of perfection. It is now two thousand years since Gautama, their last deity, entered on his state of perfection; and, though he has now ceased to exist, they still worship a hair of his head,

which is enshrined in an enormous pagoda, to which the Burmans go every eighth day. They know of no other atonement for sin, than offerings to their priests and their pagodas. You cannot imagine how very difficult it is to give them any idea of the true God, and of the way of salvation by Christ, since their present ideas of Deity are so low. But the hearts of heathens, as well as of Christians, are in the hands of God; and in His own time He will turn them unto Him."

The following autumn, during a severe illness, he collected what knowledge he had acquired of the language, and put it together in the shape of a grammar, that it might not be wholly lost to others. "Of no pretensions and of very small dimensions," wrote an accomplished Orientalist many years afterwards, in the *Calcutta Review*, "it revealed the genius of the man, perhaps more strikingly than anything else, except his Bible. We have seen no work in any tongue which we should compare with it for brevity and completeness." And a tract was now ready in manuscript, "giving the Burmans their first ideas of a Saviour, and of the way of salvation."

Mrs. Judson was by this time "the happy mother of a little son." "I know, my dear mother," we have her writing home, "you long very much to see my little darling. I wish you were here to see him. He is a sprightly boy, and already begins to be very playful. We hope his life may be preserved, and his heart sanctified, that he may become a missionary among the Burmans." And another day she writes:—"The child



will lie for hours on a mat by his papa's study-table, or by the side of his chair on the floor, so that he can only see his face. When we have finished study or the business of the day, it is our exercise and amusement to carry him round the house or garden; and, though we are alone, we feel not our solitude when he is with us." An illness came on, and Mr. Judson watched at his cradle, nursing him day and night. "Friday night," the mother writes, "I sat by him till two o'clock, when, being much fatigued, I retired, and Mr. Judson took him. The little creature drank his milk with much eagerness: and Mr. Judson thought he was refreshed and would go to sleep. He laid him in his cradle; and he slept with ease for half an hour, when his breath stopped without a struggle, and he was gone. Eight months we had enjoyed our precious little Roger; and so completely had he entwined himself around his parents' hearts, that his existence seemed necessary to our own. We buried him in the afternoon of the same day, in a little enclosure on the other side of the garden. Forty or fifty Burmans and Portuguese followed, with his afflicted parents, the last remains to the silent grave. All the Burmans who were acquainted with us endeavoured to sympathise with us, and to console us under our loss. Our hearts were bound up in this child; we felt he was our earthly all—our only source of innocent recreation in this heathen land. But God saw it was necessary to remind us of our error, and to strip us of our only little all. Oh, may it not be in vain that He has done it!"

Ten days passed, and the wife of the viceroy appeared on a state-visit. Shortly before his illness, little Roger had been taken by his mother to the palace. "What a child!" the princess had exclaimed, taking the velvet cushion on which she usually sat, and placing the little boy upon it, "how white!" and then, touching his feet and hands, both of which were remarkably fleshy, she had added, "what hands! what feet!" A message had reached her that the white child was dead; and she called to pay a visit of condolence. "Why," said she, saluting the bereaved mother, and smiting her breast, as if in real anguish, "Why did you not send me word, that I might have come to his funeral?" "I told her," adds Mrs. Judson, "I did not think of anything, my distress was so great. She then tried to comfort us, and told us not to weep. She was accompanied by all her officers of state and attendants, numbering about two hundred people. Oh, that she might become a real disciple of Jesus!"

Silently but steadily they prosecuted their preparatory work. "We confidently believe," Judson writes to the Church at home, "that God in His own time will make His truth effectual unto salvation. We are like men who have gone down into a well; you stand at the top, and hold the ropes. Do not let us fall. Hold us up, brethren and fathers! Many years may intervene; many difficulties and disappointments may try your faith and ours. But let patience have her perfect work; let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, *if we faint not.*"

A missionary printer arrived from the United States, and Mr. Judson wrote:—"We give ourselves to the Lord Jesus Christ, and to one another by the will of God. We agree to be kindly affectioned one towards another with brotherly love, in honour preferring one another; feeling that we have one Master, even Christ, and that all we are brethren. We agree in the opinion that our sole object on earth is to introduce the religion of Jesus Christ into the empire of Burmah, and that the means by which we hope to effect this are, translating, printing, and distributing the Holy Scriptures, preaching the Gospel, circulating religious tracts, and promoting the instruction of native children."

The press was now busily at work. "Mr. Judson," writes his brother missionary, "has never yet been abroad to preach. He has applied himself constantly to the study of the language, with a view to the translation of the New Testament. We both concur in the opinion, that, before preaching be undertaken to any considerable degree, some portion of the Scriptures should be in circulation. The Burmans, when anything is said to them on the subject of divine truth, enquire for our holy books; and it is a pleasing fact, that scarcely a Burmese, with the exception of females, is incapable of reading. Having, therefore, press and types here, we cannot conscientiously withhold from this people the precious oracles of God. This opinion has influenced us to issue, as soon as preparations could possibly be made, two small tracts—one a summary of Christian doctrine, and the other a catechism. The

one I was enabled to print the latter part of the last, and the other, the first of the present, month. These two little tracts are the first printing ever done in Burmah; and it is a fact grateful to every Christian feeling, that God has reserved the introduction of this art here for His own use."

And, enclosing home those tracts, Mr. Judson himself wrote:—"We have just begun to circulate them, and are praying that they may produce some inquiry among the natives. And here comes a man, this moment, to talk about religion! What shall I do? I will give him a tract, to keep him occupied a few moments while I finish this. 'Here, my friend, sit down, and read something which will carry you to heaven, if you believe and receive the glorious Saviour therein exhibited.'" And he adds:—"We are just entering on a small edition of Matthew, the translation of which I lately commenced. Our hands are full from morning till night. I cannot, for my life, translate as fast as brother Hough will print. I have not an hour to converse with the natives, or to go out and make proclamation of the glorious Gospel. An edition of five thousand of the New Testament will cost us nearly five thousand dollars. And what are five thousand among a population of seventeen millions, five millions of whom can read? O Lord, send help! our waiting eyes are unto Thee."

The Judsons had now been in Burmah above four years; and gradually the prospects of the mission

brightened. "We consider the mission established in this land," Judson writes. "A wide door is set open for the introduction, into this great empire, of the religion of Jesus. We have reason to thank God that He has brought us here."

## CHAPTER III.

Planting of countries—Missions—A visitor—The first day—The day-star—Native women—Festival—The viceroy—Baptism of blood—Scene at sea—Persecuting decree—The reprieve—“Not alone”—New labourers—The meeting—The palace—Incident—First preaching—The zayat—An inquirer—The silent tear—Another visitor—First convert—Scene at a pagoda—“Wild foreigners”—A hearer—An opposer—“I wish to be a disciple”—Heavenly lessons—“A worm”—“Go forward.”

“PLANTING of countries,” says Lord Bacon, “is like planting of woods; you must make account to lose almost twenty years’ profit, and expect your recompense in the end.” The maxim is scarcely less true of missions. Judson had now laboured for years on this field, but at length his “work of faith” began to tell.

One morning at Rangoon, as he was sitting in his verandah, engaged as usual with his teacher, a Burman was seen ascending the steps, attended by his native servants, and with an air unusually thoughtful. After a respectful salaam, he placed himself at Judson’s side,

and, fixing his eye downwards, sat in silence. "How long time will it take me," he at last whispered, "to learn the religion of Jesus?" It was the first time that any Burman lips had quivered with the inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" It was to Judson like the chord struck in the mother's breast by the first cry of her new-born babe. "If God gives light and wisdom," he replied, with deep feeling, "the religion of Jesus is soon learned; but, without God, a man may study all his life long, and make no advance." A pause followed, and the missionary added: "But how came you to know anything of Jesus? Have you been here before?" "No," answered the Burman. "Then have you seen any writings about Jesus?" "I have seen two little books." "Who is Jesus?" continued Mr. Judson. "He is the Son of God," replied the visitor, in a broken, subdued tone. "Who is God?" "He is a Being without beginning or end, who is not subject to old age or death, but always is." He handed to the inquirer a tract and a catechism. Both were instantly recognised. And, turning to his attendant, and reading to him here and there, the visitor whispered, "This is the true God—this is the right way!" "But have not you another book?" he asked, turning to Mr. Judson. "In two or three months," replied the missionary, "I will give you a larger one, which I am now daily employed in translating." "But have you not a little of that book done," he enquired, eagerly, "which you will graciously give me now?" Mr. Judson, "beginning to

think that God's time was better than man's," took the two first half-sheets, which at that moment lay before him on the table, containing the first five chapters of Matthew, folded them, and handed them to him. And instantly the inquirer rose, as if his business was done, and took leave. It was the day-star risen in Judson's heart. The dead Lazarus coming forth in his grave-clothes did not solace more the stricken Mary. "Never until to-day," he writes, "have I met with one who was fairly entitled to the epithet of 'Inquirer.' Throughout his short stay he appeared different from any Burman I have met with. He asked no questions about customs and manners, with which the Burmans tease us exceedingly. He had no curiosity, and no desire for anything but 'more of this sort of writing.' His whole conduct proves that he has something on his mind."

In another room in the town there might be seen every Sunday a scene even more strange. It was a little circle of native women—some fifteen or twenty—whom Mrs. Judson had gathered beneath her roof, "to read the Scriptures to them, and to teach them about God." "I cannot," whispered one of them to her teacher, one day, as she lingered wistfully behind, "I cannot think of giving up a religion which my mother, and grandmother, and great-grandmother professed, and of accepting a new one of which I have so lately heard." "But do you wish to go to hell," asked Mrs. Judson, "because your ancestors have gone there?" Another day, some weeks later, the inquirer said, with tears,



"I do believe in Christ; and I pray to Him every day."

We turn to the idol-temple. It is the great feast of Guatama. In the pagoda at Rangoon is a relic of the god; and the river is crowded with boats full of priests and of people gathered from all parts to worship. After ascending a flight of steps, a huge gate opens, disclosing abruptly a wild fairy scene, more like some enchanted castle of romance than any reality of actual life. Images of lions, elephants, angels, demons, are scattered among the trees. Guatama, in every conceivable attitude,—sitting, reclining, sleeping, standing,—surrounded by images of adoring priests and attendants, meets at every turn the worshipper's eye, and receives all manner of offerings,\* from the simple bouquet of the pariah to the magnificent sacrifice of the reigning prince. The crisis of the festival is the

\* A specimen of the offerings is the following :—" A member of the government presented a kind of portable pagoda, worth twelve hundred dollars, made of bamboo and paper, and richly ornamented with gold-leaf and paintings. It was a hundred feet in height, and the circumference of its base about fifty. Half-way up its height was a man ludicrously dressed, with a mask on his face, white wings on his shoulders, and artificial finger-nails, two inches in length, in the posture of dancing. The figure was carried by sixty men, preceded by a band of music, and followed by the officer who presented it, and by his suite."

It is in Burmah, as on other scenes of idol-worship—first, abject adoration; then "rising up to play." "After kneeling and worshipping at the pagoda," says the same eye-witness, "they generally spend the day in amusements, such as boxing, dancing, singing, theatrical exhibitions, and fireworks."

arrival of the viceroy. In all the pomp and splendour of office, preceded by the royal insignia, and attended by all the members of the government, and by a vast multitude of people, he approaches the chief altar and kneels in lowly adoration. Glistening among the banyans outside are the polished spires of the pagoda ; and interspersed through the verdant landscape are large open buildings, each with its favourite image. "Oh, my friend!" exclaimed Judson, one day, returning from the scene, "was this delightful country made to be the residence of idolaters? Shall not our souls be fired with a new zeal to rescue this people from destruction, and to lead them to the Rock which is higher than they?"

Signs were not wanting that the cross was not to be erected in Burmah without a baptism of blood. "All tell me," we find Mr. Judson writing, "that it would ruin a Burman to adopt the new religion. My teacher was lately threatened in public for having assisted a foreigner in making books subversive of the religion of the country. He replied that he merely taught me the language, and had no concern in the publication. In view of these difficulties, our first thought is: God can give to the inquirers that love to Jesus, and that resolution to profess His religion, which will overcome their fears. Our second thought is this: We are not under a free government, where every one is his own master, but under an absolute monarchy, where all are the property of one man. Is it not regular and prudent to say something to the master of this great family of

slaves? By and by it may be best for one of us to go up to Ava, and introduce the matter gradually and gently to the Emperor. I am fully persuaded that he has never yet got the idea that an attempt is making to bring in a new religion among his slaves. How the idea will strike him, it is impossible to foresee. He may be enraged, and order off the heads of all concerned." And he adds :—"I have no doubt that God is preparing the way for the conversion of Burmah to His Son. Nor have I any doubt that we who are now here are, in some little degree, contributing to this glorious event. This thought fills me with joy. I know not that I shall live to see a single convert ; but notwithstanding, I feel that I would not leave my present situation to be made a king."

"Water ! water ! water !" exclaimed a poor fevered passenger one night on board a little craft on the coast of Coromandel. For two months, the vessel had been tossed by contrary winds and opposing tides, until the only food left for the last two or three weeks was a little mouldy broken rice, with a scanty supply of water. In one of the berths, filthy, close, and fetid, lay a stranger, pale and emaciated, and so feeble as to be unable to move. One day the craft came to anchor in the mud of Masulipatam, and the captain enquired if he would be taken on shore. "The shore ! land !" he muttered, half incredulously, as if the illusion were too fanciful to be grasped ; and, rousing himself, he scrawled feebly "to any English resident of Masulipatam" a pencil-note begging only "a spot on

the shore where he might die." An hour or two passed, and one of the sailors came below, announcing that a boat was putting off from the shore. Crawling to the window of his cabin, the sick man distinguished in the rapidly moving boat a soldier's uniform and a civilian's white jacket. Thrilled with joy, he threw himself on his knees and wept. The visitors entered; and there lay Adoniram Judson, "haggard, unshaven, dirty, and so weak that he could scarcely support his own weight." Regaining his self-control, he returned their cordial welcome; and the "half-dead" one found in these good Samaritans a kindness which was graven on his heart for ever.

The incident has a history which they who note the "hidden uses" of things will not pass unheeded. In the end of the year, to recruit his exhausted energy, he had left Rangoon for a voyage of ten or twelve days to Chittagong, intending, after a brief sojourn, to return by the same ship. One month passed, and then another, and all but another, and the vessel was still at sea, tossed by wind and current, and reduced almost to the extremity of famine. Mr. Judson's scanty wardrobe, prepared only for a few weeks' absence, had been long since exhausted; and the nervous affection of his head and eyes, aggravated by starvation, filth, and sickness, had brought on a slow fever, reducing him to the extremity in which he was found by the kind strangers of Masulipatam.

A land-journey of three hundred miles brought him to Madras; but the chapter of disappointments

was not yet finished. Hastening to the beach, and enquiring for a vessel for Rangoon, he was mortified to find that none had sailed that year, or was likely, from the unsettled state of Burmah, to venture for some time to come. Another trial was added. It was now five months since he had left home, and he was "distressed by the appalling recollection of the various business which was pressing upon him there," and which had made him "very reluctant to be away even for the shortest time." And then his tender heart was torn by the thought that his wife must be in the dark about him, fearing, probably, the worst; for all attempts to send a message to her had failed. "Where," his rebellious soul was ready to cry, "Where is the wisdom of all this?" "But," he added, "it is wise, though blindness cannot apprehend. It is best, though unbelief is disposed to murmur. Be still, my soul, and know that He is God."

Two months passed; and, as he was sailing up the Irriwadi, the pilot came on board with news which revealed the "hidden use." A storm had broken on the mission; and to his absence from the scene, probably, was owing the fact that it was not wholly swept away.

One morning in March—three months after he sailed from Rangoon—an order had arrived from the Government, demanding, in the most menacing terms, that Mr. Hough should appear forthwith at the court-house, to give an account of himself and of his proceedings. Some days before, a royal decree had

gone forth "for the banishment of all foreign teachers;" and the delinquent, on his appearance, was warned that "if he did not tell all the truth relative to his situation in the country, he should *write it with his heart's blood.*" Day after day the examination was prolonged, and the most harassing annoyances and indignities were heaped upon him. The "head and front of the offending" was the procedure of certain Portuguese padres; and only the recent inaction of the mission—caused by Mr. Judson's prolonged absence—seemed to promise any way of escape. The next Sunday Mr. Hough was again summoned, and the thought struck Mrs. Judson that she would herself appeal to the viceroy. It was the same personage whose wife she had on a former occasion visited; and no sooner did Mrs. Judson announce her presence than he "called her, in the kindest manner, to come in and make known her request." The result was, a temporary suspension of the persecuting order. But the Damocles sword was still suspended. In the river there was only one remaining ship for Bengal; and, as Mr. Hough had decided to embark in it along with his wife and children, she prepared with a heavy heart to accompany them, for a threatened embargo on all English ships seemed now to render Mr. Judson's arrival impossible, even if he were still alive.

It was a critical moment for Burmah; for if Mr. Judson should find his wife gone, he was not likely to remain long behind. The day arrived for the embarkation; and, urged by the others, she accompanied

them, having previously disposed of whatever articles of dress or of furniture she could not take with her. A strange feeling, however, possessed her, that God was beckoning her to stay; and scarcely had she got on board, when she felt impelled to return on shore. The tie binding her to the ship was, that she "knew not how to separate herself from the rest of the mission-family." But the vessel was several days in getting down the river; and one afternoon, just as it was putting out to sea, it was reported by the captain to be "in a dangerous state, in consequence of having been improperly loaded," and it "must be detained for a day or two in the place where it then lay." It was the turning-point of the Burmah mission. "I immediately resolved," Mrs. Judson writes, "on giving up the voyage, and on returning to town. Accordingly the captain sent up a boat with me, and engaged to forward my luggage the next day. I reached town in the evening, spent the night at the house of the only remaining Englishman in the place, and to-day have come out to the mission-house." And there she sat, "alone in that great house," without an individual near her but her little girl and the Burmans!" yet not alone,—for HE was there, who never leaves His own.

A fortnight elapsed; and Mr. Judson, on his arrival in the river, received from the pilot the startling news. Too well did he know the Burman temperament not to detect at a glance "the precarious situation of the mission." But without hesitation he decided his course.

“Faith,” says he, “is sometimes weak — flesh and blood sometimes repine. Oh, for grace to strengthen faith, to animate hope, to elevate affection, to embolden the soul, to enable us to look danger and death in the face! We feel encouraged by the thought that many of the dear children of God remember us at the mercy-seat.”

During these months there had been crossing the ocean, on their way to Rangoon, two young men, one of whom, before sailing, had written to his church in Boston, his native town, thus:—“I voluntarily and joyfully offer myself to be your missionary to the Burmah empire. Since I came to this decision, my mind has not wavered. Mountains, indeed, have risen at times betwixt me and the Eastern world, but duty has constantly appeared the same. For this I can cheerfully leave my native land, and the bosom of my beloved friends. I look to Burmah as my home, and as the field of my future toils.” And the other had written:—“I would rather be a missionary of the Cross than a king on a throne. To Burmah would I go; in Burmah would I live; in Burmah would I toil; in Burmah would I die; and in Burmah would I be buried.” On the voyage, there had been given them the souls of several of the seamen; and they arrived in the Irriwadi just after Mr. Judson’s return,\* to his great comfort and encouragement. “We had, I can truly say,” he writes, “a most joyful meeting. Now, I

\* September 19, 1818.

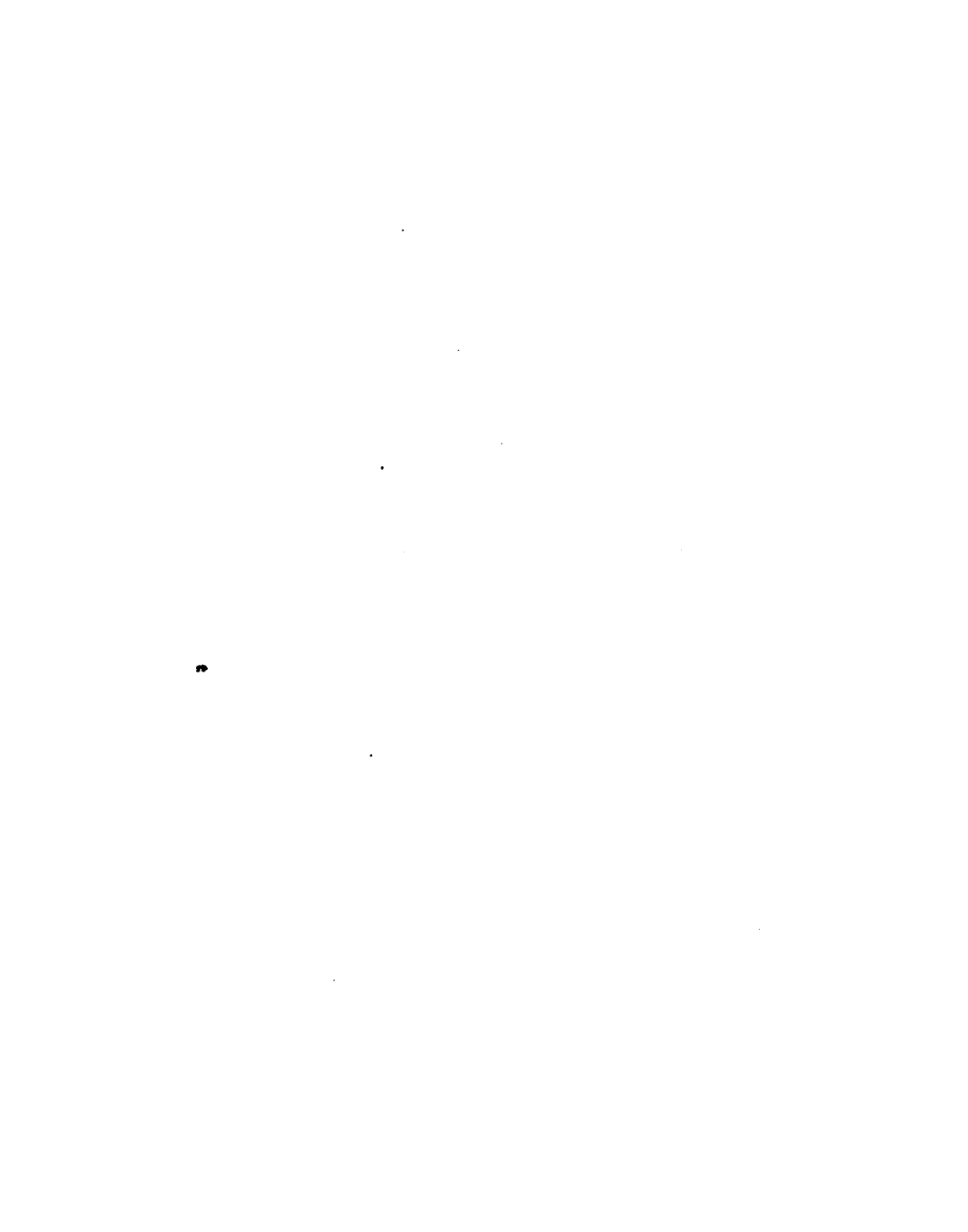


trust, our prospects will again brighten, and cause us to forget this night of affliction, or to remember it as having been the means of preparing us for the reception of that greatest of blessings—the conversion of some of the Burmans.”

A few days after their arrival, he introduced them to the viceroy. Preceded by a handsome present, they found him, with his officers, minutely examining it; and, on entering, they were received with marked attention. “The new teachers,” said Judson, “desire to take refuge in your glory, and to remain at Rangoon.” “Let them stay,” replied the viceroy, graciously; “let them stay; and let your wife bring their wives, that I may see them all.”

Mr. Judson was now master of the language. An incident is recorded in proof. A few months before, as he was sailing along the coast, and the boat had put in one morning for provisions, he sent ashore his Burmese tract. Conveyed direct to the governor of the town, and read aloud in his presence, it elicited the inquiry at the captain, “Who is the writer, and how long has he been in the country?” “He is a foreigner,” the captain replied evasively, fearing he might be detained on suspicion, “and he has been in Rangoon about four years.” “No, that is not to be credited. You cannot make me believe that a foreigner in so short a time has learned to write the language so well. It must have been written by some other person.”

And, in possession of a key to the Burman mind,





*Zayat and Temple in Burmah.—page 67.*

and believing that God would open with His key the Burman heart and conscience, he resolved to "preach publicly the gospel of God's grace." The first step was to erect a *zayat*, or place of public resort. A site was selected near a great road leading to one of the principal pagodas, and consequently much thronged. The attempt was perilous, for under the Burman government a renunciation of the established superstition was punishable with death. But, strong in his God, he moved forward. "The building," he writes, "is now going up; and should this *zayat* prove to be a Christian meeting-house—the first erected in this land of atheists for the worship of God—a house where Burmans, who now deny the very existence of Deity, shall assemble to adore the Majesty of heaven, and to sing with hearts of devotion the praises of the incarnate Saviour——. But the thought seems too great to be realised. Can *this* darkness be removed? Can *these* dry bones live? On thee, Jesus, depend all our hopes. In thee is vested all power, even power to make sinful creatures instrumental in enlightening the heathen."

In the month of April (1819), the work of preaching was begun. The congregation consisted of fifteen persons, besides children; and there was much disorder and inattention. Two Sundays elapsed, and there entered the *zayat* a young man, wild and noisy in his bearing, but respectful, and at times absorbed in thought. Waiting till the public worship was over, he accepted a tract, and walked away. Two days

afterwards, as Mr. Judson was sitting in the verandah, in the cool of the evening, Mounq Koo suddenly stepped in. The missionary expatiated on the love and sufferings of the Saviour; and more than once, during the two hours that they were together, the silent tear trickled down the stranger's cheek. "Though quick and sensible," wrote Judson to a friend after he was gone, "and though he has some savage fire in his eye, he is very docile, and the truth seems to have taken hold of his mind. He engaged to come next Sunday—promised to pray constantly—and gave me his name, that I might pray for him that he might be a disciple of Christ, and be delivered from hell. My heart goes forth to the mercy-seat on behalf of his precious soul." The next morning had scarcely dawned when the youthful inquirer again appeared, and remained many hours, "drinking in the truth."

The same day, another inquirer came. "Mounq Nau," writes the missionary after a second visit from him, "has been with me several hours. I begin to think that the grace of God has reached his heart. He expresses sentiments of repentance for his sins, and faith in his Saviour. The substance of his profession is, that from the darkneses and uncleannesses and sins of his whole life he has found no other Saviour but Jesus Christ; nowhere else can he look for salvation; and therefore he proposes to adhere to Christ, and to worship Him all his life long. It seems almost too much to believe that God has begun to manifest His grace to the Burmans; but to-day I could not resist the

delightful conviction that this is really the case. Praise and glory be to His name for evermore !”

One evening, the week following, the inquirer was sitting with Mrs. Judson, reading Christ’s Sermon on the Mount. “These words,” said he, “take hold on my very heart ; they make me tremble. Here God commands us to do everything that is good in secret, not to be seen of men. How unlike our religion is this ! When Burmans make offerings to the pagodas, they make a great noise with drums and musical instruments, that others may see how good they are. But this religion makes the mind fear God ; it makes it, of its own accord, fear sin.” And, a little later in the evening, as they read that Scripture, “Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth,” he said—“It does not mean that we shall take the silver and gold from this world and carry them to heaven, but that, by becoming the disciples of Jesus, we shall live in such a manner as to enjoy heaven when we die.” Another day, after a visit from him of some hours, Judson wrote :—“He appears to be slowly growing in religious knowledge, and manifests a teachable, humble spirit, ready to believe all that Christ has said, and to obey all that He has commanded. He is thirty-five years of age, no family, middling abilities, quite poor, obliged to work for his living ; and therefore his coming day after day to hear the truth affords stronger evidence that it has taken hold of his heart. May the Lord graciously lead his dark mind into all the truth, and cause him to cleave inviolably to the blessed Saviour !”

A few days later, Mounng Nau was again with Mrs. Judson; and, as they talked together over the Scriptures, he said:—"Besides Jesus Christ, I see no way of salvation. He is the Son of God, who has no beginning, no end. He so loved and pitied men, that He suffered death in their stead. My mind is sore on account of the sins I have committed during the whole of my life, particularly in worshipping a false god." And again:—"Our religion, pure as it may be, does not purify the minds of those who believe it; it cannot restrain from sin. But the religion of Jesus Christ makes the mind pure; His disciples desire not to grieve Him by sinning." And again:—"In our religion there is no way to escape the punishment due to sin; but, according to the religion of Christ, He Himself has died in order to deliver His disciples. I wish all the Burmans would become His disciples; then we should meet together, as you do in your country—then we should all be happy in heaven. How great are my thanks to Jesus Christ for sending teachers to this country! and how great are my thanks to the teachers for coming! Had they never come and built that zayat, I should never have heard of Christ and the true God. I mourn that so much of my life passed away before I heard of this religion. How much have I lost!"

The next day, he was there again, and assisted Mr. Judson much in explaining things to new comers. And the day following, which was Sunday, he declared himself a disciple of Christ in the presence of a considerable number. Early the following morning, he was to start

for a distant part of the country, in pursuit of his calling; and he came to take leave. "I took him alone," Mr. Judson writes, "and prayed with him. He received my parting instructions with great attention and solemnity—said he felt he was a disciple of Christ—hoped he should be kept from falling—desired the prayers of us all—expressed a wish that on his return we should allow him to profess Christ in baptism—and so departed. The Lord Jesus go with him and bless him! He is poor. I felt a great desire to give him something, but thought it safer to put no temptation in his way. If, on his return, he still cleaves to Christ, his profession will be more satisfactory than it would be if he had any expectations from us." Three days later, about noon, he unexpectedly entered the verandah, having given up his journey on account of the unfaithfulness of his employer. Regretting the want of a believing associate, he declared his determination to adhere to Christ though no Burman should ever join him. "You have nothing, remember," said Mr. Judson, "to expect in this world but persecution, and perhaps death." "Yes, but I think it better to die for Christ, and be happy hereafter, than to live a few days and be for ever wretched." "But are you not afraid to be the first Burman to confess Christ?" "No, it is a great privilege, and I hope you will receive me at once."

Three weeks elapsed; and, meanwhile, all the members of the mission at different times conversed with him, and were satisfied that a work of grace was



begun in his heart. At length, one evening, after partaking of the Lord's Supper, they had a letter before them, expressing in the most affecting terms his faith and hope, and his desire for Christian baptism. "Whereas my Lord's three," said he, "have come to the country of Burmah, not for the purposes of trade, but to preach the religion of Jesus Christ, the Son of the Eternal God,—I, having heard and understood, am, with a joyful mind, filled with love. I believe that the divine Son, Jesus Christ, suffered death, in the place of men, to atone for their sins. Like a heavy-laden man, I feel my sins are very many. The punishment of my sins I deserve to suffer. Since it is so, do you, sirs, consider that I, taking refuge in the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, and receiving baptism in order to become a disciple, shall dwell one with yourselves, a band of brothers in the happiness of heaven? And, therefore, grant me the ordinance of baptism." Other three weeks passed, and the zayat was crowded, one evening, with a group of eager listeners. At the close of the service, the preacher called before him Moug Nau; and, after asking several questions concerning his faith, and hope, and love, he baptized the *first Burman convert*. And, the Sunday following, they sat down together at the Lord's Table. "Oh, may it prove," was Mr. Judson's breathing that night, "the beginning of a series of conversions in the Burman empire, which shall continue in uninterrupted succession to the end of time!"

A scene of another sort was witnessed one night at a spot not far distant. Entering a zayat in the precincts

of one of the most magnificent pagodas, the missionaries found it gorgeously lighted, the floor spread with mats, and a frame raised some eighteen inches from the ground for the preacher who was to address the people. The natives, as they came in, seated themselves on the mats; the men on the one side, and the women on the other. At a given signal there was silence; each worshipper took a flower and some leaves, and placing them between his fingers, and raising them to his head, remained motionless as a statue. By this time the preacher, a man of a very pleasant countenance, and about five-and-forty years of age, had seated himself on the dais; and now, starting to his feet and closing his eyes, he repeated from their sacred writings certain wild legends, describing the conversion of Gautama's two chief disciples, with their subsequent apotheosis and glory. At first dull and monotonous, he glided by degrees into tones the most mellifluous and soft, winning their way insensibly into the heart, and lulling the soul into that calm serenity which, to a Burman mind, somewhat resembles the boasted perfection of their ancient saints. The discourse lasted half an hour; and at the close the whole assembly "burst forth into a short prayer," and, rising, prepared to retire. As the missionaries entered, all eyes had been turned on them, the whisper going round, "Here come some wild foreigners;" and, as they sat down and took off their shoes, some had whispered, "No, they are not wild, they are civilised;" whilst others, recognising Mr. Judson, had added, with bated breath, "It's the

English teacher." And now, as the assembly was dispersing, they were accosted by the preacher, and were invited to visit him. "We are missionaries," said Mr. Judson, "religious-making teachers" (as the term in their idiom implies). The preacher's countenance fell; and, suddenly separating from them, he disappeared.

Returning to the mission-zayat, we are in front of a building of bamboo and thatch, some seven-and-twenty feet by eighteen, divided into three compartments, and raised four feet from the ground. In the division next the road, without doors or windows, or any protection to the front, and occupying a third part of the whole building, sits Mr. Judson all day long, saying to the passers-by, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;" whilst in the inner apartment is Mrs. Judson, surrounded by a group of female scholars, each with a torch and a black board, industriously writing and reading. Let us enter the front room for a few moments, and sit down beside the missionary.

It is Monday morning; and, accompanied by a petty officer from a neighbouring village, a young man ventures in, slowly and modestly, as if some burden lay upon his heart. Last evening, at the service, he was observed by the preacher deeply solemnized; and now he stays almost all the day, intent on the great business of his eternity. And he has not come alone. A companion listens most attentively to the message of life; and they leave, promising to return, to learn more perfectly the way of God. "Considerably encouraged to-day," writes Mr. Judson, after they are

gone, "with the hope that God is preparing a people in this benighted land."

Another evening we are in the zayat, and there steps aside from the highway for a few moments a wealthy native, attended by his suite. He has been over in Bengal; and, having been poisoned by some foe to missions, he breaks out into a virulent tirade against Mr. Judson and his work. "I felt," the latter writes, "that he would most gladly be foremost in destroying us; but, through divine grace, I was enabled to treat him with meekness and gentleness." And the opposer retires, ashamed.

Scarcely is he out of sight, when another visitor approaches, with a grave and thoughtful mien. A respectable merchant, and formerly an officer, he is "not a little versed in Burman literature;" and long and earnestly he listens to the missionary's burning words. "I see," he at length says, "I am all wrong: how I regret that I have been two years in your neighbourhood without knowing you! this is an auspicious day." "Read this tract," rejoins the missionary, kindly, as he rises to leave, "and come again as soon as you are able." "Yes," whispers the Burman, the tear glistening in his eye; "I wish to be a disciple."

It is a Saturday, the Burman day of worship; and the zayat is "thronged with visitors throughout the day; more or less company, without intermission, for about eight hours." Among them is a young man of twenty-seven, of very pleasant exterior, and evidently in good circumstances. He has been in several times;

and now, though apparently backward at first, he appears to be really thoughtful. The next morning he is at worship, and stays through the whole day. There was an assembly of thirty, with whom, after worship, he had some warm disputation. "I begin to feel," writes Mr. Judson, as the evening closes, "that the Burmans cannot stand before the truth."

On these scenes, the missionary himself was learning heavenly lessons. "I feel," he wrote, "more and more the inadequacy and comparative insignificance of all human accomplishments, whether in a minister or in a missionary, and the unspeakable, overwhelming importance of spiritual graces—humility, patience, meekness, love; the habitual enjoyment of closet-religion; a soul abstracted from this world, and much occupied in the contemplation of heavenly glories. You know not, you cannot conceive, how utterly unfit I am for the work. I am, indeed, a worm, and no man. Yet I feel necessity laid on me to remain here and try to do a little something." And Mrs. Judson added:—"I know you often wish to know *certainly* whether I still approve the first step I took in the missionary cause; and whether, if I had the choice again to make, with my present knowledge and views of the subject, I should make the same. Well, I frankly acknowledge that I should do just the same; with this exception, that I should commence such a life with much more fear and trembling on account of my unfitness, and should almost hesitate whether one so vile, so poorly qualified, ought to occupy a place of so much usefulness."

## CHAPTER IV.

A panic—The king—"Gone up"—New emperor—Ominous rumours—Reign of terror—Swearing fealty—Mockers—Viceroy at zayat—Inquirers—"New-born soul"—Two natives—Coronation—Contrast—First baptism—Night-scene—"A molecule of matter"—First Burman Prayer-meeting—A sceptic—"I know nothing"—The spy-priest—Threatened storm—Must visit Ava—"A greater than the Emperor"—A fisherman—"Know not what it is to love my own life"—First-fruits—Clouds lowering—First visit to Ava—The voyage—Scene on the Irriwadi—The palace—"The golden foot"—The petition—Royal displeasure—Repulse—Prospects.

A SUDDEN panic had seized Rangoon. The troops were under arms. Great news was whispered. "There is a rebellion," said some: "The king is sick," said others: "He is dead," breathed a third; but none dared to say this plainly—it would have been a crime of the first magnitude, for the "lord of land and water" was "immortal." At last, one morning, a royal dispatch-boat pulled up to the shore. An imperial mandate was produced. The crowd made way for the sacred messengers, and followed them to the high court, where

the authorities of the place were assembled. "Listen ye," ran the royal order. "The immortal king—wearied, it would seem, with the fatigues of royalty—has gone up to amuse himself in the celestial regions. His grandson, the heir-apparent, is seated on the throne. The young monarch enjoins on all to remain quiet, and to wait his imperial orders."

Ominous rumours soon began to get abroad concerning the truculent disposition of the new king. One uncle he had killed in cold blood; and another he had dispatched by a slow death in prison. Ere long, a reign of terror set in. Visitor after visitor at the zayat whispered with bated breath the name of the "owner of the sword,"—involuntarily looking round as if some bloodhound of death might be lurking behind the neighbouring wall. "He will not suffer any innovation," they said, addressing Judson,—“least of all, a new religion; and he will cut off all who embrace it. Why, then, stay here in Rangoon, talking to the common people? Go direct to the ‘lord of life and death.’ If he approve the religion, it will spread rapidly; but if not, no one will dare to continue his inquiries, with the fear of the king before his eyes.”

It is the first day of "Burman Lent;" and all the members of the government are assembled at the great pagoda, to swear allegiance to the king. As the crowd disperses homeward, a large company enters the mission-zayat, bent on ridiculing and persecuting any who may look like inquirers. The tempest thickens; and the convert Moug Nau one day withdraws. And,

at the same time, a report spread, that several who used to attend the zayat-worship have been privately to the pagoda, offering pagan-sacrifice.

A few weeks later, at sunset one evening, the viceroy passed the zayat, returning from an excursion of pleasure, seated on a huge elephant, and attended by his guards and a numerous suite. It was the first time he had been that way since the zayat was built; and, as he came up, the missionary and his wife were seated in the front apartment, surrounded by several Burmans. Eyeing the building narrowly and suspiciously, they had not been past many minutes, when two of the viceroy's private secretaries returned, armed with a viceregal order, requiring that the printing materials should be sent forthwith to the palace. They were informed that the types had gone to Bengal, along with the teacher who understood their use; and they departed with evident chagrin. A day or two passed; and, at a brief interview, Judson handed to the viceroy the tract as a specimen of their work. "It is the same," said he, somewhat roughly, "as I have already seen; I want no more of that kind of writing."

The viceroy's decisive tone, coupled with sundry other significant hints, indicated only too surely a rising storm. Was it not time, some one hinted, to seek an interview with the king? "I have long thought it desirable," Judson replied, "but have never felt that the time had come. I would rather that God should open the way, than attempt to open it myself. Everything seems to say, 'Put your trust in God alone.'"



Meanwhile, He who "openeth and none shutteth," was visibly carrying forward His work. A young man, who had lately been several times at the zayat, came in, one morning, wrapt in deep thought. "I am a sinner," he whispered, with much emotion, on being asked what was the state of his mind, "and I am exposed to future punishment: the Buddhist system has no way of pardon; your religion has, and it has also a way of enjoying endless happiness in heaven: I therefore want to believe in Christ." The same day, in the evening, a Burman woman was kneeling with Mrs. Judson and shedding many tears. "Oh!" she cried, as they rose from prayer, "that I might obtain an interest in Christ!"

Another day, a new inquirer appeared in the person of Moungh Thahlah. Of good natural abilities, and engaged, like Levi, at "the receipt of custom," he had arrived at Rangoon on government business; but such was his sudden attachment to the religion of Jesus, that, like his prototype, he decided not to return. "To-day," writes Mr. Judson, "I had a conversation with him, which almost settled my mind that he is really a renewed man." And, three days later, he adds:—"Had another conversation with Moungh Thahlah, which at length forced me to admit the conviction that he is a real convert; and I venture to set him down as the second disciple of Christ among the Burmans. He appears to have all the characteristics of a new-born soul; and, though rather timid as to an open profession, he has, I feel satisfied, that love to

Christ which will increase and bring him forward in due time." A fortnight passed; and, as they were conversing one evening on some difficult passages in St. Matthew, Mr. Judson enquired, "Do you love Christ yet, more than your own life?" "I purpose," he replied, understanding Mr. Judson's question, "to profess the Christian religion, and I begin to think seriously of being baptized."

And another heart was quivering under the stroke of the divine archer. Not far from the zayat there had been living for some months, with his family, a Burman, whose regular attendance on worship and indefatigable industry at the evening-school—where, though in his fiftieth year, he had learned to read— attracted not a little notice. In a conversation some weeks before, he had betrayed "a thorough legalism, relying on his good works, though evidently desirous of knowing and of embracing the truth." Now, however, a glimpse of the gospel of God's grace had dawned upon him; and, professing with much brokenness "a full belief in Jesus Christ," Byaa had expressed a desire "to become a Christian, and to be baptized with MOUNG THAHLAH."

Six weeks passed; and, one night in the twilight, two natives entered the zayat, as if shunning the eye of any passer-by. It was Thahlah and Byaa, with a joint paper in their hand, professing their faith in Christ, and requesting to be *privately* baptized. A long colloquy ensued; and, after not a little to gladden the hearts of the missionaries in token of their real

faith, they were recommended to wait for a little until they "loved Christ enough to be not unwilling to dare to die for Him."

A fortnight later, the converts had mustered more courage; and they presented an urgent petition to be baptized, not absolutely in private, but "about sunset, away from public observation." Again there was a protracted converse, and much earnest prayer. At length, assured by them that, if brought before the government, they "would not think of denying their Saviour," and convinced that they were "influenced rather by a desire of avoiding unnecessary exposure than by that sinful fear which would plunge them into apostacy in the hour of trial,—they agreed to baptize them the succeeding night at sunset."

During these days, Ava had been the scene of a most august and gorgeous festival. The grandees of the empire and all its leading citizens had been celebrating the birthday and coronation of the king. And all the resources of barbaric splendour and of priestly vanity had been lavished, to swell the imposing magnificence of the ceremonial. But now Rangoon was to witness another scene, which He who rejoiced in the lowly anointing in the village on Olivet more delighted to honour. It was the Lord's day; and, as the people dispersed from their evening-worship at the *zayat*, the two candidates, accompanied by three or four of their friends, were seen, about half an hour before sunset, on their way to the appointed spot. It was no light enterprise which they were taking in hand.

Burmah threatened to be the gospel's forlorn hope; and the little band whom now the Captain of the Lord's host was gathering seemed likely to be the first to storm the breach. But, "knowing whom they had believed," they had come forward meekly to confess Him. "The sun," writes Mr. Judson, "was, not allowed to look upon the humble, timid profession. No wondering crowd crowned the overshadowing hill. No hymn of praise expressed the exultant feelings of joyous hearts. Stillness and solemnity pervaded the scene. We felt as a little, feeble, solitary band. But Jesus looked down on us, pitied and forgave our weaknesses, and marked us for His own; and perhaps, if we deny Him not, He will acknowledge us, another day, more publicly than we venture at present to acknowledge Him."

And another event transpired. "A spark," it has been said, "is

'A molecule of matter, yet may it kindle the world.'

Such a spark was now kindled in Burmah. "This evening,"\* writes Mr. Judson, chronicling on earth what already God had chronicled in heaven,† "is to be marked as the date of the first Burman prayer-meeting which ever was held. None present but myself and the three converts. Two of them made a little beginning, such as must be expected from the first essay of converted heathens. We agreed to meet for this purpose every Tuesday and Friday evening." And,

\* November 10, 1819.

† Mal. iii. 16.

four days later, he adds :—" Have been much gratified to find that this evening the three converts repaired to the zayat, and held a prayer-meeting, of their own accord."

One morning, a visitor entered the zayat with a very peculiar air. A teacher of considerable distinction, and learned in all the Buddhist mysteries, he had got hold, some eight years before, of the idea of an Eternal Being ; and, ever since, it had been floating in his mind, a rude disturber of his peace. Half-deist and half-sceptic, Mounng Shwa-gnong still worshipped at the pagodas, conforming to the prevailing superstitions. But a tract, lately brought to him by one of his adherents from the zayat, had induced him that morning to visit the foreigner. Hour after hour—one day from ten in the morning till quite dark,—he disputed with Mr. Judson in the presence of some disciples whom he usually had with him ; the debate commonly ending where it began—in apparent incredulity. One evening, however, after the others had retired, Shwa-gnong lingered behind. "Oh ! I know nothing !" he exclaimed, with deep emotion, prostrating himself and performing the *shiko* ;\* "will you condescend to instruct me ?" Eight days passed, and he was again for many hours at the zayat,—when the issue was, an admission of the existence of an Eternal God ; and he left "half inclined" to accept the Scriptures as a revelation of His will. Another day, after listening to a

\* An act of homage which a Burman never performs but to an acknowledged superior.

declaration of the Christian idea of atonement, he replied, "That is suitable; that is as it should be." But these visits were exciting alarm. A priest reported him to the viceroy, as a heretic who had "renounced the religion of the country." Deferring any decisive order, the governor pronounced the ominous word, "Enquire farther about him." Hastening to the priest, he "apologised, explained, flattered," though not formally recanting. And, a day or two later, he was at the zayat, but "quite another man,"—he was cold, distant, reserved—uttered scarcely a word—and "took leave as soon as he decently could."

A week or two afterwards, Mr. Judson was taking his usual ride one morning along one of the pagoda roads to bathe, when he was accosted by a spy-priest, who peremptorily forbid him to ride in future within the sacred ground, on pain of being beaten. The viceroy had issued an order, levelled at "any person wearing a hat, shoes, or umbrella, or mounted on a horse;" and, trifling as was the exclusion from certain grounds, the proceeding was significant as a symptom that there was a secret purpose to put down the mission-work. And other symptoms were not wanting. Ever since the affair of Moung Shwa-gnong, there had been a visible falling off at the zayat. At times, though it was the finest part of the year, and many were constantly passing, the missionary would sit whole days without a single visitor. His object being now well known throughout Rangoon, no one called, as formerly, out of curiosity; and none dared to call from a prin-

ciple of religious inquiry. Only a belief among the leaders in ecclesiastical affairs, that he would never succeed in making converts, prevented the outbreak of direct persecution.

A new step, therefore, was at length demanded. "Our business," Mr. Judson wrote, "must be fairly laid before the Emperor. If he frown upon us and prohibit our missionary work, we shall be under the necessity of leaving his dominions. If he favour us, and be in any measure pleased with the Christian system, he will, we hope, give us at least such private encouragement as will enable us to prosecute our work without incurring the charge of rashness and enthusiasm. But," he added, "there is a greater than the Emperor before whose throne we desire daily and constantly to lay this business. O Lord Jesus, look upon us in our low estate, and guide us in our dangerous course!"

Meanwhile, the "greater than the Emperor" vouchsafed another visible token of His presence. A Burman fisherman had for some months been repairing at intervals to the zayat, evidently in deep concern. His mother, baptized a Roman Catholic in consequence of her connexion with a foreigner, had whispered to him "the idea of an eternal God;" and, led one day to the zayat by an incident to be afterwards named, he had heard words which rooted the thought in his soul. "How I long," said he, "to know more of Christ, that I may love Him more!" Another day he was observed, during public worship, his whole soul

absorbed ; and, somewhat later, Mr. Judson wrote—"He made me half inclined to believe that a work of grace was begun in his heart." Within a few days, the missionary added—"He has begun to pray to our God. He is quite sensible of his sins, and of the utter inefficacy of Buddhism, but is yet in the dark concerning the way of salvation. Lord Jesus! give him the knowledge of thine adorable self!" The next week, after listening in the zayat all day, he followed the teacher home. They conversed the whole evening, and his expressions satisfied them all that he was one of God's chosen people. Desirous to confess Christ by baptism, he was warned by Mr. Judson of the danger to which he was exposing himself. "Do you love Christ," he enquired, "better than your own life?" "When I meditate on this religion," he replied, very deliberately and solemnly, "I know not what it is to love my own life."

With these first-fruits—four precious souls—God had been sealing the work as His. Satan, therefore, raged and sought to put it down. Each day the clouds were lowering into a darker gloom ; and it was at last finally resolved to proceed to Ava, and to lay their missionary designs before the throne.

Having purchased a boat, and having obtained from the viceroy a pass "to go up to the golden feet and lift up their eyes to the golden face," he embarked one brilliant morning in December,\* in company with his brother-missionary, and attended by a staff of sixteen. The boat, measuring six feet in the middle by forty

\* 1819.



from stem to stern, was laid throughout with a deck of bamboos, on the hinder part of which—constructed of thin boards and a covering of thatch and mats—were two small rooms, just high enough to allow them to sit and to lie down. On board, as a present to the king, was an English Bible, in six volumes, covered, after the Burman fashion, with gold-leaf, and each volume enclosed in a rich wrapper;—and, in addition, were sundry pieces of fine cloth, for the leading officials at court. “We are penetrating,” Judson wrote, as the boat put off that day from Rangoon, “into the heart of one of the greatest kingdoms of the world, to make a formal offer of the Gospel to a despotic monarch, and, through him, to the millions of his subjects. May the Lord accompany us, and crown our attempt with the desired success, if it be consistent with His wise and holy will!”

Night came on; and they moored at a village, where, two or three days before, a murderous onslaught had been made by a band of robbers on the boat of an English traveller, and the steersman and another man had been killed at a single shot. Another day, they met a special officer with a detachment of men in pursuit of a body of marauders, who had wounded and beaten off a whole boat’s company, and had plundered it of a vast treasure. But “perils of robbers,” like graver perils which were yet in store, did not move them;—safe beneath the overshadowing wing, they declined a proffered escort, and proceeded.

Now two hundred and sixty miles from Rangoon,

they gazed one evening with mute amazement on the ruins of a magnificent city, once the seat of empire. Ascending a lofty edifice some ninety feet in height, they had around them a vast champaign covered with splendid monuments and pagodas—some in utter ruin, others fast decaying, whilst a few exhibited traces of recent attention and repair. Remains of the ancient wall, the pillars of the gates, together with sundry grotesque, decapitated, architectural relics, chequered the motley scene, suggesting mournful ideas of the decaying remains of ancient grandeur. "Here," Judson wrote, "about eight hundred years ago, the religion of Buddha was first publicly recognised and established as the religion of the empire. Here the first Buddhist apostle of Burmah disseminated the doctrines of Atheism, and taught his disciples to pant after annihilation as the supreme good. Some of the ruins before our eyes are probably the remains of pagodas designed by himself. We looked back on the centuries of darkness which are past. We looked forward, and Christian hope would fain brighten the prospect. Perhaps we stand on the dividing line of the empires of darkness and of light. Will not the churches of Jesus one day supplant these idolatrous monuments, and the chanting of the devotees of Buddha die away before the Christian hymn of praise?"

Other ninety miles of rowing, and they descried in the distance, amidst the glittering pagodas of New Ava, the golden steeple of the palace where shone—or frowned—the "golden face." The next morning

found them in the verandah of the former viceroy of Rangoon, now a minister of state; and, bringing out a valuable present, and another for his wife, they recalled Mrs. Judson's interviews with the latter in that city, and the minister smiled a welcome. Not revealing as yet their precise object, they simply craved an audience of the king; and, a favourite officer having been condescendingly charged to arrange it, they retired to their little cabin on the river.

They were sitting quietly in the cool of the evening, committing their way in faith to God,—

“Not slothful they, though seeming unemploy'd,”—

when the officer was announced, intimating that to-morrow morning he would conduct them into the royal presence. They lay down in sleepless anxiety, feeling that to-morrow's dawn would usher in the most eventful day of their lives. The next morning, they were on their way to the palace; and they halted at the house of the minister. “The emperor,” said his highness, “has been apprised privately of your arrival, and a message has come, ‘Let them be introduced.’” As they approached the palace-yard, they found an assemblage of governors and petty kings waiting to be introduced. Ushered into an apartment in the yard, they were announced to the private minister of state, who, “receiving them very pleasantly,” assigned them a seat of honour in front of the native dignitaries. “We are missionaries, your highness,” said Mr. Judson to the minister softly, availing himself of a momentary

pause, "propagators of religion, and we wish to present to the emperor our sacred books, and also this petition." Taking it from his hand, the minister glanced over its contents, and was proceeding to put some questions in a familiar way about the Christian's God and his religion, when suddenly it was announced from the palace that the golden foot was about to advance. Hastily rising, and donning his robes of state, the minister moved towards the king, whispering to Mr. Judson, as he passed, "I must seize this moment to present you;" and adding, with an ominous gravity, "How can you propagate religion in this empire? But—come along."

It was the day of the celebration of a recent victory; and that hour had been fixed for his majesty to come forth to witness a grand military and priestly display. Nothing could be more unpropitious; and, as they entered by a flight of steps a most magnificent hall, gorgeous on all sides with gold, and occupied by the great officers of state waiting for the king, those inauspicious words of the minister, and his peculiar tone in uttering them, weighed upon their souls like a nightmare, and "their hearts sank within them."

On a raised dais at one end of the hall the minister took his seat, placing at his side the strangers and their somewhat suspicious present. Opening out from that end of the apartment was the parade-ground, where his majesty was momentarily expected; whilst away in the distance, at the other end, seen through an avenue of splendid pillars, was the door from which

was to issue the haughty monarch. Five minutes passed, each courtier the while putting himself into the most respectful attitude, when suddenly from behind the dais a voice whispered—"His majesty has entered!"

And there he is—this "modern Ahasuerus"—moving forward "in solitary grandeur," with "the proud gait and majesty of an Eastern monarch," his dress "rich, though not distinctive," and in his hand a gold-sheathed sword—the terrific emblem of his power. His "high aspect" and "commanding eye" rivet every countenance; and he strides on, each head now in the dust, and Judson and his brother kneeling, with hands folded, and their eyes intently fixed on the monarch. "Who are these?" he enquired, suddenly stopping as he drew near to the spot where the strangers were doing homage. "The teachers, great king!" replied Judson, respectfully, in his majesty's own vernacular. "What!" rejoined the monarch, evidently taken with the sounds of his mother-tongue, issuing from the lips of foreigners; "you speak Burman! the priests that I heard of last night? When did you arrive? Are you teachers of religion? Are you like the Portuguese priest? Are you married? Why do you dress so?" These and other queries answered, a smile played on that fierce mien; and, moving to an elevated seat, he sat down for a few moments, his hand resting on the hilt of the significant weapon at his side, and his eye fixed intently on the two strangers.

“Read the petition,” said he, addressing the private minister of state, who stood at Judson’s right hand. It was a brief appeal to the royal clemency on behalf of “the American teachers” and their work, begging that, “taking refuge in the king’s authority,” they might “preach their religion in these dominions,” and also that any who accepted it, whether foreigners or natives, might be “exempt from government molestation.” The emperor listened; and, stretching out his hand to the minister, he took it, and, beginning at the top, read it deliberately through. This over, and handing it back to the minister without uttering a word,—he next accepted the tract, which Judson had taken care to have ready, “adorned in the handsomest style and dress possible.” And, meanwhile, their hearts rose to God for a display of His grace. “Oh! have mercy upon Burmah!” they secretly cried; “have mercy on her king!” For a moment, the king fixed his eye on the tract. “There is one eternal God,” were its opening words, “who is independent of the incidents of mortality; and besides Him there is no god.” It was enough. A disdainful scowl gathered on the monarch’s brow; and, rising abruptly, he dashed the paper upon the ground. Stooping forward, the minister picked it up, and handed it to Judson. And, at the same instant, from behind, the kindly officer who had come with them, adroitly displayed one of the beautiful volumes of the present, in the hope of arresting the royal displeasure. But all was over—the king took no notice—and the minister, interpreting

shrewdly his master's will, said—"Why do you ask for such permission? Have not the Portuguese, the English, the Mussulmans, and people of all other religions, full liberty to practise and worship according to their own customs?" Then, assuming a tone of authority, he added—"In regard to the objects of your petition, his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them; take them away."

The repulse was decisive. "Let them proceed to the residence of my physician, the Portuguese priest," said the king, catching some hint which had been dropped, in rising, about one of the strangers' skill in medicine; "and let him examine whether they can be useful to me in that line, and report accordingly." And, striding forward a few paces, he threw himself down on a cushion, listening to the music, and gazing on the gay scene without. The strangers, and their present, were huddled up and hurried away. Passing from the hall, they were conducted first to the apartment of the minister of state, whom the officer had apprised of the issue, but in terms the mildest possible. They were next led to the house of the Portuguese priest, distant two miles, through the heat of a broiling sun, and through the dust of the streets of the city. "Can you secure the emperor from disease," asked the inquisitor, scornfully, "and make him live for ever?" "No," they replied, "we have no such secret;" and, taking leave, they hastened back to their boat.

The church in Burmah was not to languish into weakness under the sunshine of royal favour, but to be cradled into strength amidst rude storms. Like the confessors of the Roman catacombs, its saints were to sing praises, not in kings' palaces, but in caves and dens of the earth. And these ills were to be not uncompensated. The men of Thessalonica were not to be the last to "receive the Word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost."

"In the kingdom of His grace, granteth He omnipotence to prayer.  
Man! regard thy prayers as a purpose of love to thy soul;  
Esteem the providence that led to them, as an index of God's good will."



## CHAPTER V.

The "iron-mall"—A persecutor—Dismissal from Ava—A visitor on the river—The three disciples—An appeal—The voice of God—"I will pray"—"Loneliness of lot"—SCENES IN THE ZAYAT—A convert—A group—The "teacher"—First female convert—A parting—Return to Rangoon—The welcome—A native doctor—The dawn—Cottage-scene—The Viceroy—A reprieve—New converts—The death-bed—A Burman officer—Mrs. Judson's illness—Visit to America—Lessons of solitude—Life's great business—Return to Burmah—Judson's one aim—Second visit to Ava—Interviews with the king—Grant of land.

In a prison in Burmah, some fifteen years before, there had lain, one day, stretched on the pavement, and surrounded by a group of tormentors, a sufferer undergoing the torture of the "iron-mall." Loaded with chains, he had been gradually beaten from the ends of his feet up to his breast, until his body was one livid wound. At every blow he had pronounced the name of Christ, feeling, as he declared afterwards, little or no pain. An English stranger was there, secretly giving money to the executioners, to induce them to strike gently. But another stood by, gloating with fiendish malice over his agonies, and urging the sternest vengeance.

The sufferer was a Burman teacher of distinction, who had embraced the Roman Catholic faith; and the evil genius of the scene was his nephew, "compelling him to recant." The nephew was now the Emperor's chief private minister of state.

A day or two had passed since Judson's interview in the gorgeous hall,—and an Englishman was in the audience-chamber, summoned before the king. "These foreign teachers!" said his majesty, knowing his visitor to be their friend, and adopting a tone of mingled anger and scorn; "What! they have come presuming to convert us to their religion! Let them leave our capital. We have no desire to receive their instructions. Perhaps they may find some of their *countrymen* in Rangoon, who may be willing to listen to them." The message was intended for Mr. Judson and his associate; and the monarch's whole bearing indicated that the decision was final. Even the minister, before so friendly, was now "cold and reserved." "Tell them," were his words to the same Englishman, who had interceded for them with the king, "that there is not the least possibility of obtaining their object, should they wait ever so long; therefore, let them go about their business."

One thing only remained. "You must apply," said the friendly Englishman, "for a royal order, protecting your persons while you remain in Burmah. Otherwise,—as it will be notorious that you have solicited royal patronage and been refused, you will lie at the mercy of every ill-disposed person who may

seek to molest you." Judson declined, both because it would cost them a good deal, and also because he preferred trusting in the Lord to keep himself and the poor disciples safe. And — covered, like Luther at Worms, by Heaven's broad shield—he quitted Ava, writing in his diary that morning, as he put off from the beach:—"Between the desolation of our hearts and this sandy, barren bank, there is an apt and sad congruity. But the result of our travels and toils has been—the wisest and best possible; a result which, if we could see the end from the beginning, would call forth our highest praise. Oh! slow of heart to believe and trust in the constant and overruling agency of our own Almighty Saviour!"

An evening or two afterwards, as they lay moored for the night off a town upon the bank, who should accost them but the teacher, Moug Shwa-gnong! "We have been to Court," said Mr. Judson; "and there is nothing for it but persecution and suffering for any who dare to confess Jesus Christ." And, after narrating their adventures at Ava, he concluded with the story of the "iron-mall." "But I am not afraid," the teacher replied, rather boastingly; "since you left Rangoon, I have not lifted up my folded hands before a pagoda." "It is not for you," said Judson, solemnly, "that I am concerned, but for those who have become disciples of Christ. When *they* are accused and persecuted, they cannot worship at the pagodas, or recant before the Mangan priest." He was struck dumb; his conscience feeling the force of the needed rebuke. "Say nothing,"

continued Mr. Judson, after a brief pause ; “ one thing you know to be true, if you had not in some way or other made your peace with the priest, your life would not now be remaining in your body.” “ Then, if I must die,” he stammered out, labouring under deep emotion, “ I shall die in a good cause. I know it is the cause of truth. I believe in the eternal God, in His Son Jesus Christ, in the atonement which Christ hath made, and in the writings of the Apostles as the true and only word of God. It is true I sometimes follow the crowd, on days of worship, in order to avoid persecution ; but I only walk up one side of the pagoda and down the other.” “ You may be a disciple of Christ in heart,” said Mr. Judson, beginning to hope he might have made some advance since they had last met ; “ but you are not a full disciple,—you have not faith and resolution enough to keep all the commands of Christ, particularly that which requires you to be baptized, though in the face of persecution and death.” Again, silent and grave, he stood, with his eyes fixed on the ground, buried in thought. “ We may not be long now in Rangoon,” resumed Mr. Judson, “ since the Emperor prohibits the propagation of the Christian religion ; and no Burman will, under such circumstances, venture to investigate, much less to embrace it.” “ Say not so,” he replied, promptly, roused into concern ; “ there are some who will investigate, notwithstanding ; and, rather than you should quit Rangoon, I will go myself to the Mangen priest and have a public dispute. I know I can silence him. I know

the truth is on my side." " Ah ! " answered the missionary, feeling that he needed such a reminder, " you may have a tongue to silence him, but he has a pair of fetters and an iron-mall to tame you. Remember that." The inquirer had been up the river for a few days, visiting an old acquaintance who was dangerously ill. At first, he proposed to return with them ; but, as they could not wait till he was ready, they bade him adieu about nine, and retired to the boat to rest.

Hour after hour passed in the little cabin, and still not an eyelid was closed. " What is to be done ? " they again and again asked themselves, pondering their future course. What if they should find some disciples firm, and others seriously enquiring ? Might not the Lord have some chosen ones, whom He designed to call in under the darkest trials ? Might not He intend to prove that it was not by might nor by power, but only by His Spirit ? If so, ought they hastily to forsake the place ? Or again, would it not, in the face of a fixed purpose of the Government to persecute, be rashness and a tempting of God to maintain so forlorn a hope ? Could they bear to see their dear disciples in prison, in fetters, under torture ? Could they stand by them, and encourage them to bear patiently the rage of their persecutors ? Were they willing to share the persecution with them ? Though the spirit might sometimes be almost willing, was not the flesh too weak ? Loosing the next morning at day-break, they rapidly descended the river ; and, arrived at Rangoon,

they called together the three disciples, and told them how grave was their position.

Not cooled in their first love, nor quailing before the persecutor's frown, they at once and to a man took courage. "If you leave Rangoon," said one of them, as Mr. Judson was hinting the probability of transferring the mission to a tract of country betwixt Bengal and Arracan, "I will follow you to any part of the world." "As for me," said another, "I go where preaching is to be had." The third, meanwhile, was silent and thoughtful. He was married; and it was a law of Burmah that no native woman should leave the country. Was he to leave his wife behind? "I cannot follow you," he at last answered, in broken accents, "on account of my dear wife; but, if I must be left here alone, I shall remain performing the duties of Jesus Christ's religion: no other shall I think of." Was not this "a movement of the divine Spirit?" The interview gladdened Judson's heart; and he praised God for the grace which He had manifested to them.

Three or four days were spent in inquiries about Chittagong, as presenting an open door for the gospel, — when unexpectedly one evening a visitor came in, anxious to see the missionary. It was Mounge Byaa, one of the converts, accompanied by his brother-in-law, who once used to attend worship at the zayat. "I have come," said the disciple earnestly, "to entreat you not to leave Rangoon just yet." "It seems useless," Mr. Judson answered, "to remain, as matters

now are. We cannot open the zayat ; we cannot have public worship ; no Burman will dare to examine this religion ; and, if none examine, none can be expected to embrace it." "Oh, teacher!" replied Byaa, with deep emotion, "my mind is distressed ; I can neither eat nor sleep, since I find you are going away. I have been round among those who live near us, and I find some who are even now examining the new religion. Brother Myat-lah here is one of them ; and he unites with me in my petition." The other eagerly assented, and with an earnestness of feeling which went straight to Judson's heart. "Do stay with us a few months," Byaa continued. "Do stay till there are eight or ten disciples ; then appoint one to be the teacher of the rest. I shall not, after that, be concerned about the event ; though you should leave the country, the religion will spread of itself—even the Emperor cannot stop it." At that moment, another of the converts entered, also deeply moved. "You cannot leave now," said he, unconsciously touching the same chord. "I know of several who are enquiring, and who, I think, will yet become disciples in spite of all opposition." It sounded in their ears like the voice of God. "We could not," Mr. Judson writes, "restrain our tears at hearing all this. 'We live,' was my reply, 'only for the promotion of the cause of Christ among the Burmans ; and, if there is any prospect of success in Rangoon, we have no desire to go to another place ; and we will, therefore, reconsider the matter.'"

Two days passed, and the little assembly was

gathered in the zayat on the evening of the Lord's day. The converts were there, and, with them, "a sedate and pleasant man," who had not before been known as an inquirer, besides other two whose faces had not been wont to meet the preacher's eye. The humble company were breaking up, and had already risen from their seats to leave, when one or two were noticed lingering behind, as if some burden pressed their spirit. "Teacher!" one of the converts at length ventured to say, the others instinctively gathering round, "your intention of leaving has filled us all with trouble. Is it good to forsake us thus? Notwithstanding present difficulties and dangers, it is to be remembered that this work is not yours or ours, but God's. If He give light, the religion will spread—nothing can impede it." "Let us all," added another of them, elevating his arm, and his eye kindling into intense brightness, "make an effort, each for himself. As for me, I will pray. Only leave a little church of ten, with a teacher set over them; and I shall be fully satisfied." What was to be done? "We cannot *all*," said Judson, as they met alone, after the natives had gone, "leave these people, in such affecting circumstances." It was decided that he should remain, meanwhile, at Rangoon, and that his surviving colleague should repair to Chittagong to plant a missionary outpost, both as a centre of a new enterprise, and also as a harbour of refuge in the event of an outburst of the impending storm. A month elapsed; and Colman embarked for Bengal, leaving the Judsons



once more to their "loneliness of lot." It was on March 27, 1820.

In the humble zayat might be seen, one night, long after other eyes had been sealed in slumber, two young men in grave, earnest converse. "A throbbing conscience," it has been said,

"Spurred by remorse,  
Hath a strange force."

That youthful Burman, listening so eagerly to Moug Thahlah, has felt lately the goadings of sin; and his whole bearing betrays a soul "fleeing from the wrath to come." After leaving Mr. Judson in the evening, he has gone aside with his friend; and they have "sat up together the greater part of the night, reading, and conversing, and praying." The next afternoon, the inquirer came in alone. "It only seems strange to us," Judson wrote at the close of the interview, "that a work of grace should be carried on so rapidly in the soul of an ignorant heathen. I feel satisfied that he has experienced a work of divine grace. From not knowing that there was such a being in the universe as a God, he has become a speculative believer, a penitent, a hopeful recipient of grace, and a candidate for baptism, all in the space of three days."

An evening or two later, there kneeled in the zayat some Burman disciples and inquirers. They had gathered, of their own accord, to speak one to another of their common hopes, and to pray. Among them was Shwa-ba, the native just named, whom they were

commending to God and to the word of His grace. The Lord's day came; and in the zayat was spread the simple Table, the four converts singing with lowly thankfulness—

"Thou hast restor'd us to this ease,  
By this thy heavenly blood."

A fortnight later, Shwa-ba was on his way to his native village, "to communicate to his numerous relations and friends the treasure which he had found."

One evening, about a month after they had parted on the banks of the Irriwadi, the Burman teacher reappeared at the zayat, accompanied by his wife and child, and asking Christian baptism. "I knew nothing," said he, with a degree of feeling not before manifested, "of an eternally existing God, before I met with you. On hearing that doctrine, I instantly believed it. But it was a long time before I closed with Christ." "Can you recollect the time?" enquired Judson. "Not precisely; but it was during a visit, when you were discoursing concerning the Trinity, the divine worship of Jesus, and the great sufferings which He, though truly God, endured for His disciples. And oh! the preciousness," he added, with a deepening emotion, "of that last part of the sixth chapter of Matthew, which you read the day before yesterday at evening worship!" Another month passed, and he was in the zayat once more. It was the Lord's day; and, in the evening, after the others had retired, Shwa-gnong waited behind for a little private converse. "I

wish," said he, as they sat down alone in a quiet corner of the room, "to be a full disciple, and to be baptized; but my wife and friends oppose me, and I am in danger of my life." "As thy day is," replied Mr. Judson tenderly, "so thy strength shall be. And then think," he added, "of the apostles and martyrs, and how good it is to suffer for Christ as they, and how glorious the unfading crown." The scene was too solemn for many words. "The thought," Mr. Judson writes, "of the iron-mall, and a secret suspicion that, if I were in his circumstances, I should, perhaps, have no more courage, restrained my tongue." They knelt together in the still silence of the night; and, rising, they "parted with much solemnity, understanding each other better than ever before."

Three months intervened before another visit; for "a man of his distinction could not be seen often at the *zayat* without extreme peril." Judson was on the eve of sailing, on a special errand, for Bengal, when, one forenoon, the inquirer came in. "I received him," he writes, "with some reserve, but soon found that he had not stayed away so long from choice, having been ill with a fever for some time, and occupied also with the illness of his family and adherents. He gradually wore away my reserve; and we had not been together two hours, before I felt more satisfied than ever, from his account of his mental trials, of his struggles with sin, of his strivings to be holy, of his penitence, his faith, his exercises in secret prayers, that he was a subject of the special operations of the Holy

Spirit—that he was, indeed, a true disciple.” In the afternoon, two or three inquirers joined them; and, as evening came on, Shwa-gnong, as if to “bring things to a crisis,” said, “My lord teacher, there are now several of us present who have long considered this religion. I hope that we are all believers in Jesus Christ.” “If you believe,” Mr. Judson replied, “that none but the disciples of Christ will be saved from sin and hell, how can you remain without taking the oath of allegiance to Jesus Christ, and becoming His full disciple in body and soul?” “It is my earnest desire,” he answered solemnly, “to do so by receiving baptism; and, for the very purpose of expressing that desire, I have come here to-day.” “May I ask when you desire to receive it?” “At any time you will please to give it: now—this moment—if you please.” “Do you wish to receive it in public or in private?” “At any time or in any circumstances that you please to direct.” “Teacher!” said Mr. Judson, much moved, “I am satisfied, from your conversation this forenoon, that you are a true disciple; and, therefore, I am as desirous to give you baptism as you are to receive it.” The converts were overjoyed, and the inquirers amazed. “What!” they whispered to one another, “will he profess the Christian religion?” “Are you,” said Mr. Judson, turning to one of them, whom he regarded as a true believer, “willing to take the oath of allegiance to Jesus Christ?” “If the teacher Shwa-gnong consents,” was his reply, “why should I hesitate?” “And if he does not consent, what then?”

“I must wait a little longer.” “Stand by,” said Judson, with a tender but solemn emphasis; “you trust in Mounng Shwa-gnong rather than in Jesus Christ; you are not worthy of being baptized. I cannot consent to receive any to baptism who can remain easy without it.” The little conclave broke up; and, the next morning, Shwa-gnong was there, a radiant smile sitting on his heaven-lit brow. All the forenoon he sat calmly among the worshippers; and, as night came on, the confessor was baptized, and the happy company sat down together at the Table, rejoicing to be counted worthy to suffer shame for Christ’s sake.

It was nine o’clock, and they had not yet left the Table, when another inquirer approached, asking to be baptized. For some months past, in company with two other women of her village, Mah Men-la had visited Mrs. Judson. Years before, an unknown hand had slipped into her basket, one morning, the mission-tract; and, reading it eagerly, she had embraced the idea of an eternally existing God. “I have found the true wisdom now,” Shwa-gnong had whispered to her lately, one night, “in Jesus Christ, the Saviour;” adding, “Go to the zayat, and you will hear the way of life.” She went; and, day after day, she had hung on Mrs. Judson’s lips. “I am surprised to find,” she had remarked to her on a recent occasion, with an affecting simplicity, “that this religion has such an effect on my mind as to make me love the disciples of Christ more than my dearest natural relations.”

Sitting among the inquirers that evening when the "teacher" boldly confessed Christ, she had been asked by Judson, "Are you willing to take the oath of allegiance to Jesus Christ?" "Yes," she had replied, after a pause, "if you think I ought." "Ah! if you can be content not to confess Him, I cannot baptize you." The following evening, as the teacher was proceeding to the font, Men-la had been seized with a strange terror. "Ah!" said she, whispering to Mrs. Judson, who was with her alone, "he has now gone to obey the command of Jesus Christ, while I remain without obeying. I shall not be able to sleep this night. I must go home and consult my husband and return." She arrived as the converts were rising that night from the Table. Her mind was made up. "Will you receive me," she said, "*now?*" All present assented without hesitation, and with joy. "I rejoice," said Mr. Judson, "to baptize you, having been long satisfied that you have received the grace of Christ." A noble matron, some fifty years of age, of great mental energy, and "among the Burmese women what the 'teacher' was among the men," there she stood, the first woman of Burmah who had ever confessed the Saviour. "Now," she said, firmly but meekly, as the rite was over, "I have taken the oath of allegiance to Jesus Christ; and I have nothing to do but to commit myself, soul and body, into the hands of my Lord, assured that He will never suffer me to fall away."

Burmah's first-fruits now numbered nine men and one woman. Other inquirers, too, were on their way.

“Oh, that these poor souls,” Judson writes, “who are groping in the dark, feeling after the truth, may have time and opportunities to find the precious treasure which will enrich them for evermore !” And another work was going forward. “I have finished,” the missionary adds, “the translation of the Epistle to the Ephesians. It is with real joy that I put this precious writing into the hands of the disciples. It is a great accession to their scanty stock of Scripture, for they have had nothing hitherto but Matthew.”

A brief breathing-time was given. Mrs. Judson was again prostrated by illness ; and, with great reluctance and much conflict of mind, Mr. Judson decided to accompany her to Bengal. The morning after the affecting scene just narrated, the converts and inquirers, to the number of one hundred, met at the *zayat* for worship ; and at noon they followed the missionary to the river, the women crying aloud, and almost all deeply affected. He weighed anchor ; and, as he gazed from the quarter-deck upon the receding wharf, not a Burman moved until the ship had wafted from their sight him to whom they owed their all. “How impossible,” he wrote that night in his diary, looking back upon his brief sojourn, “it seemed, two years ago, that such a precious assembly could ever be raised up out of the Egyptian darkness, the atheistic superstition of this heathen land ! Why art thou ever cast down, O my soul ? and why art thou disquieted within me ? Hope thou in God—the God of the Burmans, as well as David’s God ; for I shall yet praise Him for the help of

His countenance, revealed in the salvation of thousands of these immortal souls."

An absence of six months had recruited Mrs. Judson's shattered health ; and one morning in January\* they were once more in sight of the wharf. Straining their eyes to distinguish the faces crowded on the beach, the first to arrest their notice was the "teacher," who had hastened down to welcome them. In a few hours the entire company were bending around their spiritual father, praising God for the steadfastness with which in the face of deep trials each convert had, without exception, clung to his Christian profession.

A week had scarcely elapsed after their return, when there was given to them a new trophy of grace. "Oh, how interesting it is," Mr. Judson wrote, one day, after an interview with a native doctor, "to see (you *can* almost see it with your eyes) the light of truth dawning upon a precious soul hitherto groping in darkness! If Oo Yan prove a true convert, he will be a most precious acquisition to our cause." Some eighteen months before, he had first, in fear and trembling, begun to visit the zayat. Keeping at a distance during worship, and at its close dropping out stealthily, he at length one evening had come in to Mr. Judson alone ; and, after a protracted interview, the latter had ventured to indulge a little hope that truth was beginning to work. "No mind," Mr. Judson



had argued, at one of those colloquies, "no wisdom; temporary mind, temporary wisdom; eternal mind, eternal wisdom." A believer in "eternal wisdom" he had felt this brief sentence "sweep with irresistible sway through the very joints and marrow of his system." "Your words are very appropriate," he had said, candidly owning his defeat in argument; "how can I become a disciple of the God whom you worship?" "But how," he had enquired next, "in the universe of a holy, almighty, wise, and eternal God, can sin and misery have place?" And so cogent had been the missionary's reasonings that he "could not restrain laughing from pure mental delight." Months had passed; and his heart and conscience now also yielded submission to the Word. "He has been repeatedly with me," wrote Judson, a fortnight after his return to Rangoon, "and now he gives me good reason to hope that he is a real convert."

A day or two later, another inquirer entered the zayat. One evening, some months before, on their way home from a visit to Mr. Judson, two men had dropt into the house of a "teacher;" and, after a few words about the "new religion," and the doctrine of "an eternal God," they had torn up the tract which they just had got, contemptuously making cigars of it. Meanwhile, an inmate of the dwelling, Mounng Ing, had stood by, his thoughts strangely arrested by the unwonted converse. The truth, which the others despised, had "fallen like a lightning-flash on his benighted soul;" and, the next morning, before sun-rise,

he was in the porch of the zayat. The sequel of that visit—his earnest inquiries and his simple-minded faith—we have recorded in a preceding page. And now, after the lapse of more than a year, he had returned, and was welcomed by Judson with the affection of a father. “We unhesitatingly agreed to baptize him,” says he, “next Lord’s day; not one of the disciples has given more decided evidence of being a sincere and hearty believer in the Lord Jesus.” And, after “taking the oath of allegiance to Christ,” and bidding his brethren an affectionate farewell, he set out for his home up the river, “laden with various writings for distribution amongst the people of the place.”

One morning Mrs. Judson was with the viceroy’s wife, when an intimate friend came in and began to talk about the mission prospects. “Remember,” said he, addressing Mrs. Judson kindly, but firmly—and her highness, by her silence, assented—“when the Emperor says that all may believe and worship as they please, the toleration extends only to foreigners residing in the empire, and by no means to native Burmans, for they are slaves of the king, and cannot be allowed to renounce the religion of their master.” And Mr. Judson adds:—“This accords with all that we had heard at Ava, and may be depended on as a correct view of the state of religious toleration in Burmah. It is a fact that, except in our own private circle, it is not known that a single individual has actually renounced Buddhism, and been initiated into the Christian religion. We will be content to baptize

in the night, and to hold worship in private; but we do pray that we may not be utterly banished from the land—that we may not be cut up, root and branch. We are looking with anxiety to the golden feet.” Meanwhile, however, the private favour of the viceroy secured to the infant Church a momentary reprieve.

In a little village, about half a mile distant, there lived a respectable householder, rather above the middle class, and the father of a large family, who often of an evening had been observed in the zayat listening intently to the words of life. “Moung Myat-lah,” Mr. Judson wrote about him, after a protracted interview, “appears to have obtained some of that light which, like the dawn of the morning, shineth more and more unto perfect day.” And, after an interval of two months:—“Another visit from Myat-lah and his wife, which has afforded good reason to hope that he also has become a true believer. ‘Set me down,’ he said to-day to me, ‘for a disciple. I have fully made up my mind in regard to this religion. I love Jesus Christ.’” Of her own accord the female inquirer now began to teach the boys and girls of the village to read, that they might not need to attend the idolatrous priests; and, a week or two later, after evening worship, she also craved to be allowed to “take the oath of allegiance to Christ.” No sooner had the news reached the village than all the neighbours were in an uproar; but, not disheartened, she begged that the baptism might not be deferred till the Lord’s day, “lest some measures should be taken to prevent it.” Under cover

of night she was welcomed into the little company, amidst deep and solemn thanksgivings. Some months elapsed, and she lay in her humble cottage, smitten with a fatal malady. A sore persecution had overtaken the little flock, and Mah Myat-lah and her husband were threatened with ejection from their lowly home. But a better mansion was now ready elsewhere. "I put my trust in Jesus Christ," she whispered meekly one night to her sister, Mah Men-la. "I love to pray to Him. I am not afraid of death. I shall soon be with Jesus Christ in heaven." An hour or two longer, and she was with her Lord.

In the same village was another Burman, who, once an officer under government, had amassed considerable property, which he was spending in building pagodas and in making offerings. But finding no resting place for his soul, and hearing one day from Myat-lah of the religion of Jesus, he had repaired to the zayat, and, lingering hour after hour and day after day, had drunk in eagerly the water of life. "He has spent," Mr. Judson writes, "most of the day with me, and given undoubted evidence of being a true disciple. He now rests in this religion with conscientious security—believes and loves all that he hears of it—and prays that he may become 'fully a true disciple of the Saviour.'"

Mrs. Judson was again prostrated by illness; and so rapid and alarming were its advances, that only a voyage to sea, and a cold climate, presented the least hope of life. "You will readily believe," she writes,

intimating to a friend at home her decision to visit the United States, "that nothing but the prospect of a final separation would have induced us to determine on this measure. Those only who through a variety of toil and privation have secured a darling object, can realise how entirely every fibre of the heart clings to that object. Had we encountered no difficulties, and suffered no privations, in our attempts to form a Church of Christ under the government of a heathen despot, we should have been warmly attached to the individuals composing it, but should not have felt that tender solicitude and anxious affection which agitate us now. Rangoon, from having been the scene of so much of God's faithfulness, and power, and mercy—from having been considered for ten years past as my home for life, and from a thousand interesting associations of ideas—has become the dearest spot on earth. But duty to God, to ourselves, to the Board of Missions, and to the perishing Burmans, compels us to adopt this course of procedure, though agonising to all the natural feelings of our hearts."

Sailing from Rangoon in August,\* and finding at Calcutta a ship bound for England, she reached its shores in renovated strength, and with two souls given her for her hire. "Her visit," said a Christian member of parliament, who welcomed her under his roof, "has reminded me forcibly of the apostolic admonition, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby

\* 1821.

some have entertained angels unawares.'” And everywhere, in England or in Scotland, she was welcomed with the same respect and affection. “I will never forget these scenes,” she would often say, with a bright glow of thankful remembrance; “they were to me a prelibation of heaven.” Sailing for the United States, and at length arrived in her winter-home, she found in its pleasant privacy at once a balm to her shattered frame, and

“A music where the grateful heart  
In strains of feeling floats.”

“The retired life I now lead,” she writes, “is much more congenial to my feelings, and much more favourable to religious enjoyment, than where I have been lately—in a continual bustle of company. Yes, it is in retirement that our languishing graces are revived, our affections raised to God, and our souls refreshed and quickened by the influences of the Holy Spirit. If we would live near the threshold of heaven, and daily take a glance of our promised inheritance, we must avoid not only worldly but religious dissipation. Strange as it may seem, I do believe there is something like religious dissipation in a Christian’s being so entirely engrossed in religious company as to prevent his spiritual enjoyments. Much retirement from company of every description I find to be the grand secret of living for God, and for the right performance of duties incumbent on us.”

Some other lessons of the solitude she expresses thus:—“How much of heaven might Christians enjoy,

even here on earth, if they would make an effort—if they would keep in view what ought to be their great object in life! Only make the enjoyment of God your main pursuit, and how much more useful would your life become, and how much more rapidly should you ripen for eternal glory!” And, another day:—“Whatever is my situation, however flattering my prospects of a worldly nature, all is loss and dross unless I feel something of that spiritual peace and comfort which our Lord bequeathed to His disciples.” And again:—“Why am I spared? May it be to promote the cause of Christ in Burmah, and to be successful in winning souls! May we make it our great business to grow in grace, and to enjoy closet religion. Christians must pray more, they must give more, and make greater efforts to prevent the missionary flame from becoming extinct. Every individual Christian should feel himself guilty if he has not done, and does not continue to do, all in his power for the spread of the gospel and the enlightening of the heathen world. A little while, and we are in eternity; before we find ourselves there, let us do much for Christ. ‘On *earth* we *serve* God, in *heaven* we *enjoy* Him,’ is a motto I have long wished to adopt. When in heaven, we can do nothing towards saving immortal souls.” And, another day, thus:—“O how frequently I think, should I be permitted to return to Burmah, that, in communicating religious truth, I shall depend more on the Holy Spirit than ever before! Here, I believe, is the grand mistake of missionaries, and the principal reason why they have

no more success. They depend on their own exertions, not on the power of God."

On a beautiful evening in June, she was accompanied to the wharf at Boston by a large concourse of Christian friends, who bade her farewell with an almost prophetic foreboding that they should see her face no more. It was a prosperous voyage, loaded with many mercies; and, after two years and a half of wandering, she found herself once more in her adopted home, "feeling more than ever the importance of being spiritual and humble," that she might no more wander from Him who was deserving of all her services and of all her affections.

Meanwhile, in his solitude, Judson also had been girding himself, unconsciously, for his future. "Millions of Burmans," we find him writing, "are perishing. I am almost the only person on earth who has attained their language to such a degree as to be able to communicate to them the way of salvation. How great are my obligations to spend and be spent for Christ! What a privilege to be allowed to serve Him in such interesting circumstances, and to suffer for Him! The heavenly glory is at hand. Oh, let me travel through this country, and bear testimony to the truth all the way from Rangoon to Ava, and show the path to that glory which I am anticipating! Oh, if Christ will only sanctify me and strengthen me, I feel that I can do all things! But, in myself, I am absolute nothingness; and, when through grace I get a glimpse of divine things, I tremble lest the next moment will



snatch it away." And, again:—"Let me pray that the trials which we respectively are called to endure may wean us from the world and rivet our hearts on things above. Soon we shall be in heaven. Oh, let us live as we shall then wish to have done! Let us be humble, un aspiring, indifferent equally to worldly comfort, and to the applause of men—absorbed in Christ, the uncreated Fountain of all excellence and glory."

A month or two after Mrs. Judson's departure for the United States, there had arrived at Rangoon a missionary-physician, sent by the American Church to aid the Burman work. Dr. Price had not been long in the country, when certain rumours reached the capital about his skill in the removal of cataracts; and an order was received from the king, requiring his immediate attendance at court. Provided with a boat at the public expense, he had at once set out, Judson accompanying him as interpreter in the hope of some opening for the gospel. On their arrival they were introduced to the king, "the doctor" being welcomed very graciously. "And you in black!" enquired the Emperor one day, suddenly turning towards Judson, "what are you? a medical man, too?" "A teacher of religion, your majesty!" "Have any embraced your religion?" "Not here." "Are there any in Rangoon?" "There are a few." "Are they foreigners?" The query was startling, for an answer might involve the infant Church in ruin; but the truth must be spoken at any risk, and he replied, "There are some foreigners and some Burmans." The king was silent for a few moments, as if

weighing the ominous fact; but at length his countenance relaxed into a smile. "Thanks to God," Judson wrote that evening, "for the encouragement of this day! The monarch of the empire distinctly understands that some of his subjects have embraced the Christian religion, and his wrath has been restrained."

They had now been in Ava two months, residing in a house adjoining the palace, and often invited into the royal presence,—when one day they proposed to the king to purchase "a piece of ground within the walls, to build on it a kyoung or sacred place." His majesty assented; but it had formerly been the site of a Buddhist temple, and the ministers overruled the royal will. "Well, give him some vacant spot," said his majesty at another interview; and the door thus remained open. "Are these converts real Burmans?" asked the king, turning to Mr. Judson, at a subsequent audience, where two English gentlemen happened to be present: "do they dress like other Burmans?" "Yes," he replied hesitatingly, growing somewhat alarmed at the royal pertinacity. A day or two afterwards, he was again in the royal presence, intimating his purpose speedily to return to Rangoon. "Will you proceed thence to your own country?" enquired his majesty. "Only to Rangoon." The king gave an acquiescing nod. "Will you both go?" asked the minister; "or will the doctor remain?" "The hot season is coming on," said Dr. Price; "and our present dwelling is very close." "Then you will return here after the hot season?" rejoined the minister, turning to

Mr. Judson. "If convenient," replied the latter, fixing his eye on the king, "I will." Another "acquiescing nod and smile" conveyed the royal sanction; and, the doctor having again hinted the necessity of another dwelling, the king, turning to his minister, said, "Let a place be given him," and closed the audience.

Just outside the walls, on a pleasant bank of the river, was a plot of ground which the chief minister had recently enclosed, with the intention of building a temporary zayat for his own use, when in that quarter of the city with the king. One evening, before embarking, Judson waited on the minister with a petition asking for the spot, and begging to be allowed to express his gratitude by presenting a certain sum of money. After many delays, it was granted; and, at last, getting formal possession of the ground, he erected a temporary cot, stationing in it a Burman disciple with his family until he should return and commence a mission. The next morning he set out, and in seven days reached Rangoon. Though almost borne down by fever and ague, he completed in a few more weeks his New Testament. And towards the close of the year, on the return of Mrs. Judson, he was on his way back to the capital, not ungirt for the ordeal which was at hand, because feeling that "no beings were ever under greater obligations to make sacrifices for the promotion of God's glory."

## CHAPTER VI.

Third visit to Ava—Scene on the river—The royal palace—Hardships—Dark cloud—The British—Suspicious—"Spies"—The "spotted face"—Arrest—The cord—Imprisoned—The cottage—Faith—The ruffian-guard—Carousals—The governor—Bribe—The prisoner—Turnkey—Scene in the palace—Petition—The confiscation—Search—"A true teacher"—RANGOON—British flotilla—A panic—The reprieve—Escape—The converts—A good confessor.

ONE evening, about a hundred miles from Ava, the boat's company were startled to find on the bank an encampment of Burman troops. The next day they encountered on the river, in his golden barge, the Burman general, Bandoola, followed by a fleet of golden war-boats, bearing another body of soldiers. It was a warlike expedition on its way to the British province of Chittagong, to seize certain Burman refugees alleged to be protected by British power. "Are you English?" shouted an imperious voice from a war-boat which had been dispatched to hail the little company; "and what is your errand?" "We are Americans, not English," replied Judson; "and we are on our way to Ava by

command of the king." Passing onward, they arrived at the capital to find a menacing cloud overhanging their future prospects.

In all the grandeur of Oriental magnificence, the king arrived in the city one day to take possession of the new palace. Assembled on the scene were all the viceroys and high officers of the kingdom, dressed in their robes of state, and with the insignia of office. "The number and immense size of the elephants," says an eye-witness, "the numerous horses, and great variety of vehicles of every description, far surpassed anything I had ever seen or imagined. The white elephant was there, richly adorned with gold and jewels. All the riches and glory of the empire were exhibited to view. The king and queen alone were unadorned, dressed in the simple garb of the country. Hand in hand, they passed along the streets of the golden city, hailed by the acclamations of millions." The proud monarch, intoxicated by the incense of this exuberant loyalty, was not in a mood to brook the dictation of a foreign authority; and, having declared war against England, he was scarcely seated in his new palace, when he issued an order that no foreigner should be allowed to enter its precincts.

Meanwhile the Judsons, with no home to shelter them from the burning sun by day, and from the cold dews by night—for the dwelling of Dr. Price was so damp that Mr. Judson could not spend two or three hours within its wet walls without being thrown into a fever—reared on the spot of ground formerly granted

by the king a humble cot of three small rooms and a verandah ; protecting them indeed from the dews, but so close all day as to be "heated before night like an oven." Thankful, however, for the inestimable privilege of being able to communicate to any poor Burman "truths which could save the soul," they welcomed every evening at worship a number of natives, whilst on the Sabbath Mr. Judson preached to a goodly gathering on the other side of the river in Dr. Price's house. Mrs. Judson, too, had around her each morning a little group of children learning to read and sew, and hanging on her lips as she instilled into their wondering minds the story of the Nazarene.

At the palace, an ominous look of suspicion met any foreigner who still, notwithstanding the decree, was invited into the royal presence. The king, who, for some months after Mr. Judson's visit, had been "enquiring many times about his delay," now barely consented to receive him ; and on two or three occasions, when he was admitted, it was with a marked coldness and reserve. The queen, too, "had frequently expressed a strong desire to see Mrs. Judson in her foreign dress ;" but now she made no inquiries after her, nor intimated any wish to see her. It only, therefore, remained to proceed calmly and quietly with their missionary operations as occasions offered, thus endeavouring to convince the government that they had nothing to do with the present war.

It was a Sabbath morning, and the simple worship had just been concluded in Dr. Price's house, when a

messenger arrived with the startling intelligence—"The English have taken Rangoon!" After laying the matter before the Lord, it was decided that Mr. Judson should wait on one of the princes who hitherto had been least suspicious, and gather the mind of the king. The reply was favourable. "I have been with his majesty," said the prince, in the evening, "and you need give yourselves no uneasiness: the Emperor orders, that the few foreigners residing at Ava, having nothing to do with the war, shall not be injured or molested."

The whole city was in commotion. In three or four days, an additional force of ten or twelve thousand men was on its way to Rangoon, the chief occasion of haste being the apprehension that possibly the invaders, hearing of the advance of the Burman troops, might take flight on board their ships before there had been time to secure them as slaves. The golden war-boats floated down the river, the soldiers singing and dancing. "Bring me," was the last message from one of the palace exquisites, "six of the white strangers to row my boat." "And to me," added the wife of one of the ministers, "send four to manage the affairs of my house, as I hear they are trusty servants."

The army had scarcely gone, when the king began to enquire, why those strangers had come to Burmah. "There must be spies among us," responded one minister, "who have invited them over." "I hear," said another, "that an Englishman, who came here the other day, had with him Bengal papers stating his countrymen's purpose to take Rangoon." "And

he has kept it a secret from your majesty," added a third. Instantly, three Englishmen—Captain Laird, Gouger, and Rogers—were summoned and examined. They admitted having seen the papers, and were placed under arrest.

A few weeks passed in painful suspense, when at length one morning an officer appeared at the mission, demanding the immediate attendance of Mr. Judson and Dr. Price at a court of inquiry which had just been summoned. "Have you been communicating to foreigners the state of the country," the court demanded, "since you came to Burmah?" "We have often," Judson replied, "written to our friends in America, but have never corresponded with English officers or with the Bengal government." After a protracted investigation, they were released and allowed to return home. But only a few days had elapsed when suddenly, one evening, just as they were sitting down to dinner, in rushed a guard of twelve Burmans, headed by an officer holding a black book, and followed by an ominous personage, whom, from his spotted face, they recognised as an executioner, or "son of a prison." The missionaries had been in the habit of receiving their money-remittances from home by orders on some mercantile house in Bengal; and in the accounts of Mr. Gouger, one of the arrested Englishmen, had been found sundry sums entered as paid by him to Mr. Judson and to Dr. Price. At once the inference had been drawn, that they were in English pay: and what else could they be but spies? The discovery had been



reported forthwith to the king; and, full of rage, he had ordered their immediate arrest. "Where is the teacher?" demanded the officer, who had hastened with his myrmidons to the mission, to execute the royal behest. "I am," said Mr. Judson, boldly. "You are called by the king," said the officer, gruffly, employing the ominous formula used at the arrest of any notorious criminal. Scarcely had he spoken, when the spotted man, producing the small cord or instrument of torture, seized Mr. Judson and threw him violently on the floor. "Stay!" interposed Mrs. Judson, catching hold of the executioner's arm; "I will give you money." "Take her, too," growled the officer; "she also is a foreigner." By this time, a crowd had gathered round the door; some masons, at work on the house, had thrown down their tools and fled; the little native children of the mission were screaming and crying; the servants stood gazing in mute wonder; and the "spotted face," tightening the cords on Mr. Judson's person, was dragging him off with a fiend-like joy. Another entreaty from Mrs. Judson to "take the silver and loosen the ropes," only provoked a hellish yell; and, as the native disciple followed with the money in his hand, making another effort to mitigate the torture, they were scarcely out of the house when "the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner on the ground, drawing the cords still tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration." Arrived at the court-house, and arraigned before the governor of the city, he listened in horror to the order of the king, committing him to the death-

prison. It was now dark ; and these demons of darkness hurried him off to the dungeon. The three Englishmen were there before him ; and, binding him with three pairs of iron fetters, fastened to a long pole to prevent him moving, they left him for the night, like Paul and Silas, his "feet fast in the stocks," but his spirit not bound.

We return to the cottage by the river-side. It is the dusk of evening ; and, as we approach, a frail form and firm brow and

" Look commercing with the skies "

meet us in the vacated room. It is the brave woman, committing her case to Him who in weakness can perfect strength. Rising from her knees, she whispers, in her inmost heart —

" Away, despair ! my gracious Lord doth hear.  
Though winds and waves assault my keel,  
He doth preserve it ; He doth steer,  
Ev'n when the boat seems most to reel.  
Storms are the triumph of His art :  
Well may He close His eyes, but not His heart."

But stay ! a strange voice in the verandah ! She listens ; and a clatter of feet is outside the door. It is the magistrate of the district sent to examine her ; and she must "come out" forthwith. With her characteristic self-possession, she seizes the moment to commit to the flames her every scrap of manuscript ; for her letters may disclose that they have correspondents in England, and her journal records every incident which has occurred since they reached Burmah. This

done, she obeys the summons; and, after a searching examination upon every conceivable point, she is left for the night in charge of ten ruffians, who are commanded to suffer no human being to leave the compound on pain of instant death.

Summoning the four native girls to an inner apartment, she bars the door, in the hope of enjoying the poor consolation of privacy during the gloomy hours of night. Scarcely have they kneeled, when a hoarse voice is heard outside, demanding that she shall undo the bars and come out to them, or they will "break down the house." Obstinate refusing to comply, and threatening to complain of their conduct to a higher authority, she looked out at the upper window and found them maltreating the two Bengalee servants, fixing them in the stocks and beating them. Not able to endure this, she called to the head-man, promising to make them all a present in the morning, if only they would release the servants. After much delay, they consented; and the ruffians fell to carousing, a diabolical execration ever and anon piercing the prisoner's heart.

The morning dawned; and, herself still in close durance, she sent the native disciple to the death-prison with a little food for Mr. Judson, if still alive. Learning that they were in irons and suffering great anguish, she implored the magistrate to allow her to go to some member of the government to state her case. "No," was the reply, "I dare not, for fear you should escape." Another night came; and, although

nature was almost exhausted, she scarcely closed an eye,—the thought of her husband stretched on the bare floor, in irons, in the dismal dungeon, “haunting her mind like a spectre.” The second day passed, and still no relief. But, on the morning after, the thought struck her, to send a message to the governor of the city, who had the entire control of prison affairs, desiring permission to visit him “with a present.” “Let her come into town,” said his excellency, smiling at the prospect of the “present.” “Desire the guard to conduct her here forthwith.” Before an hour had elapsed, she was in the governor’s presence, having previously passed to him secretly a handsome gift. “What do you want?” he said to her, pleasantly. “The foreigners,” she replied, “have been unjustly imprisoned;” and she detailed briefly, but earnestly, their wrongs. “It is not in my power to release them from prison or from irons,” answered the governor, moved by the unwonted spectacle of “a white woman” thus a suppliant at his feet; “but I can make their situation more comfortable. Here is my chief officer; you may consult with him as to the way.”

Glancing at the officer, she detected a countenance “presenting the most perfect assemblage of all the evil passions attached to human nature.” “The prisoners,” he whispered, taking her aside, “and yourself also, are entirely at my disposal, and their future comfort must depend on your liberality in regard to presents; and these must be made in a very private way, unknown to any officer in the government!” “What must I do,”

enquired Mrs. Judson, eagerly, "to obtain a mitigation of the sufferings of the two teachers?" "Pay to me," replied the officer, "two hundred ticals (about one hundred dollars), two pieces of fine cloth, and two pieces of handkerchiefs!" "There is the money," she answered softly, taking from a bag which she had brought with her the sum demanded; "the other articles you must not insist upon, for I have not any nearer than two miles." For a moment he hesitated, but the glitter of the coin was too much for him; and, unwilling to let it slip, he transferred it to a secret wallet, promising to relieve the captives.

Armed with an order from the governor, she hastened off to the prison. The door was opened, slowly and cautiously. "Stay!" said the gaoler, roughly, glancing at the document, and keeping her outside; "I will call the prisoner." Crawling to the door, loaded with irons, Judson was beginning to give some directions relative to his release, when the turnkey abruptly ordered her to depart. She pleaded her "order from the governor;" but the voice growled, "Begone, or we will make you go!" But that evening, the prisoners were removed out of the dungeon into the gaol-enclosure; where Mrs. Judson was allowed to send them food, and mats to sleep upon, though not permitted to see them for some days.

Lolling luxuriously on a rich carpet, and surrounded by a group of gay attendants, a princess was listening one day coldly and listlessly to a tale of poignant woe. It was Mrs. Judson before the chief

prince's wife, whom she had known in better days, pleading for her captive husband. "Your case is not singular," replied the lady, partly raising her head, and opening the present at her feet; "all the foreigners are treated alike." "But it is singular," interposed Mrs. Judson, boldly, but respectfully; "the 'teachers' are Americans; they are ministers of religion; they have nothing to do with war or politics, and they came to Ava in obedience to the king's command. They have done nothing to deserve such treatment, and is it right they should be treated thus?" "The king does as he pleases," said the princess. "I am not the king. What can I do?" "You can state their case to the queen, and obtain their release. Place yourself in my situation. Were you in America—your husband, innocent of crime, thrown into prison, in irons, and you a solitary, unprotected female—what would you do?" "I will present your petition," she replied. "Come again to-morrow."

Meanwhile another injustice was perpetrated. "We will visit your house on the morrow," whispered the officers to her significantly, as they returned from Mr. Gouger's dwelling with a booty of fifty thousand rupees. And on the following morning, accordingly, there appeared at the mission the royal treasurer, one of the palace-governors, and a noble, attended by some fifty followers. With that fascinating spell which seemed to touch all who approached her, Mrs. Judson had scarcely been with them a few minutes—"treating them civilly, giving them chairs to sit on, and

refreshing them with tea,"—when, feeling ashamed to proceed to the business of confiscation, the royal secretary, with three officers, went from the verandah towards the apartments alone, ordering the attendants to remain outside. "It is painful," they said, with an evident confusion, "to take possession of property not our own; but we are compelled so to do by order of the king." She followed, shedding tears. "Where are your silver, gold, and jewels?" asked the royal treasurer tremulously. "I have no gold or jewels; but here is the key of a trunk which contains the silver; do with it as you please." Opening the trunk, they proceeded to weigh its contents, when Mrs. Judson, remembering the aversion of the Burmans to seize anything appropriated to a religious use, added, "This money was collected in America by the disciples of Christ, and sent here to build a kyoung, and to support us while teaching the religion of Christ. Is it suitable that you should take it?" "We will state this circumstance to the king," replied one of them; "and perhaps he will restore it." "But is this all the silver you have?" enquired another. "The house is in your possession," she answered, having hidden some treasure, yet scorning to utter an untruth; "search for yourselves." Her drawers and wardrobe were searched in her presence by the royal secretary; but her open frankness so won their goodwill that a list only was taken and laid before the king. "Judson," said the officer, in presenting it, "is a true teacher; we found nothing in his house but

what belongs to priests. In addition to this money, there is an immense number of articles. Shall we take them, or let them remain?" "Let them remain," replied the king, "and put the property by itself; it shall be restored to him again, if he is found innocent."

Scenes were to follow, of which years afterwards Mr. Judson was heard to say, "Oh, I dare not tell you half the horrors I have seen and felt." But, meanwhile, we must pause for a moment to glance at what had been passing at Rangoon.

One morning in May,\* there had arrived at the mouth of the river a flotilla bearing a British force of six thousand men. Its purpose was to strike a sudden blow, in anticipation of a threatened Burmese invasion of Bengal. The first step of the native authorities, on learning the approach of the English troops, was to arrest "every person in Rangoon who wore a hat." Two missionaries had lately arrived on a visit from Bengal; and that night they were placed in irons, and put in close confinement under armed keepers.

The next morning, the fleet was within sight of the town; and the first shot fired by the invaders was to be the signal for a massacre of the "white" prisoners. A death-like pause followed: then "boom! boom! boom!" and the keepers, panic-stricken, slunk away into one corner of the prison, speechless, and almost breathless. A few more minutes, and the fleet was abreast of the town,—when another broadside made the prison

\* 1824.



shake as if the next moment it would be down. The keepers hastened to the door, and, breaking it open, beat a precipitate retreat.

The firing ceased; and the eye of each prisoner was intently fixed on the door, in the belief that the troops were landing, and that there would be an immediate release. But, lo! a savage yell, and in sprang fifty Burmans, savagely shouting revenge. The "teachers" were seized—everything was stripped from them but their pantaloons—their naked arms were corded behind and as tightly as the strength of one man would permit; and, dragging them forth, they carried them through the streets to the place of execution, "almost literally upon the points of their spears."

The "spotted man" was in waiting. The prisoners were ordered to "sit upon their knees, with their bodies bending forward," that the executioner might "more conveniently" do his work. The order to "behead" was already given, and the weapon of death uplifted, when one of the teachers, requesting him to desist for a moment, proposed to the Yawoon to send him on board the ships, and he would intercede with the English commander to prevent any farther firing upon the town. "If the English fire again," said he, momentarily relenting, and catching at the proffered mediation, "there shall be no reprieve. But will you positively promise to put an immediate stop to the firing?" Just at that instant the guns—which had been silent from the moment when the keepers in the prison fled—fired, upon the very spot where the

ruffians were gathered, sundry heavy shots. The authorities, fleeing from the seat of judgment, took refuge under the banks of a neighbouring tank; whilst the others, in a frenzy of terror, took to their heels out of the town.

The prisoners, meanwhile, were kept in the van,—compelled to accompany the fugitives, and expecting each moment to be their last. They had proceeded about half a mile, when they were overtaken by the authorities on horseback, likewise escaping for their life. Now another mile from the town, they halted for a few moments, and again placed the prisoners before them. The “teacher” renewed his petition; and, after a brief consultation, his irons were taken off, and he was sent on board the frigate, with a threatening of “certain death if he did not succeed.”

The other prisoners were obliged to move forward, until they reached a strong building at the foot of a golden pagoda, where they were confined for the night. The keeper, as it began to grow dark, was induced, by the promise of a present, to remove them into “a kind of vault,” with a small aperture, just sufficient to admit air for breathing. During the night, scarcely an hour passed without some fresh alarm, the keeper himself at last making off. In the morning, the villains entered the pagoda, and not finding their victims in the room where they had left them, they concluded that they had escaped. Outside there was an unceasing buzz all the morning, the captives dreading every instant they would be dis-

covered, and dragged forth to death. At last the cry was heard, "The English are coming!" and the Burmans took to flight. Still they dared not cry out for help; and it was as well, for after an hour or two voices were again heard, and they found themselves once more surrounded by natives. It was now noon; and the English troops at length came up, to their inexpressible relief and joy. Released from the vault, and from his galling chains, the remaining teacher hastened to the mission, where he found his companion already arrived.

The natives had fled to the jungles; and any one betraying a desire to return to the town was put to death by the Yawoon. The result was an entire suspension of all missionary work. But the Lord's candle was not extinguished. "Do you intend to preach Jesus Christ?" said the governor to a disciple one day. "I shall preach," replied Moungh Thah-a, meekly, but resolutely. "Jesus Christ is the true God." He did preach, and was put in the stocks for it more than once or twice—the last time with his head downward, and with every conceivable indignity. But his faith did not fail. That man was to be honoured at a future day to baptize more than two hundred Burmans.

## CHAPTER VII.

PRISON LIFE—"Death-prison"—The gaol-circle—The gaolers—The "tiger-cat"—A ministering angel—The first interview—The New Testament—The pillow—A scene in the shed—The mince-pie—"Touch of nature"—The mission-cottage—The pale infant—Felon-chains—First kiss—The flickering sun-beam—New catastrophe—The fetters—False alarm—British triumphs—Retaliations—An audience—"I pity you"—A secret—Slow fever—The Court-lion—The charmer—Iron-cage—The British lion—The den and the cage—Burman dictator—Fresh cruelties—The prisoners carried off—"Take care of yourself"—The old pillow—The "roll of hard cotton"—Journey to the new prison—A good Samaritan—A victim—The hovel—The chained father and his babe—Fall of the dictator—Release—New sufferings—The bamboo hut—"That is noble"—Scene in mission-cottage—"She is dead"—British advance—Prisoner at Ava—The governor—Scene in the shed—"What can it mean?"—Once more free—Visit to the cottage—The sick-bed—"A human object"—Scene on the Irriwadi.

"Devout faith," says Foster, alluding to a prison-scene elsewhere, "has, in some instances, risen so high, that a man in peril has been enabled to feel as if the question of his life or of his death was more God's concern than his own. 'If God wants my life for farther service, He will preserve it: if He does not

want it, *I do not.*'” Such a faith was now to shine forth in Burmah; and out of it was to come a harvest of souls without a parallel in modern missions.

The Burmah “death-prison” was a structure of boards, without windows, and with no means of admitting air, except “such crevices as always exist in a simple board-house.” Its lack of security was compensated by a ghastly array of stocks and shackles, and by the sleepless surveillance of a ruffian guard. Whoever entered its “one small outer door” was regarded as a condemned felon whom nothing but the possible clemency of the sovereign could rescue from an ignominious death. Its inmates were a motley crew—from the court-favourite of yesterday, whom the caprice of the autocrat had thrust into its dismal cells, to the burglar or the murderer, who was awaiting the scaffold. That man in the corner is a decent tradesman, who has failed to execute with sufficient skill some royal order; and this other, nearer us, is a merchant, whose growing wealth has awakened the avarice of some favoured noble; whilst between them are two villainous countenances, which could have been graven with such lineaments of badness only in the robber’s den, or in the assassin’s lair. From the prison’s damp earth-floor was continually rising “a poisonous miasma,” which, with the absence of all ventilation, caused “a sickening sense of suffocation,” almost beyond endurance. To crown the horror, the wretched prisoners, “having no regular supply of food, were often brought to the very verge of starvation.”

On some worship-day the women would come in, as a religious duty, with rice and fruit ; and " the miserable sufferers, maddened by starvation, would eat and die." Corpse after corpse was carried forth—the victim of disease, or of hunger, or of violence ; but " the place was always full."

And those hideous beings—the keepers or " children of the prison !" They were branded criminals of the lowest grade ; some having their crime burned into the flesh of their foreheads or breasts ; others having a dark ring upon the cheek, or about the eye ; whilst others had mutilated noses, were blind of an eye, or had their ears cut quite away. They formed a distinct class, " intermarrying only amongst themselves, and thus perpetuating vice." The wickedness which had prompted the first crime was " deepened and rendered indelible by constant familiarity with every species of human torture," until these creatures " seemed really to be actuated by some demoniac spirit." The most disgusting of the gang was the head-gaoler, who was branded on the breast " murderer," and passed in the prison by the terribly significant sobriquet of " the tiger-cat." Affecting great jocoseness in the midst of his most hideous tortures, he would " bring down his hammer with a jest when fastening manacles," and would affectionately embrace the prisoners as his " beloved children," pricking them meanwhile with sharp pins.

In that den of horrors lay, week after week, and month after month, the saintly man who had forsaken

friends, and country, and home, for the sake of these tormentors. The foreigners were "strung" on a bamboo pole, which, with three pairs of fetters for each, kept them fixed in a row on the floor, without mattress or covering, and denied even the poor consolation of a little wooden block for a pillow. They were nine in number, and so closely crowded together that the outside berth was welcomed with the greatest joy. When suffered to walk in the little prison-yard, it was to the clanking of the three heavy fetters; their ankles only a few inches apart; and, behind, the hideous guards.

And that "ministering angel" at the gateway, on her daily errand of love! To win from the natives a kindlier welcome, Mrs. Judson had long worn the Burmese style of dress; and it gave to her graceful person an air singularly commanding. Her rich Spanish complexion—not to be mistaken for the tawny hue of the native; her "dark curls, carefully straightened, drawn back from her forehead, and a fragrant cocoa-blossom drooping like a white plume from the knot upon the crown;" her "saffron vest, thrown open to display the folds of crimson beneath;" and "a rich silken skirt, wrapped closely about her fine figure, parting at the ankle, and sloping back upon the floor,—completed a whole whose attractions oftentimes would soften even these iron hearts. And all this at a time when her own inward anguish would have led her rather to wash her Lord's feet with her tears and to wipe them with her hair!

One day she waited on the governor, who had sent

for her in great displeasure. "You are very bad!" said he, angrily, as she entered; "why did you tell the royal treasurer that you had given me so much money?" "The treasurer enquired," she replied, alluding to the confiscation-visit at the mission: "what could I say?" "Say? to be sure, that you had given nothing. I would have made the teachers comfortable in prison; but now I know not what will be their fate." "But I cannot tell a falsehood; my religion differs from yours; it forbids prevarication; and, had you stood beside me with your knife raised, I could not have said what you suggest." "Very true!" instantly interposed his wife, who sat at his side, and who from that day became her firm friend; "what else could she have done? I like such straightforward conduct: you must not," turning to the governor, who had been asked by the royal treasurer to give up the money, and had been ever since in a dreadful rage, threatening to put all the prisoners back into their original place, "no, you must not be angry with her!" His stern features relaxing, Mrs. Judson adroitly seized the auspicious moment to present him with a beautiful opera-glass which she had just received from England, adding, with her own peculiar grace, "Pray do not let your anger at me cause you to treat the prisoners with unkindness; and I shall endeavour, from time to time, to make your highness such presents as will compensate you for your loss." "You may intercede for your husband only," said he, visibly softening down; "for *your* sake, *he* shall remain where he is: but let the other prisoners take care of



themselves." She "pleaded hard" for Dr. Price; but he would not listen, and Price was again thrown into the inner prison. At the end of ten days, however, the governor was mollified by a present of "a piece of broadcloth and two pieces of handkerchiefs;" and he ordered him back to the outer court.

For some days, the devoted woman succeeded in conveying, by a native, communications to her husband in writing; but one night the messenger was detected, and was beaten and put in the stocks. A few weeks elapsed; and, by virtue of sundry bribes, she was permitted, after hanging about all day, to enter the yard after dark, and to converse for some moments with the captive. On one of the earliest of these visits, they were intent on a plan to preserve the manuscript translation of the New Testament, which Mrs. Judson had secreted, with her silver and a few articles of value, in the earth under the house. It was now the rainy season; and the paper could not remain there any time without being ruined by the mould,—whereas, if placed in the house, it might, at any moment, be carried away and destroyed. What was to be done? The manuscript contained the greater part of the New Testament, and many important corrections of the part already in print; it was, therefore, a treasure not to be lightly endangered. It was at last decided to sew it up in a pillow, "so mean in its appearance, and withal so hard and uncomfortable, that even the avarice of a Burman would not covet it;" and Mr. Judson was to be its guardian. "When people are loaded with chains,"

was his remark long afterwards, to one who was expressing surprise at his successful execution of the little scheme, "and sleep half their time on a bare board, their senses become so obtuse that they do not know the difference between a hard pillow and a soft one."

After a few weeks, she succeeded in bribing the officer to allow her to spend some hours with the prisoners in an open shed in the gaol-yard; and, somewhat later, she was permitted to build in the yard a little bamboo hut, where Mr. Judson might be a while alone, and where she might, at times, be privileged to spend with him two or three hours. His only food was what she provided; and often it was not allowed to reach him. For weeks together, nothing was permitted but a little rice, savoured with an unpalatable preparation of fish. One day, however, the native disciple came into the prison-enclosure, bearing a little dish carefully wrapt up. It was a mince-pie, which Mrs. Judson, wishing to surprise her husband with something which should remind him of home, had, after much ingenious planning, contrived to concoct "by the aid of buffalo beef and plantains." Mounq Iug entered smiling, not doubting that his master must welcome the mysterious preparation which had cost Mrs. Judson so much labour. But the brave heart was thrilled by a pang almost deeper than it could bear. He had seen her in the prison-yard, calmly enduring taunts and insults; and, when they had met in the bamboo hovel, they had sustained each other's drooping souls; he had heard of

her heroic mien before kings and governors, softening their iron hearts and not seldom moving them to tears ; and he had thanked God for the trials which developed a character so truly noble : but in this simple, home-like act (it is his own pen which delineates the scene), in this unpretending effusion of a loving heart, there was something so touching, so unlike the part she had just been acting, and yet so illustrative of what she really was, that he bowed his head upon his knees, and the tears flew down to the chains about his ankles. The scene is changed ; and there flits before him a vision of the past. He sees again the home of his boyhood. His stern, strangely revered father, his gentle mother, his rosy, curly-haired sister, and pale young brother, are gathered for the noon-day meal ; and *he* is once more among them, and his fancy revels there. But he lifted his head ! Oh, the misery that surrounded him ! He moved his feet, and the rattling of the heavy chains was as a death-knell. The carefully prepared dinner was thrust into the hand of his associate ; and, as quickly as his fetters would allow, he hurried to his own little shed.

We are again in the mission-cottage ; and, late at night, reclining on a rocking-chair in one of its little rooms, is the noble woman just returned from the dreary prison, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, and forecasting the dark future. A premature labour comes on ; and there is ushered into the world a pale, puny infant—the successor of that “baby-martyr” who already sleeps beneath the waters of the Bay of

Bengal, "a victim to Anglo-Indian persecution," and of that "meek, blue-eyed Roger," who has "his bed in the jungle-graveyard at Rangoon." Three weeks elapse; and she is in the prison-doorway, one day, bearing on her bosom the "little wan stranger," with its low, faint wail. The father comes crawling forth, in his felon chains, and imprints on its brow, as it sleeps, the first parental kiss. In some lines, "composed in his mind at the time, and afterwards written down," he pours out his tender soul, thus :—

“ Sleep, darling infant ! sleep,  
 Hush'd on thy mother's breast !  
 Let no rude sound of clanking chains  
 Disturb thy balmy rest.

Sleep, darling infant ! sleep ;  
 Blest that thou canst not know  
 The pangs that rend thy parents' hearts,  
 The keenness of their woe.

Why ope thy little eyes ?  
 What would my darling see ?  
 Thy sorrowing mother's bending form ?  
 Thy father's agony ?

Wouldst view this drear abode,  
 Where fettered felons lie,  
 And wonder that thy father here  
 Should as a felon sigh ?

Wouldst mark the dreadful sight,  
 Which stoutest hearts appal—  
 The stocks, the cord, the fatal sword,  
 The torturing iron-mall ?

No, darling infant, no !  
 Thou seest them not at all ;  
 Thou only mark'st the rays of light  
 Which flicker on the wall.

Thy lips one art alone,  
 One loving, simple grace,  
 By nature's instinct have been taught :  
 Seek, then, thy nestling-place !

Go, darling infant, go !  
 Thine hour has pass'd away ;  
 The gaoler's harsh, discordant voice,  
 Forbids thy longer stay."

Maria had been two months in this vale of tears, and her father seven months in prison, when a band of ruffians rushed, one day, into the yard, and, seizing "the white prisoners" and tearing half the clothing off their persons, riveted upon each of them two additional fetters, and dragged them into the inner cell. It was the beginning of the hot season ; and immured in that horrible dungeon were more than a hundred human beings. Night came on, and a whisper passed round the prison that at three in the morning the foreigners were to be led forth to death. "And am I to go at last," was Mr. Judson's secret thought, "without one farewell word or even look to my unsuspecting wife and child?" But he thought again—"Will it not spare her much anxious suffering, to know that all at once and for ever I am safe in glory? The rudest of the Burmans will not dare to harm her ; and, fruitful in resources, will not she contrive some plan for making

her way to the English camp, and placing herself under their protection?" And then, the execution at night—was not that a mercy? As he passed his own door on the way, he might breathe out a silent farewell, whilst she was "spared the parting agony." And his beloved Burmah—would not the English conquer it, and thus a free way be opened for the gospel? And that pillow, which had just gone amissing in the hubbub—might not its precious treasure be restored one day, and the land be illumined by its light? But the fatal hour was drawing nigh; and in the prison there was a death-like silence, broken, at intervals, only by the voice of Mr. Judson, as it rose in the accents of prayer. The morning wore on, and still no movement,—till at length the door opened, and the gaoler entered, grinning maliciously at the terror depicted on sundry countenances; for it was he who had originated the false alarm about the execution. "Ah!" said he, "chucking under the chin" one after another, as they crept up to him with their anxious inquiries, "I cannot spare my beloved children yet, just after I have taken so much trouble to procure them fitting ornaments." And, suiting the action to the word, he "kicked the bamboo-rod, till all the chains rattled and the five rows of fetters dashed together, pinching sharply the flesh which they caught betwixt them."

The Burmese army had been defeated by the English in a pitched battle; and the fresh severities inflicted on the unhappy prisoners seemed intended as a cowardly retaliation. That morning a message reached Mrs.

Judson, announcing the new catastrophe ; and, seeing in it only a prelude to darker evils, she hastened to the governor to intercede. He was out ; but, anticipating her visit, he had, before leaving home, left with his wife this message—" You are not to ask to have the additional fetters taken off, or the prisoners released ; for it cannot possibly be done." She next repaired to the prison ; and, as she stood in the gateway, all was still as the grave. She looked into the enclosure ; everything was gone—mat, pillow, the little bamboo hut ; and not a white face was to be seen. She asked to be admitted, but was sternly refused. In the evening she was once more at the governor's ; and, now at home, he gave her audience. As she entered, he looked up without speaking, his countenance betokening a mixture of shame and of affected anger. " Your highness," she proceeded, with that queenly dignity and womanly gentleness which were so peculiar to her, " has hitherto treated us with the kindness of a father. Our obligations to you are very great. We have looked to you for protection from cruelty and oppression. You have promised that you would stand by me to the last, and that, though you should receive an order from the king, you would not put Mr. Judson to death. What crime has he committed, to deserve such additional punishment ?" " I pity you, Tsa-yah-ga-dau," replied the old man, weeping like a child. " I knew you would make me feel ; I, therefore, forbad your application. But you must believe me when I say that I do not wish to increase the sufferings of the prisoners. When

I am ordered to execute them, the least I can do is to put them out of sight. I will now tell you," he continued, "what I have never told you before, that three times I have received intimations from the queen's brother to assassinate all the white prisoners privately, but I would not do it. And I now repeat it," he added, though I execute all the others, I will never execute your husband. But I cannot release him from his present confinement, and you must not ask it."

Mr. Judson had been now a month in the horrible dungeon, worn out with incessant perspiration and loss of appetite, when he was attacked with a slow fever which threatened to destroy his life. His guardian angel, who had lately been allowed to go sometimes to the door for five minutes and to gaze upon the place of suffering, now removed from her own house, and, after many struggles, succeeded in putting up a small bamboo room in the governor's enclosure, nearly opposite the prison-gate. A day or two afterwards a scene occurred, possessing a strange significance.

Tidings had reached Ava that Bandoola, the king's favourite general, had fallen in battle; and that the English, after completely destroying his army, were marching upon Prome. The court was panic-stricken, the Emperor giving up all for lost, and the Empress smiting upon her breast, and crying, "Alas! alas!" In the palace was a magnificent lion, which the king, some time before, had received as a present from Bengal, and which, ever since, had been a special fa-



vourite with his majesty and with all his courtiers. A whisper began to circulate, that on the English standard was emblazoned a lion rampant ; and, at a loss to account for their recent alarming discomfiture, the queen's brother and sundry others about court had ever and anon of late been casting strange glances towards the noble beast, as possibly the demon whose evil influence gave to the enemy a certain charmed power. At first, not venturing to give the suspicion shape in words, they gradually had argued themselves into the belief, until at length it was demanded one day that the royal pet should be committed to the death-prison ; and the queen's brother had resolved that he should die. One morning an iron cage arrived in the yard, and in it the court-lion. The first night passed, and no food was given to him ; and the second, and the third. Writhing in the pangs of hunger, and parched with thirst, the animal roared with pain until the prison-foundations shook. As night came on, some compassionate woman would steal to the cage and thrust a morsel between the bars, but only to leave him raving more terrifically than ever. At other times a pail of water, thrown over him by one of the guards, he would greet with an "almost human shriek of pleasure," though only to lengthen out a little longer his term of agony. At last, one morning, he was prostrate in the cage, and the skeleton was dragged forth and buried. It was the British lion resisting in vain the victorious Burman !

That morning, as usual, Mrs. Judson appeared at the gate ; and her husband, "crawling with the upper

part of his body, his feet still attached to the moveless bamboo rod," hastened to broach to her a new plan of relief. The lion's empty cage—what a comfortable retreat it might be made for him, whilst this distressing fever lasted! The gaoler had refused it; for it would be "an insult to royalty:" but the governor—might not he relent? To the governor she at once repaired; day after day she pleaded with the old man, until at length, worn out with her entreaties, he allowed her to remove the sufferer from the den to the cage, and herself to go in and out at pleasure, administering food and medicine.

In the midst of the consternation at court since the disastrous news from the seat of war, an energetic officer, lately in disgrace for his crimes, had volunteered to repair the tottering fortunes of the empire by raising a new force. The offer had been accepted, and he had been created absolute dictator. A bitter enemy of all foreigners, he had scarcely assumed the reins of government, when the luckless inmates of the prison began to feel the weight of his iron rule.

One morning Mrs. Judson was sitting in the cage solacing the sufferer, who was very low with the fever, when suddenly a message arrived from the governor, requiring her immediate presence. At first relieved to find that he "only wished to consult her about his watch," she discovered ere long that his real object was to detain her until another dreadful tragedy should be over in the prison. "All the white prisoners are carried away," whispered one of the servants to her, as she was

passing from the governor's room to her little hut. Hastening back to the governor, she told him what she had just heard, adding, that she "could not believe it to be true." "I heard this morning they were to be removed," said the old man, with some emotion, "but I did not wish to tell you." Running into the street to get a glimpse of them before they were out of sight, she enquired of every one she met, where they were gone; but no one took any notice. "They are away towards the little river," an old woman at length said to her; "they are to be taken to Amarapoorā." But, flying to the bank of the river, about half a mile distant, she could find no trace of them. Another half hour passed, and she was again in the presence of the governor. She hastened back to the governor, and entreated to be informed of their destination. "Since you were here," said he, "I have learned that the prisoners are to be sent to Amarapoorā, but for what purpose I know not. I will send off a man immediately, to ascertain what is to be done with them. You can do nothing more for your husband," he added, significantly; "*take care of yourself!*"

These last words of the governor haunted her that night, as she sat alone in the little hut, waiting until the darkness should make it safe to go over to the mission to prepare for setting out after the prisoners. "You must not go into the streets to-night alone," whispered the old man to her kindly, as she returned to him for a few moments to ask leave to deposit in his house two or three trunks of the most valuable articles

still remaining, together with the doctor's medicine-chest: "I will send you in a cart, and a man shall go with you to open the gates." On her way, she was met by the disciple Mounng Ing, who had just stumbled on a precious treasure. On the day that Mr. Judson was thrust so rudely into the inner prison, the old pillow with the New Testament manuscript had fallen into the hands of one of the keepers. A week or two afterwards, Judson had proposed to give in exchange for it a more valuable article, which his wife had just brought to him; and the keeper had gladly surrendered it, wondering, no doubt, at the white man's peculiar taste. This morning, the prisoners had scarcely been hurried out of the gaol, when a ruffian was seen untying the cover of the prized pillow, and throwing away the apparently worthless "roll of hard cotton." It was this roll which Ing had found on the road and brought to Mrs. Judson. Deposited that night in the mission, it was one day to form part of the Burmese printed Bible. On her return, she met a servant of Mr. Gouger, who had happened that morning to be at the prison, and had since been to Amarapooora. "I followed them," he told her, "all the way. They were carried before the lamine-woon; and to-morrow they are to be sent forward to a village distant some miles."

What a day of agony it had been to them! The moment Mrs. Judson left the prison, a gaoler had rushed into the cage, seized her husband by the arm, pulled him out, stripped him of his clothes, except his shirt and pantaloons, and, casting aside his shoes,

hat, and bedding, and tearing off his chains, tied a rope round his waist, and dragged him off to the court-house, where the other prisoners had previously arrived. Tied two and two, they were delivered into the hands of an officer, who, himself riding on before on horseback, ordered his slaves to drive the gang, each slave holding the rope which connected the two together. It was May, and within an hour of noon; and the sun poured down his scorching rays with an intensity almost intolerable. Unlike his fellow-prisoners, who had not possessed in an attached wife a "link betwixt themselves and that humanity which could not well find existence in such a den," Mr. Judson had always kept his shoulders covered, and had never parted with his stockings and shoes; and so, now that they were for the first time torn away, he had not proceeded half a mile when his feet began to blister,—and so great was his agony that in crossing the little river nothing but a sense of the sin of such an act prevented him "ending his misery there and then, by throwing himself into the water." They advanced; and "the sand and gravel were to their feet like burning coals, soon making them perfectly destitute of skin." Four miles onward, they stopped for water; and Mr. Judson—debilitated by fever, and not having tasted food that day—begged the officer to allow him to ride his horse a mile or two, as he could not proceed further. The only reply was a fiend-like look, and a fresh goading from the driver. For a mile or two, the Englishman who was tied with him—a strong and healthy

man—kept him from sinking, by giving him his shoulder. And, just as the kind-hearted man found the burden no longer supportable, there came up another prisoner's Bengalee servant, who, seeing Mr. Judson's extremity, instantly took off his turban, and, tearing it in two, wrapped the cotton round his wounded feet, and also round his master's,—at the same time offering Mr. Judson his shoulder, and almost carrying him the remainder of the way. Meanwhile, the brutal officer would not suffer one moment's halt, but drove them on mercilessly, until at length, as they passed through a little village, one of them expired. They were thrown into an old shed, without mat or pillow, or any vestige of covering. He bade them squat down for the night, as if they had been so many cattle. A woman of the village was curious enough to visit them; and, moved to pity by their misery, she brought for their refreshment some fruit, sugar, and tamarinds. And, at last, falling asleep from sheer exhaustion, they closed the day of horrors.

The next morning, after a welcome meal of rice, they were moved forward in carts. All the way, they anticipated martyrdom; for at Ava a report had reached them that they were to be burned. In the forenoon, as they were conducted into an old dilapidated prison at Oung-pen-la, the rumour seemed to gather force; but some natives began to repair the building, and there must at least be a brief reprieve. They had not been there two hours, when Mrs. Judson arrived, carrying her infant, and accompanied by her Bengalee cook,

and by two of the native children. "Why have you come?" asked Mr. Judson affectionately, as he caught the eye of his devoted wife, and seemed to feel as if in this other self his own pains were to be redoubled. "I hoped you would not follow, for *you* cannot live here." The afternoon passed, and she had obtained no refreshment either for herself or for him. And, as night came on, she asked one of the gaolers if she might put up near the prison, for a shelter, "a little bamboo house." "No," said he, coldly; "it is not customary." And, stowing her away into a little hovel half full of grain, he gave her a little rice-water, and left her for the night. In that miserable place, with only a mat spread over the grain for a bed, and without a chair or seat of any kind, she was to spend the next six months.

Attacked by small-pox, and unable longer to suckle her child, or to procure for it a nurse or a drop of milk, she prevailed on the gaolers, by sundry presents, to allow Mr. Judson to go out in his chains for a brief half hour once or twice a-day, and, with the poor emaciated babe in his arms, to beg in the village a little nourishment from those mothers who had suckling infants. What a spectacle! That noble man, with a bearing and accomplishments such as might command the homage of the most refined and polished circles of the earth, carrying from door to door, in a rude Indian village, his poor little wailing child, with but a few inches of chain betwixt his shackled feet, a beggar at the breasts of pitying Hindoo mothers!

“ Be this, then, a lesson to thy soul, that thou reckon nothing worthless

Because thou heedest not its use, nor knowest the virtues thereof.”

The Hebrew Lawgiver, at the water-trough in Midian, was another learner in the same school of God.

It had been whispered about for some weeks, that Oung-pen-la was to be honoured with a visit from the military dictator. No good was augured, and sundry gloomy surmises were abroad among the hapless prisoners. But news arrived, one day, which relieved many an aching heart. Having raised an army of fifty thousand men, with which he was on the point of marching against the English, the dictator was suddenly suspected of treason, and, without the least examination, was instantly beheaded. The prisoners had scarcely heard the tidings, when the startling fact oozed out, that they had been ordered to Oung-pen-la by the villain for the express purpose of being massacred, and that the purposed visit was to afford him the satisfaction of witnessing the horrid scene.

They had now been six months in this dismal abode, when a messenger arrived one morning from the palace at Ava, announcing that the king had ordered Mr. Judson's release. On first setting out for Rangoon, the Burman army had been provided by the haughty monarch with a pair of golden fetters, to bring bound to Ava the English Governor-General! But defeat upon defeat had begun at length to bend the spirit of the proud potentate; and now the rapid approach of the British forces towards the capital had



convinced him that something must be done to save "the golden city." Negotiations for peace were to be attempted; and Mr. Judson was wanted as "translator and interpreter." The next day, he was on his way down the river. The little boat was so crowded that there was not room to lie down; and—exposed, without any covering, to the scorching sun by day, and to the heavy November dews by night—he arrived the third day at Maloun, in a violent fever, which threatened to end all his sufferings. The bank of the river at this point was a wide expanse of white glittering sand, assuming in the sunlight an intense metallic glare, and reflecting such a heat as might come from a burning furnace. At some distance was encamped the Burmese force; and into a small bamboo hut, half-way betwixt the camp and the river, was conducted by his guard the future interpreter, more dead than alive. Scarcely had he laid himself down in the miserable shelter, when he was summoned into the presence of the general; and, unable to move, he was pronounced by the officers to be "stubborn." "We shall take measures," said they, menacingly, "which will make him obedient to our master's call, and will make him work, too, in spite of his pretences." And there he lay, in the floorless hovel,—not an opening to admit one breath of air, and that intolerable white glitter penetrating through the crevices in the sides, and the heat radiating from the burning sand and piercing the fragile bamboo-braids like gauze! "Oh, that I were back to Ava in my chains!" he cried, writhing

in the unutterable agony ; “ or that the fever searing in my brain would only make me quite mad ! ” For a day or two, the officers, finding that he really could not move, brought to the hut certain papers to be explained ; but at length, one night, his wish was granted, and reason lost her seat.

Day after day passed ; and there flitted across that fevered brain visions which seemed to grave into its tablet past scenes with a new terror. There was “ a coming and going of sandalled feet ”—the “ solemn entrance of a shaven crown and yellow robe ”—and latterly a procession out of the prison at Oung-pen-la to the fire where he was to be burned alive ! With returning consciousness, he found himself lying alone in a little room, formed by suspending a mat from the projecting eaves of a cook-house. Not from compassion, but from a selfish dread of losing his services, they had taken the alarm and removed him to this refuge. And, now that his mental vigour had returned, they brought to his bed daily papers for advice and explanation. Perceiving the panic which had come upon them, he laboured to accustom them to the concessions which he foresaw they soon must make, and also to inspire into their suspicious minds a just confidence in the integrity and high principle of their conquerors. “ That is noble ! ” they would say, as he set forth with his own peculiar power the ideas and motives which actuate civilised nations ; “ that is as it should be ! ” “ But,” they would immediately add, the treacherous bent of the native mind again overbearing the “ fine vein of truth and honesty ”

which ran through it, " the teacher dreams ; he has a celestial spirit ; and so he thinks himself in the land of the Celestials."

Meanwhile, at the mission-cottage, Mrs. Judson had been seized with the " spotted fever." The fever raged violently for seventeen days, until at length she lapsed into unconsciousness. In the room were some Burmese neighbours, who had come in to see her expire. " She is dead ! " they were whispering, as she lay prostrated on the bed ; " if the King of angels should come in, he could not restore her." But Dr. Price, who had also been released from prison, and had obtained leave to visit her, resolved to make an effort. Her hair was shaven off ; her head and feet were covered with blisters ; and the Bengalee attendant was ordered to endeavour to persuade her to take a little nourishment, which she had obstinately refused for several days. By and by, consciousness returned ; and the first thing she noticed was the faithful servant at her side, trying to induce her to take a little wine and water. Slowly she regained her strength,—though at the end of a month she was scarcely able to stand.

The " interpreter " had now been upwards of six weeks in the cot at Maloun, when news arrived at the camp that the English were advancing from Prome. Instantly Judson was ordered back to Ava ; and, at five minutes' notice, he was marched on board a little boat under a strict guard. On his way up the river, he accidentally caught a glimpse of the official communication from the camp. " We have no farther use

for Yood-thau," it ran; "we therefore return him to the golden city." Late in the evening, he approached Ava; and, casting a wistful look at the mission-cottage, and observing at the window a feeble glimmer, he entreated from his conductors permission to enter, if it were only for five minutes. But no; they "had orders to take him direct to the court-house," and they "dared not disobey." Hurried onward, and arriving too late to be examined that evening, he was turned into an outbuilding,—where, still under guard, he "crouched down" until morning. "From what place were you sent to Maloun?" enquired the presiding officer, the next day, as the prisoner was brought up for examination. "From Oung-pen-la." "Let him, then, be returned thither." And he was conducted by the guard to an out-of-the-way shed used as a temporary prison, to remain until he should be conveyed to Oung-pen-la.

As he passed along, he was recognised by a Burman, who hastened to the mission to inform Mrs. Judson. The shock was so dreadful, that "for some time she could hardly breathe." At last, regaining sufficient composure, and having committed her way to Him who had said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and *I will hear*, and thou shalt glorify me," she despatched Mounng Ing—for she was herself unable to rise—with a message to the old governor, begging him to make one more effort on behalf of the prisoner; "for," she added, "I know that he must suffer much, and I cannot follow him." The governor promised to present

to the high court of the empire a petition for his release, offering himself as his security. After a long search, the disciple found Mr. Judson in the "shed," where he had been since morning without food. "Tell her," was his message to Mrs. Judson, "to keep up courage one day longer; it is almost certain I shall be with her to-morrow."

The interview with the faithful Burman had left a strange impression on Mr. Judson's spirit. That mysterious hesitation of manner in his answers about Mrs. Judson's health—what could it mean? The child was well; for he had said that unhesitatingly. But why so embarrassed about the other? Could it be, could it really be, that anything serious had befallen her, and that he had been kept in the dark? And yet she *must* be living; else why those messages? "She must *have been* living," whispered a withering doubt within, "when she gave the directions to Moug Ing." The thought weighed all night upon his spirit, seeming to concentrate whole ages into those few hours.

In the morning, the prisoner was brought up in court; the kind old man was accepted as his security; and Mr. Judson was once more free.\*

Hastening homeward in spite of his maimed ankles, he found the door "invitingly open;" and, unobserved by any eye, he entered. In the first room, squatted

\* The imprisonment had extended altogether over one year and seven months; including nine months in three pairs of fetters, two months in five, six months in one, and two a prisoner at large.

among the ashes surrounding a little pan of live-coals, was "a fat, half-naked, Burmese woman," holding on her knees a wan, dirt-begrimed baby: *that* could not be his! he glanced at it, and passed on. The next room was reached; and across the foot of a rude bed, "as if she had fallen there," lay "a human object," so pale, so ghastly, so emaciated, that, for one moment only, the question arose, "Can *that* be mine?" and again he was about to pass on. But where else could *she* be? for, as he glanced forward into the only remaining room, there was no human being there. Turning to the sleeper in the bed, he gazed in mute bewilderment. Where were the glossy black curls which used to adorn that finely-shaped head? and that closely-fitting cotton cap, so coarse and so soiled—and those so sharp features—and that form so shrunken! could this be she who, for so many months, had followed him from prison to prison, ministering so devotedly to his necessities, and now herself without one hand to smooth her pillow, or one heart to beat in sympathy? He bent over her; and a great tear trickled down that manly face. It touched her, and she awoke.

But, ere long, the dark shadow passed. "What do you think," said he, one evening, months afterwards, as some friends were relating anecdotes of different men in different ages, illustrative of the highest type of enjoyment derivable from outward circumstances, "What do you think of floating down the Irriwadi, on a cool, moon-light evening, with your wife at your side, and your baby in your arms?—free, all free! But *you* cannot

understand it; it needs a twenty-one month's qualification: and I can never regret my twenty-one months of misery, when I recall that one delicious thrill. I think," he added, "I have had a better appreciation of what heaven may be ever since."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Scene in the English camp—The trembling culprit—"Old acquaintances"—A retrospect—The silk umbrella—Deathly pale—"Nothing to fear"—New self-dedication—Ann Judson's illness—"Almost ethereal"—Scene on the river—A group—Prophetic tears—Fever—Death—The bereaved—Burmese worship—A volunteer—Village-scenes—Inquirers—A change—New awakenings—"Little Maria"—"Dark touch of death"—The hopiá-tree—Aspirations—A convert's death-bed—Heavenly joy.

IN the English camp there was witnessed one day a scene not a little grotesque. Peace had been concluded; and the Burmese commissioners had been invited by the English general to a magnificent dinner in celebration of the event. The company had arrived, and were now marching in couples, to the music of the band, towards the table, led by the general, who walked alone. As they came opposite a tent of more than ordinary dimensions, suddenly the music ceased; the whole procession stood still; and, as the Burmans gazed eagerly at each new incident of the august ceremony, the general entered the tent. In a few moments he reappeared, conducting a lady, whom he



seated at his right hand at the table. The commissioners recognised her features, and were observed to shrink abashed into their seats. "I fancy, Mrs. Judson," said the general a little afterwards, remarking the bewildered countenances of his guests, and half-suspecting the cause, "these gentlemen must be old acquaintances of yours; and, judging from their look, you must have treated them very ill." Mrs. Judson smiled; and the strangers, gathering from sundry symptoms that the conversation related to them, looked blank with consternation. "What is the matter with yonder owner of the pointed beard?" continued the general, still addressing Mrs. Judson, and directing his look to a Burman who was even more pale than the others; "he seems to be seized with an ague-fit." "I do not know," she replied, steadily fixing her eye upon him, and perhaps enjoying his confusion, "unless it be that his memory is too busy. He is an old acquaintance of mine, and may probably infer danger to himself from seeing me under your protection."

One morning, some months before, when her husband was suffering from fever, with five pairs of fetters about his ankles, and almost stifed by the close confinement, she had called at the house of a government dignitary to ask some slight relief. It was a broiling day; and, after walking several miles, she had been kept waiting till noon before she was allowed to see him. "I cannot grant it," he replied, angrily, and she was turning sorrowfully away. "Stay!" shouted a voice, imperiously; "what is that in your hand?"

It was a silk umbrella, which she had with her to shield her from the scorching sun ; and, as she approached, he seized it, adding, with a coarse grin, "This will answer me." "But I dare not walk home without it," she replied ; "and I have no money with me to buy anything to shelter me from the sun." After a pause, and seeing him determined to keep it, she added—"If you will have it, at least give me a paper one to protect me from the scorching heat." Another laugh,—and, turning into a jest the very cruelties which had wasted her, he added—"It is only stout people who are in danger of a sun-stroke ; the sun cannot find such as you ;" and with that he had turned her rudely from the door.

The heartless villain was now at the table ; and, as the tale was narrated, indignant glances at the culprit seemed to reveal to him all that was passing, despite the effort to maintain that courtesy with which Englishmen are wont to adorn their festive board. There he sat, deathly pale, the perspiration oozing from his face in large drops. And yonder, in the place of honour, sat the lady whom he had maltreated ; and a yard or two distant was her husband, just released from those fetters which he had done more than any other to rivet. A Burman so placed would have demanded the caitiff's head ; and the conscience-smitten commissioner looked as if he felt the cold steel already on his neck. But too tender-hearted to prolong his agony, Mrs. Judson said to him softly, in Burmese, "You have nothing to fear." Immediately the conversation turned into an-

other channel, and every means was taken to restore his composure; but conscience would not have it so, —the poor creature trembled all the rest of the night. “I never,” observed Mr. Judson, long afterwards narrating the incident, “thought I was over and above vindictive; but really it was one of the richest scenes I ever beheld.”

After a few days, the Judsons set out for Rangoon, —pondering on their way the strange experiences of these two years. “Why,” they asked themselves, “were we permitted to go to Ava? What good has been effected? God’s ways are not as man’s.” But He who took Paul three years into Arabia, and Luther one to Wartburg, and Elijah three to the solitudes of Cherith and of Zarephath, and Moses forty to Midian, had His lessons for Judson, such as only that discipline could teach. “We are sometimes induced to think,” he wrote from Rangoon, after reviewing the mysterious leadings, “that the lesson we found so hard to learn, will have a beneficial though silent effect through our lives, and that the mission may, in the end, be advanced rather than retarded. Our faith assures us that He who has brought us in safety through so many narrow passages, will bring us into a wide field at last.” The work baptized with so fiery a baptism, was to receive once more the stamp of heaven.

But one of the labourers was first to be taken elsewhere. It had been noticed of late by observant eyes, that Mrs. Judson bore about with her a peculiar halo of heavenliness, as if she were drawing near, un-

consciously, to the "celestial city." "She was seated," writes an English officer, describing a scene on the Irriwadi, "in a large sort of swinging chair, of American construction, in which her slight, emaciated, but graceful form, appeared almost ethereal. Yet, with much of heaven, there were still the breathings of earthly feelings about her; for at her feet rested a babe—a little, wan baby—on which her eyes often turned with all a mother's love; and gazing frequently upon her delicate features with a fond, yet fearful glance, was that meek, intellectual-looking missionary, her husband. Her face was pale—very pale—with that expression of deep and serious thought which speaks of the strong and vigorous mind within the frail and perishing body; her dark hair was braided over a placid and holy brow; but her hands—those small, lily hands—were quite beautiful; beautiful they were, and very wan,—for, ah! they told of disease—of death—death, in all its transparent grace, when the sickly blood shines through the clear skin, even as the bright poison lights up the Venetian glass which it is about to shatter. When I looked my last on her mild, worn countenance, I felt my eyes fill with prophetic tears. They were not perceived. We parted, and we never met again."

Six months had passed, since their escape from the fangs of the tyrant. Mr. Judson had gone with the British commissioner, at his urgent request, on an exploring expedition into the provinces ceded by Burmah to England; and his wife—surrounded by various families of converts who had followed her to Amherst,

the new scene of missionary labour—was rejoicing in the prospect of “calling the poor perishing Burmans to listen to the glad tidings of the Gospel,”—when suddenly, one day, she was seized with a violent fever, which, from the first, she believed to be the messenger sent to call her home. A kind English physician, and the military officer of the station, laboured assiduously for seven days, procuring her every solacement which skill or Christian sympathy could devise; but the severe privations and protracted sufferings of the Ava martyrdom had done their work,—and calmly and peacefully she “fell asleep”—a martyr of Jesus Christ.

“Eternity unveiled its brow,  
And God enshrined the soul.”

It was on the evening of October 24, 1826, and in her thirty-seventh year.

Some weeks elapsed; and the bereaved missionary stood at her grave, and then at the spot where they had last knelt in prayer and had exchanged the parting kiss. “I have lost one of the first of women,” he wrote—“the best of wives. Oh, with what meekness, and patience, and magnanimity, and Christian fortitude, she bore those sufferings in Ava! And can I wish they had been less? Can I sacrilegiously wish to rob her crown of a single gem? Much she saw and suffered of the evil of this evil world; and eminently was she qualified to relish and to enjoy the pure and holy rest into which she has entered. I feel a strong desire henceforth to know nothing among

this people but Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and, under an abiding sense of the comparative worthlessness of all worldly things, to avoid every secular occupation, and all literary and scientific pursuits, and to devote the remainder of my days to the simple declaration of the all-precious truth of the Gospel of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ."

A week or two after his return,—aided by a missionary who had just arrived from America, he commenced worship in Burmese, the first for two years and a half. About twenty natives assembled, seven of them afterwards joining in the communion. One evening, after a meeting for prayer, Moug Ing expressed an earnest desire to be sent forth to preach the gospel; and, a fortnight later, he embarked on board a native boat for Tavoy, the first Burman evangelist. God prospered him in his work. "I am preaching," he wrote some weeks afterwards, "the gospel to all I meet,—in the streets, in houses, in zayats. Some contradict, some revile, some say, 'These words are good, but the religion is too hard for us.' One day I met a woman who praised the meritorious efficacy of religious offerings. I preached to her the vanity of such offerings, and the truth of Jesus Christ. The woman repeated my words to her husband. Soon after, as I was passing by, the husband called me in, and invited me to preach there. Next Sunday I went to the house, and found they had invited about fifteen of the neighbours to hear me preach. In the midst of preaching, some rose up and went away; others stayed

and listened till I had finished, among whom there are three or four persons who continue to appear well. I conduct public worship every Lord's day. Among other means of attracting company, I intend to prepare and suspend a religious writing in front of my house. But while man devises, God's pleasure alone will be accomplished; and, under this impression, I desire to continue in my work."

Other tokens of God's presence were given. One day a native—the wife of a French trader from Rangoon—intimated her desire to become a full "disciple," by being baptized. Mr. Judson explained to her "the necessity of the new birth, without which baptism would avail her nothing;" and gradually the case became "very encouraging." A long conversation satisfied him that she was a subject of renewing grace, and that "as a growing Christian" she ought to be admitted to those sources of nourishment which the Great Shepherd had provided for the sustenance of His flock. On another occasion, he welcomed three hopeful inquirers—one of them the son-in-law of a Peguan chief—of whom he writes:—"At the close of the discourse to-day, which treated of the 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption,' which Christ is to all believers, he broke out into some audible expressions of satisfaction. This led to some conversation after worship, in which he professed a desire to know more of this religion; 'for,' said he, 'the more I understand it, the better I like it.' From being a noisy, talkative man, of assumed airs and consequence,

he has become quiet, and modest, and docile." Another day, he wrote :—" Had a novel assembly of thirteen,—all, except one, ignorant of the first principles of Christianity. They paid uncommon attention, and proposed several questions, which occasioned a desultory and animated conversation of some hours. One old Pharisee expressed his fear that all his good works were nugatory, and declared his sincere desire to know the real truth." And, again :—" A succession of company, from morning till afternoon—some listening with much seriousness, particularly MounG Gway, a man of some distinction. It is his second visit, and his whole appearance indicated real earnestness." And, once more :—" MounG Shoon and MounG Pan-pyoo, two of our principal workmen, were with me a great part of the day ; and I cannot but hope that they are enquiring seriously after the truth."

A new affliction visited him. The darling child—the one remaining pledge of the love which lately had been so rudely torn—was suddenly snatched away. " My little Maria," wrote he, " lies by the side of her fond mother. All our efforts, and prayers, and tears, could not propitiate the cruel disease ; the work of death went forward ; and, after the usual process, excruciating to a parent's heart, she ceased to breathe the day before yesterday, at three o'clock, P.M., aged two years and three months. We then closed her faded eyes, and bound up her discoloured lips, where the dark touch of death first appeared ; and we folded her little hands on her cold breast. The next morning,



we made her last bed in the small enclosure which surrounds her mother's lonely grave. Together they rest in hope, under the hope-tree (*hopiá*), which stands at the head of the graves ; and together, I trust, their spirits are rejoicing, after a short separation of precisely six months. I am left alone in the wide world. My own dear family I have buried,—one in Rangoon, and two in Amherst. What remains for me but to hold myself in readiness to follow the dear departed to that blessed world—

‘ Where my best friends, my kindred, dwell,  
Where God, my Saviour, reigns ’ ? ”

Some weeks later, a convert lay on her death-bed. “ Now,” said she, one evening, with a calm sweet smile, after having made her will, “ I have done with all worldly things. My name, I know, is written in heaven ; and I am hastening to a blissful immortality.” Another night, she spoke of the joy of meeting Mrs. Judson and dear little Maria and others whose names were fragrant to her, when suddenly she stopped short, and said, “ But, first of all, I shall hasten to where my Saviour sits, and shall fall down and worship and adore Him for His great love in sending the teachers to show me the way to heaven.” At length, one morning, quietly and serenely, without a groan or a sigh, she took her departure,—

“ Speeding at a wish, emancipate, to where the stars are suns.”

Meanwhile, other fields were whitening ; and the Lord of the harvest was preparing fresh sickles.

## CHAPTER IX.

A NEW LABOURER—Early characteristics—"A look"—The college-circle—A prayer—Gleam of sunshine—Ruling passion—"A very little Christian"—Literary honours—The angel-call—Another sickle—Fair girl of Massachusetts—Early training—The Spirit-birth—Missionary longings—The elegy—A meeting—Joint-dedication—Scene in Burmah—Groups—The "foreigner"—"White foreignness"—The jungle—The bamboo-house—Burman inquirers—"Fire in the bones"—A native preacher—Two boys—"Not afraid to die"—A deliverance—Judson at Maulmain—Zayat scenes—"All wrong"—"I will, I will"—A native scholar—Leighton—"Eminently holy"—Patterns—Fashionable society—Power of holiness—Conversions—Baptisms—"Drinking in instruction"—"Settled for ever."

In the first year of the present century, early in spring, there was born at Livermore, in the State of Maine, a child who was destined for a brief but bright course. Early given to books, he was able, at the age of sixteen, to govern a turbulent school, calming "by a look" a scene of anarchy into the most settled order. "If a boy withstands a look," he would say, humorously, "I usually consider him a hopeless character." About that period, he was first awakened into deep concern

for his soul. "I saw," says he, "that, should God cut me off and send me to hell, He would be just. I wept over my sins, but found no relief." Entering college, he was thrown into a little circle who, compassionating his anxiety, left no effort untried to bring him to Christ. The students slept two in a room; and, one day, he discovered that his companion "constantly repaired to his chamber once a-day, and spent one quarter of an hour in earnest prayer for his conversion." At length, a gleam of sunshine broke upon him. He had been praying, that, if he "did not find peace in believing," he "might never find it in anything else;" and now "the love of Christ appeared truly incomprehensible"—his soul was "melted with that love"—his heart "throbbed with joy"—his "eyes were suffused with tears." A week or two afterwards, GEORGE DAVID BOARDMAN confessed Christ at His table. "I cannot," he says, "express the joy I felt on that occasion. The half of the enjoyment to be found in the service of God had not been told me. I almost fancied myself disembodied from the flesh, and desired to depart and to be with Christ."

The salvation of souls now became his ruling passion. "I want," said he, one day, "to tell *the world* what a Saviour I have found. Souls are perishing by thousands in heathen lands, without the knowledge of Christ. Oh, my God! what shall I do? where shall I go? I am willing, so far as I know myself, to devote my all to the service of my God. O Lord, direct me! Send me where Thou wilt! I am Thine. Only let

me glorify Thee in all things, whether by life or by death." "You must be willing," a friend observed to him, "to be a *very little Christian.*" "Dear Lord," was his silent ejaculation, the tear glistening in his eye, "let me be the least of all saints. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord, than dwell in the tents of wickedness."

Literary ambition presented its attractions ; he was offered a professorship in his college, with the prospect of its presidential chair. But, one evening, as he sat alone in his study, tidings from Burmah announced that a youthful soldier of the cross had fallen, and that a fresh man was wanted to enter the breach. It sounded in his ears like a call from God ; and, in a few months, he was designated to the East.

Another heart gave a responsive echo to the same call. In a pleasant town of Massachusetts, there lived a fair young girl, with "warm, meek, blue eyes," the eldest of a family of thirteen, and early inured to toil and care, and to habits of patient industry. Years passed on, and Sarah Hall's undiminished cares did not hinder the budding of a singular talent for poetry ; and at seventeen she was immersed in such grave studies as Butler's "Analogy," Paley's "Evidences," Campbell's "Philosophy of Rhetoric," in addition to Latin, Logic, and Geometry. As yet without God, she would at one moment tremble at the thought of death, whilst at another, she would be "all happiness, as though the earth were one vast flower, and she a butterfly, moulded expressly to sip its sweets." But the

“spirit-birth” came; and she wrote — “I have this day\* publicly manifested my determination to forsake the objects of earth and live henceforth for heaven. I have been pained,” she added, “by the thought of those who have never heard the sound of the gospel. When will the time come that the poor heathen, now bowing to idols, shall own the living and true God?” At that moment, Sarah also heard the tidings of the death of Colman; and, in a touching elegy, she wrote:—

“The Spirit of love from on high  
 The hearts of the holy has fired;  
 Lo! they come, and with transport they cry,  
 We will go where our brother expired,  
 And labour and die.”

The elegy was printed; and, a week or two afterwards, it met the eye of the youthful Boardman. “Where,” he thought to himself, “can the harp be hidden, whose strings give so true an echo to that which vibrates in my own heart?” Ere long, they met; and their spirits, their hopes, their aspirations were one. A month or two more, and George and Sarah Boardman were on the wide ocean, feeling that “to point the wretched Burmans to the cross of Christ was to be the great object of their lives.”

It was a beautiful evening at Maulmain, the gorgeous sun setting behind the forest-crested hills; and men “in loose garments of gaily-plaided cloth, with their long black hair wound about their heads and confined

\* June 4, 1820.

by folds of muslin," might be seen, in the twilight, dropping in cautiously at the door of "the foreigner," and listening to his story of grace. As yet, he could utter only a few broken sentences; but there was a savour about them, and a tenderness, and a sympathy, which seemed to touch those rough hearts,—and, night after night, they lingered on his lips, as if a more than mortal spell held them. Women, too, and children, would gather of a morning, to listen to the "white foreignness,"—her fair skin, and strange costume, and noble bearing, striking them with a certain awe! It was the Boardmans on their destined field of labour. In front, was a broad, beautiful river, traversed by curiously shaped Indian boats,—and, lying at anchor, an English sloop of war; behind, a fine range of hills, surmounted at intervals by the white or gilded pagoda; whilst, close at hand, was a thick jungle, from whose recesses in the night resounded dismally in their ears the howlings of the tiger and of the hyæna. After a brief sojourn with Judson, they had removed to that spot, erecting on it a small bamboo house. And, surveying the vast masses of idolaters on every side, they wrote:—"These are the people for whom we are willing to labour and to die. We are in excellent health, and as happy as it is possible for human beings to be upon earth. We need only to be delivered from our inward corruptions, and we should enjoy a little heaven here below."

One Sabbath morning, early, eight respectable Burmans called at the bamboo house. "Teacher!"

they enquired anxiously, "is this your day for worship? We have come to hear you preach; we wish to know what this new religion is." And, begging them to be seated, Mr. Boardman spent several hours with them, explaining the leading truths of the gospel. It was all new; and they listened with an eagerness which seemed to augur the rise of the daystar in their hearts. Another day, the Boardmans were walking on the road with their "little babe," when in a few moments they found themselves surrounded by a "group of some sixty children, all under twelve years of age." "Oh, how we longed," wrote the missionary in his diary, "to be imparting to them the saving truths of the gospel! Indeed, no one who has not been in similar circumstances can tell how a missionary feels on beholding hundreds and thousands around him, perishing for lack of knowledge, with no one to point them to the Lamb of God. A fire is shut up in his bones; he struggles to give it vent in language: but his tongue, chained in silence, cannot perform its office. May the Lord listen to our cries, and send salvation to this people!"

Late one evening, a convert arrived at the mission from a preaching tour in the neighbouring province of Mergui. It was Mounng Ing, who, since he left Rangoon, had been labouring in season and out of season among his benighted countrymen. "Till to-day," wrote Mr. Boardman, "I have never had the pleasure of a free conversation with a Burman Christian. This evening, I have been conversing with Mounng Ing. He has

lately returned from Mergui, where he has spent a few months in preaching to his countrymen Christ and Him crucified. In my former conversations with Burmans I have been obliged to combat their prejudices, and to bear with their weaknesses; but in Mounng Ing I found a friend and a brother. While expressions of love and praise to the Redeemer flowed from this convert's tongue, the Burman language seemed much more musical than ever. It gave me a pleasure which I cannot describe, to hear him relate his conversion and his present feelings and hopes. He has a firm conviction that, ere long, the gospel will spread over this whole country. Relying on the Divine power, and faithfulness, and grace, he says we need not fear, nor be discouraged. 'Christ has power,' he added; 'and I daily pray in secret and in public that He will exert that power, and bring the nations of the earth to the knowledge of Himself.'"

A week or two afterwards, he was conversing in his room with two Burman boys who had come from Rangoon. "Do you remember your mother?" said he, alluding to one of the converts who had quietly fallen asleep in Jesus. "Yes, sir," answered one of them, the tears gathering in his eye; "we think of her every day." "What did she say to you when she was with you?" "She said we must give diligence to become disciples." "Did she sometimes pray with you?" "Yes, sir, every Lord's day; and sometimes, on other days, she took us into a retired place, and prayed with us." "When she was first taken ill, what



did she say to you?" "She said, 'I will give you to the teachers; but I shall go to heaven to be with Christ.' She was not afraid to die." "What sort of place do you think heaven is?" "God is there; Christ is there; and there is no pain, nor poverty, nor sickness, nor old age, nor death, nor sin,—but holiness and happiness." "Do you wish to become disciples?" "Yes, sir, very much."

As they were lighting the lamps one evening at the mission, a strange "rushing of winds" burst upon them, "with the roar of a hurricane from the east." Running to the door, they saw the eastern hills, over a space of more than a mile, all in a flame,—a violent tempest driving the fire directly towards them, and the dry grass and brushwood spreading the devouring element with a fearful swiftness. What was to be done? If the fire reached them, the house with its bamboo and leaves must be in ashes in a few minutes. It was now dark; and, packing up a few clothes, they took their stand at the door, with their beloved babe, ready for an instant retreat. Already the growl of the tiger and of the leopard was heard from the jungle, as the glare of the fire was driving them from their haunts; and what if one of them should meet the fugitives in their path? The fire was now within a few rods of the house, when suddenly the wind fell, and the fire subsided. It was the outstretched hand of their Father, preserving "them in Christ Jesus."

In the month of November (1827), they were joined by Mr. Judson, as well as by Mr. and Mrs.

Wade, and by several of the converts and their families. In a large room in front of the house, arranged after the manner of a *zayat*, some seventy Burmans would assemble of a morning for worship, whilst afterwards as many as twenty or thirty women would follow the "foreignness" into a separate room to listen to her instructions. "To-day," is Mr. Judson's record of one of those occasions, "we had an encouraging season. After worship, had some particular conversation with Moungh Dwah, in which he gave considerable evidence of being a converted man. He declares that he loves the religion of Christ, and that it is about six weeks or two months since his mind became quite decided. His wife says, that so long ago he began to read the Scriptures more attentively, and requested her to pray for him and with him; and this she did for some days, when he began to pray in the family himself. These things his wife related to Mrs. Wade with tears of joy." And, the same evening, an old opposer arrived from Rangoon. "I see," said he, with deep emotion, "that my opposition is wrong, and that the religion of Christ is worthy of acceptance; and I am come here to spend the remainder of my life."

The next Lord's day, there was seen entering the *zayat* a venerable, white-headed Burman, noted in the district as "a saint," and honoured by all the natives on account of his conscientious life and meritorious deeds. The Pharisee was broken into deep contrition; and, like the flower opening to the morning sun, his heart seemed expanding to the love of the Saviour.

“ We feel much interested in him,” Mr. Judson wrote in his diary, “ and daily pray for his precious soul.” And, the same day, “ just at night,” another neighbour came in, the youngest of four brothers. It was evening worship ; and, as “ some plain truths ” were spoken, he was observed in rapt attention. A few evenings passed ; and, again dropping in at worship, he lingered behind, that night, as if anxious to disburden his mind. “ What shall I do to be saved ? ” he at last whispered, with deep feeling. “ Believe,” was the reply, “ in the Lord Jesus Christ.” “ I do believe,” he interposed, eagerly ; “ I do believe. This religion is right. I have been all wrong. What shall I now do ? ” “ Become the Saviour’s servant,” rejoined the missionary ; “ do all His will ; give yourself, soul and body, into His hands. Will you do so ? ” “ I will, I will,” he added ; and Moug Noo went on his way rejoicing.

One day, a Burman scholar came to Mr. Boardman, asking to be allowed to read the Scriptures “ all the next day,” instead of attending to his usual studies. “ Why,” asked the missionary, “ do you wish to read the Scriptures ? ” “ In order to become a disciple.” “ Do you, then, wish to become a disciple while yet so young ? ” “ I do, sir, because young people are exposed to death as well as others ; and, if I should die without becoming a disciple, I should go to hell ; but, if I become a disciple, I have nothing to fear.” “ Have you seen your sins ? ” proceeded Mr. Boardman. “ I have seen some of them,” the lad answered, with much emotion. “ What sin does your

conscience charge you with?" "I have neglected the true God, who has sustained me by night and by day, and who has fed and clothed me all my life, and I, notwithstanding, have worshipped false gods." "But you have not worshipped Gautama?" "No, I have not worshipped him; but I have neglected the true God." Then, speaking of Christ, the missionary asked, "Why should we love HIM?" "Because," said the youth, with great depth of feeling, "He pitied us, and laid down His life to save us from hell."

In an aphorism, quoted by Coleridge, Leighton has observed that the proper growth of the children of God is growth in holiness of heart and of life. And in another aphorism he says, that, if the preacher and the missionary would aim steadily at that mark, their hearts must be set on fire with holy zeal for God, and with the love of souls, kindled by the Holy Ghost who came down on the Apostles in the shape of fiery tongues. Amidst the solitudes of Burmah, in the hearts of those apostolic men, there was going forward in these years, unobserved by any human eye, a work of heavenly growth, which found its fitting fruit in the scenes just recorded. "Let me, from this time to the close of life," Mr. Boardman writes, "endeavour, with all my might, to spend every moment of time in the holiest manner possible, and avoiding everything which I think inconsistent with the greatest glory of God. Is there—tell me, my soul!—a secret lusting within thee for those things, or even for any one of them, which are inconsistent with an eminently holy life? Is Christ's

yoke burdensome? Is there still a cleaving to the present course of life? Is there anything repulsive or disagreeable to thee in a life wholly devoted to God? Speak plainly and honestly! Dost thou desire a more exact conformity to Christ? Dost thou sincerely pray the Holy Ghost to influence and govern thee in all things? Dost thou desire that there never may be one moment of relaxation during which thou shalt be exempted from the restraints of this heavenly guest? Dost thou wish to be continually filled with all the fulness of God? Dost thou not ask for even one moment to serve sin, to gratify the former appetites? Ponder well these important questions, and answer truly! I hope I can reply that I would not spare a single lust, and that I do desire the Holy Spirit to direct, control, and suggest all I think, and say, and do, from this moment till I die." And, another day, he writes:—"Oh, to pant for holiness and glory! to look, not at those who are behind, but at Him who is before me! Why not press forward and join those who have taken the highest ground, who live so near the throne? Is there anything in my outward circumstances to prevent me being as devoted to God as Edwards, Brainerd, Pearce, or Baxter? I am constrained to acknowledge there is nothing. I ask myself again, if I am not under as solemn obligations as these men were, to be holy? Why should I say, as holy as these men? Let me rather ask, Am I not under the most solemn obligation to be holy as God is holy? I surely am. He claims from me all that

I can give Him—my heart, and soul, and mind, and might, and strength.” And, again:—“I want to feel more as St. Paul did when he said, ‘The love of Christ constraineth me.’ It is my desire that a sense of the unspeakable love of Christ may be the mainspring of all my actions to the end of life. The Burmans have a word which means ‘to set before our eyes.’ I want a faith which will ‘set before my eyes’ all the great things which the Word of God contains, that they may be as real to me as though I had seen them with my eyes and they were continually present with me.”

Mr. Judson aimed not less steadily at the same mark. The prized and honoured guest of the chief Commissioner, and of other English gentlemen who governed the ceded provinces, he began to find that such social engagements engrossed too much of that time which he had dedicated exclusively to the Burmans; and, incapable of doing anything by halves, he resolved to drop all fashionable intercourse with his English friends. The first to whom he communicated the resolution was the British commander; and, amidst good report and evil report, he maintained it to the end of his life. No one ever had a keener relish for the amenities of cultivated society; but duty demanded the sacrifice, and he joyfully took up the cross. Others may be able to follow Christ without such cross-bearing; let them not judge Judson.

In the presence of such men, Satan and his kingdom could not stand. The diary of the work is

filled with entries like the following:—“ Literally a crowd of company at the zayat, without any intermission, throughout the day. Among the rest, one San-lone, who has received some instructions from Moug Ing, appeared to drink in the truth. Two others stayed from morning till night, and manifested that inquisitive spirit which, I feel persuaded, will bring them again.” “ The two last, Tau and Yay, with another very sensible young man, and a fourth, the brother of a neighbouring chief, and two or three others, remained several hours, and all seem hopeful inquirers.” Then, on subsequent days, one “ desires, above all things, to find the light;” another “ fully approves the Christian religion in all its parts, though not as yet knowing how to encounter the reproach and ridicule which will ensue on embracing it;” a third—the chief’s brother—“ has been gradually advancing in religious knowledge, and in decision of character, until he appears to be really a subject of divine grace;” a fourth—a very active, intelligent old man—“ drinks in the truth with singular avidity;” a fifth, a girl of seven, once a poor slave, falls asleep in Jesus, leaving “ the most satisfactory evidence of having experienced true conversion;” whilst a sixth—“ a bright young man of twenty”—“ outstrips, in his clear and rapid experience, all the older inquirers.”

Three months had not elapsed from the opening of the zayat at Maulmain, when seven Burmans were baptized, all “ giving evidence of being really converted;” and some eight or ten “ hopeful inquirers ” were almost

daily "drinking in instruction." And the work stood the test of time. "All who have been baptized," writes one of the missionaries, weeks later, "give us great and increasing satisfaction. It is, I think, rather characteristic of Burman converts, that they are slow in making up their minds to embrace a new religion; but the point, once settled, is settled for ever."



## CHAPTER X.

The Karens—Strange longings—A wild villager—Gropings—First convert—"Help by water"—Missionary tour—"All ear"—Inquirers—Scene in the jungle—Conversions—A Karen preacher—Little Sarah—The bier—Aspirations—"Province in arms"—Critical moment—The wharf—Escape—Congratulations—Old converts—Itinerant preaching—Power of the Word—"So spake"—Boardman's method—An allegory—Parting scene—Judson at Maulmain—Awakenings—Force of truth—New cases—The school—A Burman mother—"Lost to trade"—Fanatical rage—Spirit of martyrs—Prayer—First Burman pastor—Fresh conversions—"Cannot wait"—A doctor—A merchant—"Christ's for ever"—Persecution—"Chained wild beasts"—Forsaking all—"In his right mind"—Filial affection—"My own dear mother"—Cottage in the woods—Solitude—Bible-translation—"Slow and sure"—Inner life—Secret exercises—"A life of prayer."

IN a wild region of Burmah, dotted all over with villages, and sweeping down from those mountains whose lofty summits are seen in the distance as the traveller sails up the Irriwadi, there had lived for ages a simple artless people, who rejected with scorn the idols of the Burman and of the Hindoo. Poor, and



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groaning under oppression, the KARENS had been taught by their "elders" to look for a "foreign" deliverer. "Children, and grandchildren!" said their teachers; "as to the Karen nation, God will yet save them." And, in their deep affliction, the people would cry—"If God will save us, let him save speedily. We can endure these sufferings no longer. Alas! where is God?"

In one of their villages, some four days' journey north of the town of Bassein, a family numbered among its members a wicked and ungovernable lad of fifteen, who scarcely had left his father's roof when his robberies and murders made him the terror of the whole district. According to his own confession, Ko-thah-byoo had murdered no fewer than thirty persons. Drawn incidentally to Rangoon, towards the close of the Burmese war,—he had met a convert, who, on paying for him a debt of ten or twelve rupees, took him, according to the Burman law, into his family as a slave. The Karen, however, was so incorrigible, that Ko-thah-byoo was obliged to turn him adrift. By this time, the fame of that strange people had reached Mr. Judson's ears; and, anxious to see the effect of presenting to the Karen mind the religion of the Bible, he took the man into his service, and laboured to instruct him in the things of God. Fits of ungovernable temper were continually breaking out; but his rude mind began at length to grope after truth, and his heart and conscience to bend before the Cross. In the course of a year, he was an accepted inquirer, and was welcomed into the little native church.

Setting out from Maulmain to found a mission in "the regions beyond," the Boardmans took with them the Karen convert and two others who were hopeful inquirers; and scarcely had they reached Tavoy, when Ko-thah-byoo set out into the neighbouring villages to preach to his countrymen the way of life. For years, there had been current among the people a tradition that help would come to them one day "by water;" and the appearance of the white foreigners in their river, together with the victory over their Burman oppressors, was hailed as a sure omen that "happiness had arrived." And the "white foreigner," said another tradition, "was to bring the word of God." In one of their villages there suddenly appeared, one day, the convert with his two friends. It was planting season; and most of the villagers were on the hill-sides, busy with their spring-labours. The brother of the chief, however, was at home that morning; and scarcely had the stranger begun to speak, when, after listening for a little with intense eagerness, he hastened away to the labourers, calling them to "come and listen." The villagers were instantly "all ear," as the convert announced the wondrous message; and, before a few days had gone by, four Karens were at Tavoy with Mr. Boardman, "professing a full belief of the truth of the gospel," and entreating him to visit them after the rains.

Meanwhile, Mr. Boardman was singularly pressed in spirit concerning them. "I have hope," he wrote, "that God is about to do a great work among these

sons of the wilderness." And the Lord was making ready His workman. "My religious enjoyment," Mr. Boardman wrote again, "has of late been quite unusual. My mind is much occupied on divine things, and much in prayer to God for this people. My thoughts are continually employed about them—how I shall address them, how I may best persuade them, and how I can most successfully recommend to them Christ and His gospel. In prayer, I feel a degree of fervour quite unusual with me. Sometimes I feel a rising hope that God is about to display His grace. May His name soon be glorified here! Night and day, sleeping and waking, my thoughts are upon this people. When shall the Sun of Righteousness arise, to enlighten this dark corner of the earth?"

At length, one morning, he set out. After a fatiguing journey through the jungle, and over a lofty range of mountains, he reached the village of one of the converts, where he found already erected for his use a convenient *zayat*, large enough to contain some sixty or seventy persons. The whole village turned out to welcome him,—bringing with them presents of fowls, ducks, eggs, yams, fish, plantains, and various sorts of rice. "Ah! you have come at last," they exclaimed, their faces beaming with joy; "we have long been wishing to see you." After some hours' rest, he addressed in the evening a group of about thirty natives, telling them (from John, iii. 16) of God's wondrous grace. "They listened," he says, "attentively; and many of them spent the whole night with me in the

zayat. MOUNG SO, MOUNG KYAH, and MOUNG KYAH'S father-in-law, in particular, seemed perfectly delighted, and gave the profoundest attention to the words both of myself, and of Ko-thah-byoo, who interpreted in Karen as much of my discourse as he could recollect. By this means, the women and others, who did not understand Burman, were enabled to hear, in their own language, the wonderful works of God." The next day was the Sabbath; and, early in the morning, the zayat was besieged by an eager company of about fifty persons. At noon, he preached again; and, once more, in the evening. All the day, a strange earnestness had pervaded the assembly; and, at night, they loitered about the place, unwilling to leave. Just as the missionary was retiring to rest, worn out by the labours of the day, five natives came forward, declaring their faith in Christ, and desiring to be baptized. And, some days later, he wrote:—"A good number of Karens are now with us; and Ko-thah-byoo is engaged day and night in reading and explaining to them the words of eternal life. It seems as though the time for favouring this people had come."

Scarcely had he returned to Tavoy, when the convert proceeded on another missionary expedition of his own. "It is surprising," Mr. Boardman wrote, "how magnanimous a naturally weak man becomes, when the Spirit of Christ and the love of souls inspire him. This poor Karen, who, to say the least, does not excel in intellectual endowments or in human learning, is continually devising new and judicious plans of doing

good. 'There are many Karens,' says he, 'in the province of Mergui; I wish to declare the gospel to them all. And, before long, I want to go across and visit the Karens in Siam, and afterwards to visit Bassein, my native place, near Rangoon. Many Karens live there.'" After an absence of seven weeks, he returned, bringing with him ten converts, who were received into the church. "Oh, it was a joyful and memorable occasion," Mr. Boardman writes; "He who promised to be in the midst of two or three assembled in His name, was, I trust, in the midst of us."

The Boardmans, meanwhile, were smitten by the Lord's chastening rod. "Sarah," the fond mother had just been writing, "is as plump and rosy-cheeked as we could wish. Oh, how delighted you would be to see her and hear her prattle! She is a singularly lovely child. Her bright blue eyes, yellow hair, and rosy cheeks, contrast so strikingly with the little dark faces around her; and I often say—

"Thou art a sweet and fragrant flower,  
 'Mid poisonous, vile weeds blooming:  
 A lovely star, whose cheering power  
 Makes glad the heavy-footed hour  
 When midnight clouds are glooming."

Little more than thirty months had she been with them; and she could talk both English and Burman, and also a little Hindostanee and Karen. She had learned, too, a better tongue; for already she lisped the "new song." "Go back!" she had said, one day, to two little girls who were with her, as her mother



turned aside to a small house for prayer; "I will go alone with mamma to pray." And, following her to the place, she had thrown herself on her knees, lifting up her heart to God. Two weeks had scarcely elapsed, when the darling child was in her shroud. "It never once occurred to me, all the time my child was with me," wrote the bereaved mother, as she sat beside the little bier, "that she would die—she seemed always so full of life and health." It sounded like a fresh trumpet-call in their ears, to be up and doing for Christ. "Some of these poor pagans, who are daily carried to the grave," she wrote, "may at last reproach me and say, 'You came, it is true, to the place where we dwelt, to tell of heaven and hell,—but wasted much, much of your precious time in indolence, while acquiring our language. And, when you were able to speak, why were you not *incessantly* telling us of this day of doom, when we visited you? Why, oh! why, did you ever speak of any other thing, while we were ignorant of the most momentous of all truths? Oh! how could you think on anything but our salvation? How could you sleep, or allow yourself anything like ease or comfort, while we were perishing, and you knew a Being who could save us, and that Being had promised to grant the petition of His children? You told us that He was your Father—that He heard your lowest whispers and most secret sighs; why, then, did you not, day and night, entreat Him in our behalf?'"

There had been noticed, of late, by her anxiously

observant eye, an ominous look about the sorrowing father,—as if he, too, were hastening home. Those cheeks, a little more hollow, and that hectic flush; those lips, sometimes of "clayey pallor," and sometimes "glowing with crimson;" those fingers, longer and more thin; and those eyes, brighter, and retiring more deeply beneath that transparent brow! alas, he was no more his former self! And then the soul, looking through those chinks! was it not already more than half away? "God, in love," he wrote, "has sent us cup after cup of affliction here in Tavoy. O how bitter! O how sweet! What a blessed anguish I have sometimes felt! A few weeks ago, while sitting by my dear Sarah's sickbed, expecting her soon to leave me, I had such comfort as I cannot describe, in laying all my sorrows before my dear, loving Lord. I hope the fruit of all will be to take away sin. If you will believe me, I sometimes half doubt whether I knew anything about true religion when I left America. Christ, heaven, the cross, the grave, life, death, love, joy, grief, the Bible, the gospel, the throne of grace, all seem different from what they then did. Should we be so happy as to meet in heaven, what do you think we shall talk about first? Till we get there, let us build a little tabernacle close by the cross of Calvary, and watch our Saviour, and hear what he will say, 'Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.' Let us try to understand and experience this."

One Sabbath morning, about four o'clock, there was heard at the mission a wild yell, proceeding from

a hundred savage voices. A few moments more, and a report of musketry startled the alarmed inmates. "Teacher! Master!" exclaimed a friendly native, ringing at the door with great vehemence, "Tavoy has risen! all the province is in arms!" Mr. Boardman looked out; and collected near the gate was a large company, whose suspicious glances at the house seemed to intimate that the rebels were consulting what to do with him. Lifting up his heart to God, he conducted his wife and infant-child through a back-door into a retired retreat in the rear; and he himself remained in the house with a single Burman boy. The town was defenceless; the English officer in command of the detachment was on his death-bed; and the resident was absent at Maulmain. The insurgents—numbering upwards of two hundred, and armed with clubs, knives and spears, and occasionally a musket—had broken open the prison, and had let loose one hundred ruffians, who were prowling about, ready for any crime. Balls began to whistle over him, passing through the house; for, though a man of peace, he had a white face and an European dress,—and that was crime enough. A skirmish ensued; and it was agreed to evacuate the town and retire to the wharf. On the fourth morning, a little before break of day, a party of five hundred marauders advanced from the town, and set fire to several houses and vessels near the wharf. A heavy rain extinguished the flames, and the handful of sepoy repelled the assault. Not long afterwards, a little steamer came up the river,

having on board the British resident. Grasping the reins with decision, he ordered the little band of English soldiers to scale the walls and seize the town. The success was complete; and, the next morning, Mr. Boardman returned to the zayat, to find it a scene of desolation. In a few weeks, however, it was repaired; and the mission-work was resumed. Inquirers multiplied rapidly; and, among the visitors at the zayat, was a large number of Karens, who, hearing of his safety, had hastened from their jungle to present their congratulations. Among them was an old man of sixty-five, who some months before had applied for baptism, and who now would no longer delay. "Is it not," wrote Mr. Boardman, after baptizing him, along with several others who had come on the same errand, "a pleasing proof of the power of the gospel on the heart, that these persons, uninduced by any earthly prospects, should, in their old age, have given up the customs of their ancestors, and that they should, decrepit as they are, traverse mountains, and rocks, and hills, and streams, a distance of fifty miles, to receive Christian baptism?"

Commencing a course of itinerant preaching, he visited three or four villages weekly, teaching publicly and from house to house. One day, he was accosted by an elderly man, earnestly pleading for a Christian book. "Several months ago," said he, "I saw a book which condemned idolatry, and ever since I have not dared to worship idols or pagodas. I believe the book was true, and I have been longing to possess one." After

an hour's serious consideration, the missionary gave him the book; and, taking him aside into a little room, he proposed to engage in prayer with him. Prostrating himself, he repeated the words after him with deep feeling. "This," Mr. Boardman writes, "is not the first instance I have known of the word of God, without note, or comment, or preacher, being instrumental in enlightening a benighted soul." On his return to Tavoy, he welcomed one evening, at the *zayat*, the Karen disciple, Ko-thah-byoo, who arrived with a train of about forty inquirers, desiring to be baptized. And another disciple, Moug So, the head-man of his village, had told with such effect the gospel-message, that the Lord's day was now regularly observed as a day of rest, the greater part of the villagers assembling to pray and to have the Scriptures read, Christianity having become the religion of the place.

It is said of Paul and Barnabas, on one occasion, that they "*so spake*, that a great multitude believed." Mr. Boardman's one aim, in all his teachings, was to exalt Jesus Christ. One day, at the *zayat*, after conversing with nearly a hundred visitors, he wrote:—"I find, the more I preach 'Christ and His cross,' the better attention I get." And, describing his method of preaching, he continued:—"I gave a discourse on the Lord's opening the heart of Lydia. I made out an allegory something like the ship Grace. The plan was this:—A sovereign forms the design of favouring every city in his realm with a visit. With his proper suite he proceeds, but finds the gates of every city shut

against him. The people of his suite call and call, but gain no admittance for themselves or their lord. In some cities, all are asleep, and will not be awakened ; in some, they are frightened, and run away ; in some, they will not believe that it is their sovereign ; in some, they rise up in arms against him : but all, with one consent, remain with closed gates. Every gate is fastened with a prodigious lock. The sovereign goes through his whole realm, and is not admitted into a single city. He repeats his tour once and again, but meets with no better success. At last, he resolves to try a wondrous key which he possesses ; and at its touch the city gates fly open, and all the people, the moment they behold him, welcome their lord, and acknowledge him as their rightful sovereign. So with every city to the gate of which this wondrous key is applied. But to some gates it is not applied ; only the call is repeated : but, on the citizens refusing to open to their sovereign, he marks down their conduct in his book, and passes on. The key," he added, "is the love of Christ, applied by the Holy Spirit. You will understand all the rest."

He had now laboured in Tavoy for two years ; and, before removing for a time to Maulmain, he had a meeting one day with the various converts. "Towards evening," he writes, "we celebrated the Lord's Supper. It was altogether such a Communion-season as we never before had in Tavoy, either as to the number of communicants or the feeling manifested by them. It was, indeed, the house of God and the gate of heaven. I have made

arrangements with the Karens, that, if I can visit Tavoy after the rains, I will meet them half way—that is, just this side the great pass in the mountains, where they propose to build a zayat for the occasion; and they say it is a central place, where men, women, and children can convene from all quarters. All the Karens seem delighted with the plan and place proposed.” And, just before parting:—“The Karens, after having spent a long time in fervent prayer, have at length gone with melted hearts. Happy, very happy has been our interview. Such a spirit of love and prayer as we have enjoyed during the last three days, I have never before witnessed.”

Mr. Judson, meanwhile, and his fellow-labourers at Maulmain, had not been spending their strength for nought. Scarcely had the Boardmans left, when we hear of three Burmans attending, one Sunday, all the exercises of the day, and “giving considerable evidence of being really converted.” And, two months later, he speaks of not having been a single day without some hopeful inquirer. One morning, he was visited by a native Hindoo, in great joy of spirit. A few years previous, the young man had renounced heathenism, and been baptized by an English clergyman on the Madras coast; but, falling in with some sceptics, he soon after had been reduced to a condition of the most harassing perplexity and darkness. Led one day to the zayat, he had heard “the doctrines of implicit faith in the word of God, and of regeneration by the power of the Holy Spirit;” and they were so “satisfactory to his

soul," that he had yielded at once to the force of truth, and he now was "a humble, teachable disciple of the divine Son." After a few days, he was admitted into the little church,—having brought with him a large bundle, containing the tracts and publications which had given him so much trouble, and, at his baptism, burying them with his former character in the "watery grave."

Another convert was a Burman, who had been a constant attendant at the zayat ever since it was built. Like his cautious countrymen, who "turn a thing over ten thousand times before they will take it; but having once taken it, hold it fast," Shway-pan had long been enquiring, but now was very firm and decided. A third convert was an aged woman, above eighty. For three or four months, she had been an eager listener at the zayat, to the great chagrin of her relations, on whom she was quite dependent; and now, with tottering steps, bending under the infirmities of age, she approached the baptismal font, literally renouncing all for Christ. A fourth convert was Ko-myat-kyau, a man of high rank, and of uncommon mental power, who, after seeking truth for many years, and diligently investigating the systems of Buddha, and of Brahma, and of Mohammed, had at length, in his fiftieth year, embraced Christianity with all his heart and soul. All his relations and friends had proclaimed a fierce crusade, his wife suing for a divorce, and his brother publicly declaring that, if he had the power of death, he would instantly wipe out



with his blood the foul disgrace brought upon their family; but he had borne it all "with the meekness of a lamb," manifesting such forbearance and Christian love, that the tide was at length completely turned, his wife relinquishing her suit and beginning to listen to the word, his brother reduced to silence, and some of the relatives even beginning to speak in favour of the mission. Naturally eloquent, and with a zeal and ardour rarely found among his cool, considerate countrymen, —he had been led to renounce all worldly business, and to devote himself to the missionary work. "It gives us great pleasure," Mr. Judson writes, "to see him sometimes sitting on a level with some poor beggar-woman, endeavouring, in language intelligible to her dark mind, to communicate some idea of the mysteries of redemption."

In the female school, too, there had been a remarkable awakening, beginning with a word spoken in season to his daughter by Shwaba, one of the earliest fruits of the Burmah mission. One day, early in the morning, before any one was up, a Burman mother had arrived at the school-zayat, in great excitement about her daughter, who, the previous day, had been baptized. The door was opened by an elder sister, who, after experiencing pungent convictions of divine truth, had been induced, by alternate promises and threatenings, deliberately to reject the Saviour and to join her mother's party. The enraged woman rushed in, seized the youthful convert, and, after abusing and beating her, hastened off. An hour or two later, she returned;

and, finding her daughter outside, she commenced beating her unmercifully on the head with an umbrella, and threatening to sell her for a slave. Running frantically to the town, she raised a tumult in the market-place, declaring that her daughter had entered into “ a religion which prevented her lying and cheating,” so that she was quite lost to the purposes of trade. Then, carrying the alarming tale to the mothers of other two girls who had also just been baptized, she so stirred their fanatical rage, that half an hour had not elapsed when one of them was at the school, took hold of her daughter by the hair, and, dragging her out of doors towards a pile of wood, and arming herself with a weapon, seemed on the point of putting her to death, when a member of the mission came and rescued her victim by main force. The mother, thus baffled, moved off, muttering fierce vengeance. “ The girls,” says Mr. Judson, “ bore all this abuse in silent submission, and really manifested something of the spirit of martyrs.” A few weeks passed; and another girl, who had been baptized, came one morning to the missionary, trembling all over. “ Mother has just arrived at the landing-place,” she said, fearing that she had come to take her away by force; “ and what am I to do?” “ Go and meet her; and pray as you are going along.” The poor girl had been praying for her, ever since she had learned to pray for herself; and God had heard her prayers, and had softened her mother’s heart. They met; and, instead of angry upbraidings, she drank in the truth from her daughter’s

lips. Before many days had gone by, she followed her daughter's example, and herself confessed Christ.

Another day, a convert arrived from Rangoon with joyful tidings. Since the close of the war, he had been preaching the word most zealously in the surrounding villages; and in Rangoon he had gathered a little flock, who were hanging wistfully on his lips. Above fifty years of age, and of great steadiness and weight of character—versed, too, in Burman literature—and his whole soul devoted to the sacred work,—Ko-thah-a appeared so evidently called of God to the ministry, that they did not hesitate to ordain him as the first native Christian pastor. With great thankfulness, they set him apart to the care of the flock at Rangoon, feeling that God had not forgotten their late sorrowing and weeping there. And others of the converts gave the most encouraging proof of growth in grace. “Moung Ing,” wrote Mr. Judson, “says it is his meat and drink to preach the Gospel; and when, for a time, he has had no good opportunity, he feels like a person deprived of his necessary food. Shwaba, again, has been lately advancing wonderfully in habitual self-denial and holiness of heart; his prayers savour of heavenly communion.”

Believers were added, almost daily, to the Lord. One was a Burman woman, whose husband had been for nearly a year a hopeful inquirer but could not make up his mind to forsake all for Christ. His wife had attained “an uncommon share of divine grace,” and had again and again postponed the baptism because her husband was

unwilling to have her go before him. But now her conscience would not suffer longer delay. They had been a very happy couple for five-and-twenty years, and she herself was of a disposition singularly amiable and kind; but "this was a business," she said to him one day affectionately, and with deep emotion, "which concerned her eternal interests; she believed in Christ with all her heart, and she could not wait for him any longer." He had reluctantly assented, and she was baptized. Another case was a native of Arracan, lately a gross reviler and blasphemer, but now zealous for the truth. A third was a native of Tavoy, about fifty years of age, by profession a doctor. A fourth was a Hindoo from the Madras coast, a doctor also, and an astrologer, quite ignorant of English and Burman, and converted through the agency of one of the converts, and through the reading of a Tamil Testament, which he had had in his hand day and night for the preceding six weeks. A fifth was a merchant of some property, and of very respectable connexions. And, in addition, were three women,—one of whom, Mah Kyan, had at her breast a child which her enraged husband had threatened to tear from her, and to turn herself off; but they were "all decided and hearty in the cause." "Our minds," said one of them, after the baptism, "are very happy: come life, come death, we are disciples of the Lord Jesus for life and for ever."

Meanwhile, Satan was raging. "The opposition," writes Mr. Judson, "is most outrageous. I never saw anything like it in Rangoon; for there we did nothing

in public. The mass of the population, particularly in parts where converts have been made, show all the rage of chained wild beasts." But the persecution only displayed more vividly the grace given to the converts. One day, some months before, an old lady, mother-in-law of a petty chief bitterly opposed to the gospel, had appeared at the *zayat*, timid and fearful, but anxiously enquiring the way of salvation. Now at peace with God, she came forward openly, desiring to confess Christ; and, in the presence of the church, the venerable woman stood, one evening, all eyes fixed upon her. "How old are you?" asked Judson. "Eighty years." "Can you at such an age renounce the religion which you have followed all your life long?" "I see that it is false," she replied, gently, but decisively; "and I renounce it all." "Why do you wish to be baptized into the religion of Jesus Christ?" "I have very, very many sins; and I love the Lord who saves from sin." "Perhaps your son-in-law, on hearing that you have been baptized, will abuse you, and turn you out of doors?" "I have another son-in-law, to whom I will flee." "But he is also an opposer; suppose that you should meet with the same treatment there?" "You will, I think, let me come and live near you?" The missionary was silent; for he desired to prove her sincerity by her willingness to bear the brunt alone. After a pause, she went forward, and confessed Christ. "Behold," Judson wrote, afterwards, "this noble woman, severing, at her time of life, all the ties which bind her to a large circle of connexions and

friends—hazarding the loss of a comfortable, respectable situation, the loss of character, the loss of a shelter for her grey head—throwing herself on the charity of certain foreigners,—and all for the sake of ‘the Lord who saves from sin’! Oh, blessed efficacy of the blood of Christ!” And another case occurred, scarcely less affecting. In a humble cottage by the roadside, a little way out of the town, might be seen, of an evening, one of the missionaries, receiving visits from inquirers; and at the door, waiting to welcome them, stood a meek disciple, whose singularly gentle bearing never failed to inspire into the timid new courage. It was the husband of Mah Kyan, who, a few weeks before, had torn his infant from the mother’s breast, pursuing her through the street with a great knife. Now he was “become as a lamb;” and the chief joy of his life was to aid the mission-work.

In the midst of these varied labours, Judson was still the tender-hearted son. “Do not think, my dear mother,” he wrote, “that I can ever forget you. When I used to carry about my poor little Maria, I thought how much my mother loved her little Adoniram, and carried him about, and took care of him. And, though he has now grown almost out of her knowledge, and been parted from her for so many years, and will probably see her no more on earth, he never can forget how much he owes to his own dear mother. It is my comfort, that, if truly united to Christ, we shall at last meet on the bright plains of heaven, where all our infirmities, and griefs, and sins, will have fled away

for ever." And, on another occasion, he wrote :—" I should exceedingly rejoice to be once more in the old mansion-house at Plymouth, and to sit and converse with my own dear mother ; but that time can never come. Let us look forward to a happy meeting in the mansions of our Father's house on high." And to his sister :—" You see, from the date, that it is the second anniversary of the triumph of death over all my hopes of earthly bliss. I have this day moved into a small cottage, which I have built in the woods, away from the haunts of men. It proves a stormy evening ; and the desolation around me accords with the desolate state of my own mind, where grief for the dear departed combines with sorrow for present sin, and my tears flow at the same time over the forsaken grave of my love, and over the loathsome sepulchre of my own heart." And, a year later, to the same :—" Now the third anniversary returns, and finds me in the same cottage, except that it has been removed nearer the mission-house, to make way for a Government-building. I live alone. When I wish to be quite so, Mrs. W. sends me my food ; at other times, I am within the sound of a bell which calls me to meals.

' Blest who, far from all mankind,  
This world's shadows left behind,  
Hears from heaven a gentle strain  
Whispering love, and loves again !'

But oh, that strain I have hitherto listened in vain to hear ; or, rather, I have not listened aright, and therefore

cannot hear." And he added :—"Have either of you learned the art of real communion with God? and can you teach me the first principles? Is your faith of that kind which gives you more enjoyment in Jesus, from day to day, than you find in anything else?"

The solitude was occupied with a work on which he had long set his heart—the translation of the Bible. "My object," we find him writing, "is to produce a *really good* version, at whatever cost of time and of study. We wish to proceed slow and sure, and to see to it, that whatever we do, in regard to the inspired Word, is *well done*. About four months ago, being convinced that the New Testament, notwithstanding all my labour upon it, was still in a very imperfect state, Brother Wade and myself undertook a thorough revision. After that, we propose to work and re-work at the precious Book of Psalms, until we can venture to warrant that also. And so, God willing and giving us life and strength, we hope to go on. But," he added, "we beg still to be allowed to feel that our great work is to preach the gospel *viva voce*, and build up the glorious kingdom of Christ among this people. To this end we consider a good translation of the New Testament, the Psalms, and some other portions of the Old Testament, essentially necessary—the whole Bible very desirable."

Nor did his labours for a moment seduce him from the most scrupulous watchfulness over his inner life. Certain pencilled fragments, headed "Topics to encourage Prayer," indicate his secret exercises :—"1.



Friend at midnight. 2. The unjust judge. 3. Satan fights neither with small nor great, save only with the spirit of prayer. 4. An effort made in aridity, in wandering of thought, under a strong tendency to some other occupation, is more pleasing to God, and helps the soul forward in grace more than a long prayer without temptation. 5. Whatever others may do, let my life be a life of prayer. 6. Get the king's daughter, and you get all; the grace of devotion is the daughter of God. 7. Do nothing from your own will, but all from the will of God."

## CHAPTER XI.

Seneca—Frail but secure—The angel-call—Hectic fever—Hardships—Heavenly longings—"An unprofitable servant"—Return to Tavoy—A welcome—Feeble whispers—Scene in the town—Seoffers—A confessor—Scene in the zayat—The Supper—New labourer—The jungle—Bamboo chapel—An assembly—Privations—Foretastes—Water-side—Group of converts—"Work done"—Parting words—A convoy—Thunder-storm—"House of their gods"—"Other lumps of clay"—Thankfulness—Going home—Embarking—"Come up higher"—Weeping Karens—Burial—Joy and crown—KAREN SCENES—A birth-place—A jungle family—Quala—Prophetic name—First message—The group—A picture—The visitor—The midnight lamp—Missionary instincts—Native appeal—A caviller—Silenced—Doubting and Believing—New converts—Prayer in the jungle—A priest—Protracted meetings—Success—Native evangelist—Scene at a festival—"A black foreigner"—Ruling passion—A valley—"My buffaloes"—A revival—Anticipations.

LORD BACON has quoted a favourite saying of Seneca, that true greatness is to possess, at once, "the frailty of a man, and the security of a God." A scene is now before us, where, in a sense which Seneca knew not, the maxim was translated into fact.

A hectic fever, lasting oftentimes from noon to midnight—a profuse perspiration, as the fever sub-

sided—a constant, hollow cough—a failing appetite, and gradually wasting flesh—announced too plainly the angel-call which had reached the failing missionary. “Death seems near,” Mr. Boardman wrote one day; \* “and I am closing my worldly concerns as fast and as far as strength will permit. I have given up all labours for the present, and all plans for future labour. A few months, I suppose, will end my earthly career, and usher me into the holy and blessed presence of my gracious God and beloved Redeemer. Death has no alarms, no terrors. My beloved family and the perishing heathen around me are all that make me in the least unwilling to die; and even these I can resign into the hands of a gracious and covenant-keeping God. If you ask whether, under these circumstances, I regret having come to Burmah, I promptly answer, No; only, I regret that I came with no more of the spirit of Christ, and with so much to require the chastising rod of Divine mercy. Are the Burmans,” he added, “to be left to ruin, because health may have been impaired or life shortened by our coming hither? To spread the Gospel through Burmah is worth a thousand lives! What if we do find an early grave? Shall we regret it at the last day? Oh, no!”

The illness had originated mainly in the hardships to which he was exposed in his village-preaching, when he would walk sometimes twenty miles a-day, preaching and teaching as he went, and at night would have no

\* August 25, 1830.

shelter but an open shed, and no bed but a straw-mat spread on the cold, open bamboo-floor. And now, as a fresh labourer was on his way across the ocean, his only remaining wish was to conduct him to the field where he had himself gathered so many sheaves.

Meanwhile, he was already breathing the very air of heaven. “In prayer,” he wrote, “I feel a greater nearness to God, and sometimes seem almost to see Him face to face—to order my speech before Him—and to plead with Him as a man pleadeth with his friend. Freedom from sin and pollution (my great burden here), and nearness to my God and Redeemer, are ideas which fill my bosom with joy. I often wonder that I should be willing to be detained another day or hour in these low, sultry plains,—when, by passing the narrow but gloomy stream of death, my weary feet would rest on the heavenly shore, and my soul be set at liberty from the bondage of sin, far beyond the reach of temptation, to exult for evermore in its nearness and likeness to its blessed Saviour.” And, again:—“If any man has cause to renounce all his own righteousness, his prayers, his tears, his self-denial, his labours for Christ and the gospel, and, in fact, all that he is, or has, or has done, or will do, or can do, and to trust entirely, and solely, and without conditions, to grace, sovereign grace, flowing through an atoning Saviour,—I am that man. Grace, sovereign grace, is my only confidence. ‘An unprofitable servant,’ is the most appropriate epithet for my tombstone. True, I have laboured a few years for the spread of the gospel in this heathen land; I

have undergone some hardships and dangers, and have foregone the privilege of living near my friends, and in a Christian country: but, even supposing I had done all this with the purest and best of motives, in every respect and in every instance, and supposing my few years had been the whole period of my life, what a trifle—what a mere atom—is this, in comparison with the ten thousand talents I owe to sovereign mercy! But, alas! I have to mourn that two-thirds of my life were spent in sin, and that the remaining third has been so much cut up and divided between serving God and myself.”

And, another day, thus:—“In thinking on the probability of dying within a few months, but two or three things occasion me any considerable unwillingness to meet the solemn event. One is, the sore affliction I know it will occasion my dear family, especially my fond, too fond wife. Her heart will be well-nigh riven. But I must leave her with Him who is anointed to heal the broken-hearted, and to bind up their wounds. My dear little son is still too young to remember me long, or to realise his loss. I have prayed for him many times, and can leave him in my heavenly Father’s hands. Another occasion of my being sometimes reluctant to die so soon is, the perishing state of the people around me. I have been studying now almost fifteen years, during the last ten of which I have studied with more or less reference to being useful among the heathen; and now, if, just as I am beginning to be qualified to labour a little among them, my days be cut short, much of my study and preparation seems

to be in vain. But I chide myself for thinking or saying so. If I had done no good whatever here in Burmah, I ought to submit, and be still under the recollection that 'God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts,' and that He giveth no account of His matters. But I trust God has made me of some service to a few poor benighted souls, especially among the Karens, who shall be my glory and joy in the day of the Lord Jesus. I know, too, that God, if He see fit, can accomplish His designs of mercy respecting these heathen without my services. He can raise up others; or he can work by His Spirit, without our aid."

In November, he set out for Tavoy. "Oh! my dear mother," wrote Mrs. Boardman from the vessel's little cabin, "it would distress you to see how emaciated he is! and so weak, that he is scarce able to move! God is calling to me, in a most impressive manner, to set my heart on heavenly things. Two lovely infants already in the world of bliss—my beloved husband under a disease which will most assuredly take him from me—my own health poor—and little Georgie ill! Oh how little have I to attach me to this wretched, fallen world!" On their arrival, they were welcomed most warmly by the simple, thankful Karens. Flocking from their jungle-homes, they had hastened to the town to meet him; and, when they gazed on his pale, worn face, they shed many tears. He had not been there a fortnight, when a new party of inquirers arrived, eager to hear the gospel. "Sometimes," writes his wife, describing the scene, "he

sat up in a chair and addressed them for a few moments; but, oftener, I sat on his sick-couch, interpreting his feeble whispers. He was nearly overcome by the gladdening prospect, and frequently wept."

A motley group passed along, one evening, through the town, on their way to the place of baptism. Nineteen Karens—including five women—all of them, a few weeks before, in utter ignorance of the true God, had chosen the reproach of Christ; and they were moving forward, that evening, in the face of sneers and obloquy, boldly to confess His name. Their road lay through a part of the town filled with monasteries, over whose huge brick walls a bevy of priests and novitiates were casting the most scornful looks. And the crowd in the streets poured forth upon the converts all manner of taunt and reviling. "See," said one of them insultingly, as Mr. Boardman, too ill to walk or to ride on horseback, was borne along by Karens on his little cot; "see your teacher! a living man, carried as if he were already dead!" Passing on in silence, they reached the spot—a beautiful pond surrounded by green trees; and, kneeling on the grass, the goodly company—numbering, in all, fifty souls—lifted up their hearts in thanksgiving to Him who had redeemed them with His own blood. One heart, especially, was thankful that day: an engaging lad, son of the chief native officer of the town, and the inheritor of a large estate, was there, not ashamed to cast in his lot with the ignorant Karens, who would be spurned from his

father's door. Naturally amiable and modest, grace had made him meek and lowly. A sore persecution seemed to await him, and, probably, the loss of his inheritance; but he had counted the cost, and joyfully he "put on Christ." Pale and emaciated, the missionary reclined on his couch before them all; and Mounq Ing, the native pastor, received them by baptism into the Church.

The scene is shifted; and they are assembled in the evening, in the *zayat*, around the Communion-table. The breathless silence is broken by one feeble voice—it is their spiritual father pouring out his soul to them over the emblems of redeeming love. A strange unearthliness is about him—all feel that it is probably the last time that they shall meet in this vale of tears. A few moments pass; and earthly thoughts are merged in a sympathy profounder and more divine. "When he handed us the cup," writes one who was there that night, "it was to me as though our Saviour had been in the midst, and I could say—

'How sweet and awful is the place  
With Christ within the doors!'

The grief and anguish which I felt at the baptism had subsided into a calm; and, in contemplating the agonies of our blessed Redeemer, I, for a moment, forgot the bitter cup preparing for myself."

At length, one morning, his successor arrived in the river; and the disabled soldier went down to the wharf,



to welcome him. He had decided once more to visit the jungle, where the Karens were thirsting for the word of life; and Mr. Mason was just in time to accompany him. The villagers had arrived to carry him; and the dying man set out.

On the third day, they reached the spot where, on a beautiful stream at the base of a range of mountains, the people had erected a bamboo chapel. Open on all sides, its only shelter was a small room, some five feet by ten, and so low in the roof that one could not stand upright, —whilst it was so poorly enclosed as to admit the scorching rays by day, and the cold winds and damp fog by night; and the Karens cooked, ate, and slept, on the ground by the river's side, with no curtain but the sky, and no wall but the trees of the forest. As the little cavalcade came up, nearly one hundred villagers were assembled, more than half of them eagerly waiting for baptism. Exhausted by the journey, Mr. Boardman no sooner caught a glimpse of the delightful spectacle, than a new vigour seemed suddenly to enter into his whole frame. Scarcely had they halted, when he was in the zayat, preaching almost as if he were in full health. And, day after day, as the converts gathered to him, asking baptism, he conversed with them, and prayed with them, from morning till night,—until, a reaction coming on, his feeble frame was once more prostrated, and his wife entreated him to return. "The cause of God," he replied, with animation, as if his heart were moved to its lowest depths, "is of greater importance than my health; and, if I return now, our

whole object will be defeated. I want to see the work of the Lord go on."

His strength continuing to fail, he was again urged by her to return to town, where he might enjoy the quiet of a home and have medical attendance. But no; these souls must be tended. "You know, Sarah," said he, "that coming on a foreign mission involved the probability of a shorter life than staying in one's native country; and, yet, obedience to our Lord, and compassion for the perishing heathen, induced us to make this sacrifice. And have we ever repented that we came? No; I trust we can both say that we bless God for bringing us to Burmah, for directing our footsteps to Tavoy, and even for leading us hither. Should I not, then, rather stay and assist in gathering in these dear scattered lambs of the fold?" And then, tenderly gazing on her, he added:—"You already know, my love, that I cannot live long—I must sink under this disease; and, should we go home now, the all-important business which brought us out must be given up, and I might linger out a few days of suffering, stung with the reflection that I had preferred a few idle days to my Master's service. Do not, therefore, ask me to go, till these poor Karens have been baptized."

Amidst trying privations and gradually increasing weakness, he continued his pleasant labour, enjoying in the intervals the most elevating foretastes of the rest into which he was so soon to enter. "My meditations," he would say, "are very sweet; I shall quickly be relieved from shackles, and be where I can

praise God continually, without weariness. My thoughts delight to dwell on those words, 'There is no night there.'"

One day, his wife, feeling that the time of separation was fast approaching, said :—" My dear, I have one request to make ; it is, that you would pray much for George during your few remaining days. I shall soon be left alone, almost the only one on earth to pray for him ; and I have great confidence in your dying prayers." Looking earnestly at the little boy, he replied :—" I will try to pray for him ; but I trust many prayers will ascend for the child from our friends at home, who will be induced to supplicate the more earnestly for him when they hear that he is left fatherless in a heathen land."

Another day, in the morning, he was standing before the glass ; and, noticing evident symptoms of approaching dissolution, he remarked calmly, and without emotion :—" I have altered greatly—I am sinking into the grave very fast—just on the verge." " Is there nothing we can do for you ?" asked Mr. Mason. " Had we not better call the physician ? Or shall we try to remove you into town immediately ?" A brief consultation followed ; and, as the examination of the women and of the old men was now nearly completed, it was decided to baptize them that evening, and, the next morning, to return to town,—the remaining candidates being able to walk in afterwards to Tavoy. A blessing was asked on the decision ; and the little party sat down to breakfast. " Brother," said he, in the course of the repast, addressing Mr. Mason, " I am heartily rejoiced

and bless God that you have arrived; and especially am I gratified that you are so much interested for the poor Karens. You will, I am sure, watch over them, and take care of them; and, if some of them turn back, you will still care for them." In the evening, a little before sunset, the converts, to the number of thirty-four, were gathered at the water-side; and Mr. Boardman was carried out in his bed, so weak that he could breathe only by the continual application of the fan and of the smelling-bottle. Lifting with difficulty his languid head, he gazed with a calm ecstasy on the scene, as the missionary baptized the goodly company. In the course of the day, he had been saying, more than once—"If I live to see this one in-gathering, I may well exclaim with happy Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'" And, now that it was over, he seemed to feel that his work was done.

After dark, the confessors assembled in the chapel; and, at tea, his cot was placed near the table, his head bolstered up. Gathering round, and steadily and anxiously gazing on him, they listened intently as he addressed to them a few parting words. "I did hope," said he, in a tremulous but urgent tone, "to stay with you till after Lord's day, and administer to you once more the Lord's Supper. But God is calling me away from you. I am about to die, and shall soon be inconceivably happy in heaven. When I am gone, remember what I have taught you; and oh! be careful to per-

severe unto the end, that, when you die, we may meet one another in the presence of God, never more to part. Listen to the word of the new teacher and the teacheress, as you have done to mine. The teacheress will be very much distressed. Strive to lighten her burdens, and comfort her by your good conduct. Do not neglect prayer. The eternal God to whom you pray is unchangeable. Earthly teachers sicken and die; but God remains for ever the same. Love Jesus Christ with all your hearts, and you will be for ever safe." A few words of prayer followed; and, each convert having got some tracts and portions of Scripture, the gathering separated for the night.

The next morning, they were up with the sun. Their beloved teacher was to leave them; and they were weeping like children. A convoy was formed of nearly all the males, and of some of the females; and, leaving the others to disperse to their wilderness-homes, the little band started for Tavoy. During the day, the invalid was free from pain; and there was no unfavourable change until, overtaken about four o'clock by a violent thunder-shower, and with not a refuge within sight to flee to, they were forced to remain in the open air, the torrent of rain dashing upon him and drenching his mattress and pillows. Hastening on, they arrived at a native house; but the inmates hated the "teacher," and refused admittance. They ran for shelter to an adjoining shed; but it was the "house of their gods," and the host's anger burst forth in a storm of abuse. With tears in her eyes, Mrs. Boardman entreated him

to admit the dying man into the house to sleep ; but the only concession was a covered corner of the verandah, and there the exhausted missionary was laid on the hard bamboo-floor. "Read," he whispered, after a little, to Mr. Mason, "the thirty-fourth Psalm ;" and then, almost spent, he said with a quiet smile :—"This poor perishing dust will soon be laid in the grave ; but God can employ other lumps of clay to perform His will, as easily as He has this poor unworthy one."

The night closed in ; and, having found for her little boy a spot where he might sleep without risk of falling through the openings in the floor, the devoted woman threw herself down, without undressing, beside her dying husband. "Oh, how kind and good," said he, on one occasion, during the night, his heart overflowing with thankfulness notwithstanding his extreme outward wretchedness, "our Father in heaven is to me ! How many are racked with pain, while I, though near the grave, am almost free from distress of body ! I suffer nothing, *nothing*, to what you, my dear Sarah, had to endure last year, when I thought I must lose you. And then, I have you to move me so tenderly. I should have sunk into the grave ere this, but for your assiduous attention. And brother Mason is as kind to me as if he were my own brother. And then, how many, in addition to pain of body, have anguish of soul,—while my mind is sweetly stayed on God !" In the morning, he seemed a little revived ; though, in giving him his sago, his wife remarked that his breath was very short.

By waiting till twelve, they could take him in a boat down a neighbouring stream, which passed within three or four miles of Tavoy; and to this he gratefully assented. Towards nine, however, his feet and hands grew cold; and the Karens, with tears in their eyes, rubbed them incessantly all the forenoon. "Do you feel as if you were going home?" whispered his wife to him, about ten, thinking that the moment of separation had come. "Not just yet," he said, recovering his breath, which had seemed almost gone; and, sipping a little wine and water, he again revived. "You were alarmed without cause, just now, dear," he continued, after a little; "I know the reason of the distress I felt, but am too weak to explain it to you." And, after a few moments, he added:—"Since you spoke to me about George, I have prayed for him almost incessantly—more than in all my life before."

It was now time for embarking; and the iron-faced owner of the boat was impatient to be gone. The affectionate Karens carried their beloved teacher on board, returning to bear Mrs. Boardman through the mud on the bank. Scarcely had she reached the boat, when the call arrived—"Come up higher!" The Karens, according to his previous request, were summoned to watch his last breathings; and, in a few minutes, without a struggle, he calmly went upward. The weeping converts knelt in prayer. "My father, my father!" was the involuntary outburst of each heart.

Moving in silence down the river, the faithful Karens placed his remains on the little cot, and bore

them along towards the house. The first to meet them was the Burman pastor Ing, who burst into a flood of tears. Reaching the sleeping-room, they uncovered the face ; and, gazing for a moment upon the placid countenance, on which still sat a sweet smile, the whole assembled group sobbed aloud. The next morning, "devout men"—his own spiritual children—carried him to his burial, amid the tearful regrets of the whole community. It was on the 12th of February, 1831.

George Boardman had not lived in vain. His labours, and his prayers, and his loving self-denial, were for the Karens the seed-corn of a harvest such as no other mission-field has yielded. Not without warrant did the bereaved widow write :—

“ Oh ! thine, indeed, is a bright abode !  
 And brilliant thy diadem—  
 The crown of life from the hand of God,  
 Adorned with many a gem.

For who are the crowds, with visage meek,  
 That come from the mountains high ;  
 The tear of penitence warm on each cheek,  
 And hope in every eye ?

There is manhood, and age with hoary head,  
 And the child scarce touched with guile,  
 And the forest-maid, from whose native shade  
 Nor love nor pleasure could wile.

The Karens, for whom thy parting breath  
 Went forth in fervent prayer,  
 Who knelt beside thy bed of death,  
 Are thy crown of gladness there.”



These scenes let us for a moment visit.

In a Karen glen, and on the brink of a gorge through which leapt a gurgling stream on its way from the mountain-range where it had just had its birth, to a small lake a mile or two distant, stood a rude bamboo house, which every gust of wind, blowing down the mountain-sides, threatened to sweep into the depth beneath. Its owner was a long-bearded, austere, noble-looking man, whom the grievous wrongs of his nation had stung almost to madness. "The bamboo leaf," he would be heard saying, in his moments of patriotic indignation, "it falls on thorns, the thorns pierce it; thorns fall on it, the thorns spear it. Our habitation is a thorn-bush." And that fair, round-faced, smiling woman, planting the little cotton-field, weeding it, watching it, then gathering the crop, carding it, spinning it, dyeing it, weaving it into cloth, and converting it into tunics and shawls,—the soul of the humble dwelling, and the centre of all its meagre joys! A tradition had prevailed in the district, that, one day, certain "white men" would come from the sea and break the Burman yoke; and, hearing of late indistinct reports of the arrival of white men's ships in the Burman waters, the father had given expression to the hope kindling in his heart, by naming a beautiful boy who had just been born to him, "Quala," or *hope*; "because," said he, "we hope happiness will come to us in his days."

The name, like Noah's, was "prophetic of the

man." The child — the boy — the lad — was ever buoyant with hope. As he grew up towards manhood, he treasured in his heart the floating traditions of a great "deliverer," who was to come from the West. He was already fifteen, when, accompanied by his parents, he went one day into Tavoy to see the "foreigners," who had just captured the town. Summoned into the presence of the English governor, he was treated with a kindness and a consideration which brought fresh up before him certain favourite stanzas which he had lisped at his mother's knee :—

" See, see ! the whites ! so fair, so neat !  
 With grace they go, they sit, they eat ;  
 Most gracefully they stand and walk—  
 Most graciously they look and talk."

Two or three years passed ; and there entered his father's house, one evening, a stranger who had been in the jungle that day, speaking earnestly to the people. As night came on, the neighbours of the glen gathered into the bamboo house, to listen to the wanderer's tale. The Karens regarded every stranger as an enemy ; and therefore a visitor was expected to trace his genealogy, to prove that he is a friend. But Quala that night heard from the stranger, not "endless genealogies," but a story so touching that it captivated his whole soul. The stranger was Ko-thah-byoo, the Karen convert, on his first preaching tour. And no sooner had the glad tidings reached Quala's ears, than he welcomed them with his whole heart. "I said to myself," were his words long afterwards, alluding to that occasion, " 'Is

not this the very thing we have been waiting for ?' I believed, when I first heard."

Among the group of inquirers who had crowded around the dying missionary that day in the jungle, longing to confess Christ, was a family of three—a mother, and her son, and her daughter, who, at the three daily meetings, had been always the first to come and the last to leave. "If ever human being," writes an eye-witness, "received the gospel as glad tidings, that woman did. Were I an artist, called upon to depict Mary sitting at the feet of Jesus, I should immediately transfer her to the canvas, from the picture on the tablet of my memory, as I have seen her seated at the teacher's feet, listening, through her large almond eyes, which beamed with intelligence and happiness, and fascinated every beholder." It was Quala's mother—once a blinded atheist, but now a meek disciple of Christ. And that youthful convert, who, as the sun was sinking beneath the linden-leaved forest, and the dying man had dismissed for the night the last inquirer, lifted so joyously his cot-bed, and laid him down in the little bamboo hut! And that mourner—in the boat where the martyr was breathing out his ebbing life, and at the grave beside the lowly dwelling where he had prayed into being the Karen mission—weeping such great tears, and solacing so tenderly the desolate and the bereaved! And that missionary, in a street in Tavoy, passing from house to house, and leaving at each a tract and a fragment of Scripture, and addressing to the inmates a brief but urgent message! And that midnight lamp, seen so often at the cottage-window!—and that shadow on

the rude curtain, as of one intent on some deep study!— and that grave divine, poring over the Burman Testament and Psalms, and, like Luther, lifting up his soul for “light!” It was Quala, now at the feet of Jesus, and spending and being spent for HIM.

“Preaching the gospel,” says one who for years was an eye-witness of the wonderful work of God among that people, “is, with the converted Karen, a spontaneous act. He thinks as little about the *duty* to preach, as he does of the duty to eat when he is hungry. He does the latter from the instinct of his animal nature, the former from the impulse of his spiritual life.” Quala, like others of his countrymen afterwards, took it upon him to speak of Christ everywhere, and to all men; and with him it was no more presumption than it was to take it upon him to pray. Here is one of his earnest appeals:—“Against God, the only true God, have we all sinned—in all our thoughts, in all our deeds. There is no part of us free from transgression. The hand has transgressed, the foot has transgressed, the eye has transgressed, the ear has transgressed, the mouth has transgressed, the mind has transgressed, the heart has transgressed. Our transgressions are greater than the hills, loftier than the mountains. It is not fitting we ascend to the presence of God. It is fitting we descend to the lowest depths of hell; and the great grace of God alone still keeps us here. These heavens so wide, this earth so great—everything in the many waters and numerous lands—God created. He formed man holy, exempt from

old age, from sickness, from death ; but he disobeyed God, obeying Satan, and thus brought misery on himself and on all creation. Still God did not give us up. He had compassion upon us, and sent His only Son to save the slaves of Satan, who had no rest in his service. To deliver us from the hands of Satan, and to give us rest, He bought us with His own blood. He had no compassion on His own great life, but he had compassion on men who were going down to hell. He died on the cross for us, on account of our sins, and thus drew open the gate at the foot of the road, so that man is made again acquainted with God."

One day, addressing some Karens who were halting between two opinions, he said :— "Our fathers and mothers did not hear what we hear, did not know what we know. It is of God's special grace that these things have come unto us. The elders of antiquity yearned to hear the word of God, but heard it not. That blessing was reserved for us. Still it is according to the saying, 'Lake pleasant, fish remain.' In a large lake, where there is nothing to devour the fish, and its waters never fail, the lake is pleasant ; yet, if there be no fish in it, it does not call the fish to come unwillingly. If the fish wish to dwell in it, they remain ; if not, they depart. God is the lake, and we are the fish. Unless we are in God, ere long something will come and devour us. The fire of hell will devour us. Then dwell in God."

Another day, a caviller objected before some Karens : — "God is possessed of infinite power, and has a perfect knowledge of all things : why did He create Satan ?

Did He not know that he would come and deceive men? If He knew that he would come and destroy, why did He create him? If God compassionates man—if He loves him, why did He create the tree of temptation? Did He not know, that, if man ate of it, he would die? And, if He knew, why did He create it?” Quala was there, and he replied:—“God is above man, above kings, above all. Kings are obeyed without asking for reasons. We ought not to reply against God. He is our Father. The child understands not what the father does. The axe and the knife kill; yet without them the father could not obtain food for the child. He did not permit his child to handle them; but one with crooked ears, when unobserved by its father, takes hold of them and cuts itself. God acts according to His own will. The house-owner builds a house, and decides in relation to all its parts. He disposes of the timbers or bamboos according to their proper positions. God is the owner of the house, and we ought to submit to His dispensations in silence. Then He will use us as parts of His building; that is, we shall become His children and servants. Some of God’s judicial arrangements are in order that we may praise Him; some, that we may repent of our sins; some, that we may discern between good and evil; some, that we may not hope in transitory things on earth; some, that we may avoid hell, and go to heaven. None are made for the disadvantage, but all for the advantage of man. To those who murmur, the Holy Book says—‘Who art thou, O man, that repliest against God?’

Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou formed me thus?"

- "A Karen," writes the same eye-witness, "never stands doubting. If he believes, there is no question in his mind but he has faith; and, unsuggested, he proceeds to show his faith by his works. Should he deceive himself, he discovers it, not by reflection, but by action. He says to himself, in the language of Goethe—'Try to do thy duty, and thou wilt quickly know what is in thee.'" Quala, one day, addressing some nominal believers in the Christian settlements, said:—"When you are with Christians, you do as Christians do; when you are with the world, you do as the world does. You do not love God; you do not fear sin. Think, and repent of your sins quickly. Remain not between Christians and the world, ever vibrating from the one side to the other. The Holy Scriptures say we cannot serve two masters; so choose the Master who is able to save, and confide in earnest in Him.

' Go, till you arrive in the presence of God ;  
 Rest not between.  
 Go till you reach the feet of God ;  
 Rest not away.  
 Pray to God ; pray with the heart :  
 Hereafter you will be happy.  
 Should you vacillate to and fro,  
 The coming state will be misery.  
 Act for the future,  
 That you may obtain grace :  
 Jehovah is the God of grace ;  
 Trust ye in Him.' "

Month after month, and year after year, sometimes alone, sometimes in the company of the missionary or of a brother Karen, Quala traversed the jungles and the glens of his country, carrying into every nook and hamlet the glad tidings of great joy. One scene he himself describes thus:—"When the teachers and disciples prayed in earnest, the Holy Spirit came down upon the unconverted; and they came forward, requesting to be baptized. Many of these were people with whom I had laboured and exhorted before the meeting; and some had said to me, 'We will wait a year;' others, 'We will wait two years;' others, 'We will look on a while longer;'—but, when the Holy Ghost touched them, they repented and became Christians. Many of those who had been among the unconverted came forward, and confessed their sins and transgressions publicly. They took up the habit immediately of private prayer in the jungle, and became very anxious for their unconverted relatives, going and inviting many to the meeting. Some confessed sins which had been committed in secret, and prayed with sobs and tears. Many others resolved to become Christians, and many Christians grew in grace." "These things," he adds, "are the work of the Holy Spirit, but they are spiritually discerned. Those whose minds are enlightened to see the power of God in them, wonder and praise the Lord. The advantages of these meetings for prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit are great. The graces of Christians are increased; the unconverted obtain new hearts; and those who listen understand the easier."



In the jungle, on one occasion, the missionary held a protracted meeting of three weeks, for preaching and for prayer. "It was not," he writes, "till nearly the close of the first week, that any effect was produced. On Sabbath evening, however, many expressed their conviction that God had poured out His Spirit in a remarkable manner; adding, that they now had faith to believe and pray for greater things. Soon after, a feeling became manifest in the church, such has had never before been witnessed. It was evidently from God. Christians were crushed beneath the weight of their sins, and confessed them with many tears, as they had never done before. They soon began to feel for the impenitent; and they went out in every direction to invite them to come in. And—I would say it to the glory of God—scarcely any one came and attended a few of our meetings in succession, without giving more or less evidence of conversion." During those three weeks, he could number not fewer than sixty-three converts.

One evening, in the zayat, the names of some of the unconverted people in the neighbourhood were read over as subjects for prayer. Among them was a native priest—a man of consideration in the district; who, hearing that his name had been thus used, said angrily—"What business have they to pray for me?" A fortnight afterwards, on a Saturday afternoon, the priest was observed entering the meeting in company with his wife. "I have not come to be a Christian," he said, at the close, "but to hear."

The next day, he was again at the chapel; and, before that sun had set, he declared himself on the Lord's side. "I am determined," said he, "to become a Christian." "When?" enquired the missionary. "Now."

Meanwhile, Ko-thah-byoo, the earliest Karen convert, was labouring earnestly for souls. Once a-year, in an old walled town, distant some miles from Tavoy, the people of the city held a great religious festival. The town was the seat of the Tavoyans' most cherished idol—a little brass image which had come floating up the river on a log, and had stopped near the town, but since had grown to the full stature of a man beneath the tree which sprang from the ominous log. Like some images and pictures elsewhere, the figure had been known, at the approach of war or of pestilence, to weep and to moan; and, in honour of it, nearly the whole population of Tavoy made an annual pilgrimage to the shrine. One afternoon, just as the fête was drawing to a close, Ko-thah-byoo, in company with the missionary and another convert, arrived at the spot. The others set out on an exploring tour to the neighbouring villages, leaving the old man to rest himself and to enjoy a quiet sleep. But, returning in an hour or two, what was their surprise to find him surrounded by a large congregation of Burmans, whose attention seemed to be "riveted on his flashing eyes—less, apparently, from love than from an indescribable power, which might best be compared to the fascinating influence of the serpent over an unconscious brood of

chickens?" "The first sentence I heard on coming up," writes the eye-witness, long afterwards, "was— 'Your god is a black foreigner!' The words were uttered with such a peculiar expression of countenance, that the events of a dozen years have done nothing to efface the impression from my memory. 'If ever a man hated idolatry,' observed a brother to me, one day, 'Ko-thah-byoo did.' Yes, if I were able to throw on canvas Ko-thah-byoo's countenance at that moment, as it exists in the gallery of my mind, every one that looked on it would go away, and say, 'If ever a man hated idolatry, Ko-thah-byoo did.'"

Preaching was Ko-thah-byoo's ruling passion. One day, a boat in which he was sailing with another, was suddenly upset; and he was in danger of losing his life. "I shall be drowned," he cried, as he was struggling with the surge, "and never more preach the Word of God to the Karens." That was his one regret; all else was well. And the Lord was with him. Visiting, on one occasion, the eastern Karen settlements, where, with the exception of a single visit of two or three days from Mr. Boardman, he alone had laboured,—an eye-witness wrote:—"I cry no longer, 'The horrors of heathenism!' but 'The blessings of missions!' I date no longer from a heathen land. Heathenism has fled these banks. I eat the rice, and yams, and fruit, cultivated by Christian hands; I look on the fields of Christians, and see no dwellings but those inhabited by Christian families. I am seated in

the midst of a Christian village ; surrounded by a people who love as Christians, converse as Christians, act like Christians, and look like Christians. If it be worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see the Shenandoah run through the Blue Ridge, surely a voyage around the globe would be amply repaid by a Sabbath spent in this valley.”

And *how* he preached, may be gathered from some fragments. “A worldly man,” he said one day, every eye intently fixed on him as he proceeded, “is never satisfied with what he possesses. Let me have more houses, more lands, more buffaloes, more slaves, more clothes, more wives, more children and grandchildren, more gold and silver, more paddy and rice, more boats and vessels ; let me be a rich man. Of God he is quite unmindful. But watch that man. On a sudden, his breath departs. He looks around, and, astonished, exclaims—‘Where are my slaves ? where are my buffaloes ? I cannot find one of them. Where are my houses and my chests of money, my rice and paddy, and all the fine clothes which cost me so much ? I can find none of them : who has taken them ? And where are my wife and children ? Ah ! they are all missing : I can find none of them. I am lonely and poor, indeed. I have nothing. But what is this ?’” Then, after describing the misery of the lost soul, he put into the man’s mouth this closing lament—“Oh ! what a fool have I been ! I neglected God, the only Saviour, and sought only worldly goods, while on earth : and now I am undone.” And he added :—

“All in this world is misery. Sickness and pain, fear and anxiety, wars and slaughter, old age and death, abound on every hand. But hearken! God speaks from on high—‘Children! why take ye delight, and seek happiness, in that low village of mortality—in that thicket of briers and thorns? Look up to me; I will deliver you, and give you rest, where you shall be for ever blessed and happy.’”

“I have called,” said an inquirer one day to the missionary at Rangoon, “to get more light on the way of salvation by Jesus Christ.” It was a Karen from the jungle, who had received some weeks before from Ko-tah-byoo a tract and a kind counsel about his soul. And all the surrounding villages had been stirred by his words, during a recent excursion he had made during a three-months’ sojourn at Rangoon. “The Karens,” wrote the missionary, “are thronging us from Dalla, Leing, Maubee, Kyadau, and many places I have not heard named,—men, women, and children; and all anxiously enquiring about the religion of Jesus. There are very many who already keep the Lord’s day, read our tracts, and endeavour to instruct one another the best they can. They daily read the tracts, and all get together in their families, and sing and pray to the God who rules in heaven. There surely is the sound of rain—I would say, of much rain. Pray for us, and for the Karens who are looking up to us for the bread of life, their eyes brightening as they hear of Jesus and the way to heaven.” And he added:—“The devil is sorely dis-

turbed, and is mustering his forces. What the issue of the campaign will be, we cannot say ; but those who were yesterday baptized, said—‘ If the magistrate should issue an order to cut off our heads, then let him cut them off : we believe in Jesus ; and, if we should be killed, we will go where Jesus is, and be happy.’ ”

## CHAPTER XII.

Scene on the Irriwadi—The group of boatmen—Inquirers—The old shepherd—"Give me one!"—The night-lamp—Visit to Prome—"A spy"—New awakenings—"Behold, he prayeth!"—A gathering storm—British resident—"A little grace"—An adieu—The garret at Rangoon—A "living epistle"—First duty—A shining face—Self-denial—English travellers—The dark ladder—The "grand engine"—"Lowliness itself"—Daily dying—Madame Guyon and Molinos—Crowds—Tidings from Tavoy—Consolations—"Tears of joy"—Native festival—Macedonian cry—Results—All alone—Strivings after holiness—Snares—Burnt letter—The hermitage—An arbour—The "miracle"—A grave—Asceticism and Christian self-denial.

ON a beautiful summer evening, near sunset, a group of boatmen were gathered at a small village on the Irriwadi, listening intently to an earnest "stranger," who had landed for an hour from one of the river-craft which there found a constant rendezvous. It was Judson, on his way up to Prome, and (as his manner was) sowing beside all waters. On his passage from Maulmain, he had visited Rangoon, where he "had a great deal of company, some of whom heard and lived." His principal inquirer was Thah-tay, a

person of some little rank, whom he had formerly known at Tsa-gaing, and an intimate friend of his old protector, the north-commandant of the palace. All the disciples whom he met, appeared to be growing in grace.\* A spirit of inquiry was more prevalent and more boldly indulged than formerly; and he felt that he had reason to thank God for all the past, and to take courage for the time to come. And, embarking for Prome, the great half-way house on the way to Ava, he had reached the village just named, where multitudes listened to his words and eagerly read his tracts. His way was to produce a few tracts or catechisms; and, after reading and talking a little, and getting the company to feel kindly, he would offer one to the most attentive auditor present; and, on showing some reluctance to give to every person, and on making them promise to read it attentively, and to consider and pray, they would get furious to obtain a tract,—many hands being eagerly stretched out, and “Give me one! give me one!” resounding from all sides. Just as he was leaving, that day, a tract fell into the hands of a respectable elderly man; and, before they were out of sight, a little boat was seen hurrying up in pursuit. It was the Burman, bent on having another tract;

\* “I asked pastor Thah-a to go with me,” Judson writes; “but he thinks it quite impossible, on account of having so many irons in the fire—that is, hopeful inquirers, whom he must stay to bring forward and baptize. He is as solicitous and busy as a hen pressing about her chickens. It is quite refreshing to hear him talk on the subject, and see what a nice careful old shepherd he makes.”



and, having received the Gospel of St. Matthew, he went back as happy as if he had found a vein of gold.

Another night, they arrived at a large village, situated in a beautiful region, the native country of the tamarind-tree. With the help of Moug Ing, he soon gathered a large and respectable assembly, to whom he held forth the word of life. Returning to the boat, they were followed by a succession of small parties begging very hard for tracts. As night closed in, the captain, not very kindly, pushed off into the river; but, determined to gain their point, the people gathered upon the shore, calling out,—“Teacher! are you asleep? We want a writing to get by heart.” “We will give you one,” shouted a voice from the boat, “if you will come and get it.” Instantly a long canoe was put off, and they got so near as to be able to reach a paper stuck on the end of a long pole. This lasted till nine o’clock; and, as the captain went ashore and passed through the village, he found in almost every house some native, at a lamp, reading aloud one of the tracts.

After a sail of one hundred and seventy miles from Rangoon, he landed one morning at Prome; and, accompanied by the only European resident, he repaired to the house of the governor. His wife, who, in her husband’s absence at Ava, was acting governor of the town, listened most earnestly to Mr. Judson’s words; but the “foreigner” was suspected by the people as “a spy,” and, only with the greatest difficulty, did he obtain a grant of an old ruinous zayat.

“We shall come and see you before long,” said

some passers-by, one day, as he was taking possession of the spot. And visitors began to appear, listening with apparent anxiety,—when, late on a Sabbath evening, a message arrived from the deputy-governor, demanding his name and title. The rumour spread, that he was a “spy in British pay;” and the visitors suddenly dropped away, till he was left without a solitary inquirer. In his closet, that evening, he sat “extremely dejected;” but,

“ With a passion half divine,”

he only felt it a new call to a life of self-consecration. “Never so heartily willing,” he wrote, “to enter into my rest; yet willing to offer, and I do with some peculiar feelings offer, my poor life to the Lord Jesus Christ, to do and to suffer whatever He shall appoint during my few remaining days. My followers,” he added, “feel some courage yet; for they have, I hope, a little faith, and they know also that, whatever storm comes, it will beat upon their teacher first.”

A week passed; and visitors again appeared. “I cannot but hope,” was his entry in his diary, one evening, “that two persons have this day obtained some discovery of the way of salvation through a crucified Saviour. But it is really affecting to see a poor native, when first he feels the pinch of truth. On the one side is hell; on the other, ridicule, reproach, confiscation of goods, imprisonment, and death.” One of these inquirers was a bright young man, once bearing a considerable title, and attached to the imperial court, but recently placed under ban, the victim of a false accusa-

tion. "I cannot think," were his words one day, "of embracing the religion of Christ, until the learned and the great lead the way." The day following, he "began to speak decidedly for Christ." And, two days later, Mr. Judson wrote:—"Moung A was with me in the afternoon: his case is becoming extremely interesting. He began last night to pray to the eternal God." And, five days afterwards:—"Oo Myat-pyoo appears to have taken the religion of Christ into his heart. He and Moung A bid fair to be the first-fruits of the mission here."

The deputy-governor had reported him to Ava; but, strong in his God, and "resolved to labour while the day lasted," he lost not a moment in urging forward the work. One day, taking his stand in a public *zayat* about a mile from home, he had an uninterrupted succession of visitors from morning till night; and, with the aid of three native fellow-labourers who preached in other spots, he brought the Gospel intelligibly that day to the ears of at least one hundred and fifty people who never had heard it before. Another day, after the crowd had dispersed, one man remained with him till night; and, two days afterwards, he "began to feel the force of truth." For two or three weeks, it appeared as if the whole town was roused to listen to "the news of an eternal God, of the mission of His Son the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the way of salvation through an atonement."

But the storm again gathered. At Ava, ever since he had left them at the close of the war, he had been

regarded with extreme suspicion ; and now, summoned one day to the court-house, he was strictly examined concerning his past life since he joined the British camp. The report was forwarded to the capital ; and instantly the king's ministry was in conference with the British resident, begging his advice and aid. "Dr. Judson," said they, "is come up to Prome, and is distributing tracts and abusing the Burmese religion, much to the annoyance of the king." "He is now," replied Major Burney, "exclusively devoted to missionary pursuits. I possess no power or authority over him ; but I know him to be a very good man, who will not injure the king or his government in any way." "The king is much vexed with him for his zeal in scattering among the people writings which condemn the Burmese faith, and his majesty is anxious to remove him from Prome." "But the king and his government have always been noted among civilised nations for their toleration towards all religious faiths ; and there are thousands whom the least molestation or injury of Dr. Judson would offend and grievously displease." "It is to avoid hurting him that we have consulted you. Will you write and advise him of the sentiments of the king?" "I repeat, he is no way connected with me or my government ; and I can issue no orders to him. I beg you to leave him alone." "No, we cannot: the king is greatly displeased. Will you only write?" "Well, I shall write : but remember, I have no right to interfere with him ; and, whatever letter he may receive from me, he will act as his own judgment

and conscience may dictate." "Only recommend him to return to Rangoon, and to confine his missionary labours within that city."

Meanwhile, he had some company at the zayat each day, and crowds on days of worship. Amidst many opposers, some were observed in distant corners listening eagerly, whilst five among them seemed to obtain "a little grace." But the "enemy's forces came on fresh and fierce;" the poor people became alarmed; an imperial order was issued for his own removal; and, in other ten days, he was afloat in his little boat manned by the three disciples, and was bidding adieu to Prome. At the water's edge, as the craft was gliding down the stream, there sat, pensive and sad, an inquirer—a government writer—who had paid sundry visits at the zayat, and had been hanging about there for hours before embarking. "Mark me as your disciple," were his parting words, uttered with much emotion: "I pray to God every day; do you also pray for me. As soon as I can get free from my present engagement, I intend to come down to Rangoon."

The next day was the Sabbath; and its hours of rest he dedicated to a solemn review of his three-months' sojourn in Prome. "There is no part of my missionary life," he wrote in his diary that day, "which I look back upon with more satisfaction, or, rather, with less dissatisfaction. This city was founded several hundred years before the Christian era. Through how many ages have the successive generations of its dark inhabitants lived and died, without the slightest know-

ledge of the Great Eternal, and of the only way of salvation which He has provided! At length, in the year 1830, it was ordered that a missionary of the Cross should sit down in the heart of the city, and from day to day, for above three months, pour forth divine truth in language which, if not eloquent and acceptable, was at least intelligible to all ranks. Thousands have heard of God who never, nor their ancestors, heard before. Frequently, in passing through the streets, and in taking my seat in the zayats, I have felt such a solemnity and awe on my spirit, as almost prevented me from opening my lips to communicate the momentous message with which I was charged. How the preacher has preached, and how the hearers have heard, the day of judgment will show. Oh, how many will find their everlasting chains more tight and intolerable on account of the warnings and entreaties they have received from my lips! But, blessed be God, there are some few whose faces I expect to see at the right hand of the great Judge." And, the next morning, as the city was disappearing in the distance, he added:—"Farewell to thee, Prome! Willingly would I have spent my last breath in thee and for thee. But thy sons ask me not to stay; and I must preach the gospel to other cities also, for therefore am I sent. If hereafter thou call me, though in the lowest whisper, and it reach me in the very extremities of the empire, I will joyfully listen and come back to thee."

Arriving in Rangoon, he found that in his absence new efforts had been made to check the work. Guards

had been stationed on the road leading to the house, at a little distance on each side. Heresy must be put down. A public example must be made. The result was, the crowds had vanished; and all the women, especially, had suspended their visits, lest they should be apprehended by government. But now the alarm had subsided; and inquirers began to show themselves again at the zayat. "They come," he writes, some weeks later, "from all parts of the country; and the thing is spreading and increasing every day." And, another day, he adds:—"I have chiefly confined myself to the garret of the house we occupy, in order to get a little time to go on with the translation of the Psalms, which was begun three years ago, but has hitherto been postponed for more important missionary work which was pressing upon us. Some of the disciples occupy the front part of the house below, and receive company and distribute tracts and portions of Scripture. The more hopeful visitors are shown the way up-stairs. But, notwithstanding this arrangement, I am interrupted about half my time. People find their way to me from all parts; and some, I trust, return with that light in their heads, and that love in their hearts, and that truth in their hands, which will operate as a little leaven until the whole mass be leavened."

"What have you been about, mother?" shouted three Burmans rudely and boisterously, one day, meeting unexpectedly their aged mother, who, after having been confined by them for weeks to prevent the deed, had just been confessing Christ in baptism. Happy that

she was now a full disciple,—life and death, praise and abuse, had become to her things of no moment; and, meeting her sons courageously, she meekly replied —“ I have been baptized into the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, to the entire renunciation of the religion of our ancestors.” The young men were awed, and, contrary to her fears, suffered her to proceed quietly home.

His own inner life grew apace. “ I send you this extract,” he wrote that autumn to a missionary’s wife, “ not because I think you have not given yourself to God, but to stir up your pure mind by way of remembrance. Remember, I pray you, that word of Brainerd, ‘ Do not think it enough to live at the rate of common Christians.’ True, they will call you uncharitable and censorious; but what is the opinion of poor worms of the dust, that it should deter us from our duty? Remember that other word of the same holy man— ‘ Time is but a moment, life a vapour, and all its enjoyments but empty bubbles and fleeting blasts of wind.’ The first duty of every lover of Christ, is to enter constantly within the veil, offering himself constantly a sacrifice to God, to obtain some sensible communion with the great Invisible; and his second, to come forth with a shining face, as Moses, and be ready to speak and do whatever God, by His word, providence, and indwelling Spirit, shall appoint. If we reverse this order, and wear out our lives in the most indefatigable services, without an habitual sense of holy unction and divine communion, God may, indeed, in mercy to souls, bless our labours in some degree; but our own souls,



just saved, will suffer great, irreparable loss through all eternity." And he added, in his own kind way :— " I sometimes try to pray for little Elmina, that the first dawn of her intellect may be accompanied with the dawn of heavenly light. Perhaps, if you pray a few words with her alone every day, and endeavour to direct the first thoughts of her young and tender mind to the crucified Saviour, she will grow up a better saint than her own mother."

An invitation reached him from America, to visit his native shores. " I am happy to inform the Board," he wrote, in reply, " that my health, which was rather impaired some time ago, is now quite good ; so that I should not feel justified in accepting their invitation to return home. At the same time, the kind feeling which dictated the invitation, and the affection, though undeserved, which breathes in every line, have made an indelible impression on my heart. I must confess, that, in meditating on the subject, I have felt an almost unconquerable desire to become personally acquainted with you all, as well as to rove once more over the hills and valleys of my own native land, to recognise the still surviving companions of my youth, and to witness the wide-spread and daily increasing glories of Immanuel's kingdom in that land of liberty, blest of heaven with temporal and spiritual blessings above all others. However, I anticipate a happier meeting, brighter plains, friends the same but more lovely and beloved ; and I expect soon to witness— yea, enjoy—that glory, in comparison of which all on

earth is but a shadow. With that anticipation I content myself, assured that we shall not then regret any instance of self-denial or of suffering, endured for the Lord of life and glory."

Some English travellers, visiting Rangoon, appeared one evening at the mission, "extremely anxious to see him." Ascending by a ladder, they entered, through a space like a trap-door, a large room with a low roof of uncovered beams, and with open window-frames, the furniture consisting of a table in the centre, a few stools, and a desk, with writings and books neatly arranged on one side. Cordially welcoming them, he was soon drawn by their inquiries into the most animated and glowing conversation respecting Burmah and its hopes. "I have completed the New Testament," said he, pointing to his books and manuscripts, lying before him on the desk, "and am as far as the Psalms in the Old; and, this once finished, I trust it may be the will of my heavenly Father to call me to my everlasting home." And then, speaking with confidence of the conversion-work going forward in Burmah, he added:—"I do not doubt, that, when the flame of Christianity does burst forth, it will surprise even me by its extent and brilliancy." The bats began to take their evening round; and, whirling closer and closer, they so disturbed the strangers with the flap of their heavy wings, that they reluctantly took their leave and departed. "And this, thought I, as I descended the dark ladder," writes one of the little party, "is the solitary abode of Judson, whom after-ages will designate most

justly the great and the good. It is the abode of one of whom the world is not worthy—of one who has been imprisoned, chained, and starved, and yet who dares still to prosecute his work in the midst of the people who have thus treated him. And here he is, amidst the trials, sufferings, and bereavements with which it has pleased Heaven to afflict him, still standing with his lamp brightly burning, waiting his Lord's coming."

Across the river stood clusters of villages, into which one of the converts went, one day, laden with tracts. He found the fields in that quarter also ready to the harvest. "I am more and more convinced," Mr. Judson wrote, alluding to this method of diffusing the light, "that Burmah is to be evangelised by tracts and portions of Scripture. They are a reading people, beyond any other in India. The press is the grand engine for Burmah. Every pull of brother Bennett at the press sends another ray of light through the darkness of the empire. By tracts, I mean not the single sheets or handbills, containing merely a scrap of Scripture, which, being wholly inadequate to give any full idea of the Christian religion, it is impossible to satisfy any poor soul with, when he holds out his hand for such spiritual food as his soul requires; but by tracts I mean, 'The View,' 'The Catechism,' 'The Balance,' and 'The Investigator.' I earnestly beg the brethren to wake up to the importance of sending a regular supply of these articles. We want them by thousands. Yesterday, we were obliged to give away ninety-five

tracts and Scriptures, besides refusing several. This morning, I took twenty in my hand, as usual; and, although I avoided streets and kept to the jungle, and walked as fast as possible, yet, notwithstanding every precaution, they fleeced me of fifteen by sunrise.” And, to another:—“I write in a hurry; for I am in the middle of the sixty-fifth Psalm: and, though I keep snug in the garret, I have had, within an hour, one man from Mad-dee-yah, who has come for tracts, having heard the gospel from one of the disciples at Prome; a writer from Kyouk-mau, brought hither by your inquirer Mounq Louk; a disciple from An-au-len; and Mounq Hming from Pan-ta-nau, who requests baptism, and brings also a message and request for tracts from Nah-kau-dau, who says he heard about Jesus Christ from a foreigner at Prome [Judson himself]. And, as I am alive, here come at this moment a priest and his followers. So farewell!”

Henry Martyn describes a Hindoo convert, whom he baptized one day, as “lowliness itself.” And, another day, in his diary, Martyn wrote of himself, thus:—“I would wish, like many, to be ever weeping at the feet of Jesus.” And an older saint than either once said:—“Now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.” Dwelling in the same light, Judson was learning the same self-abbhorrence. “I hope you will pray for me,” he writes; “for you have not such inveterate habits to struggle with as I have contracted through a long course of religious sinning. Oh, my past years in Rangoon are

spectres to haunt my soul; and they seem to laugh at me, as they shake the chains they have riveted on me. I can now do little more than beg my younger brethren and sisters not to live, as I have done, until the Ethiopian becomes so black that his skin cannot be changed. And yet," he adds, "I have sometimes sweet peace in Jesus, which the world can neither give nor take away. Oh, the freeness, the richness of divine grace through the blood of the cross! I love you both most sincerely, and hope shortly to be happy with you in the world of light, where we shall understand many mysteries which now seem dark to our dark minds. However, we have a glimpse of that light which shineth more and more to the perfect day."

He continued to grow personally in grace. "As to the other matter," he writes, some months later, "the land of Beulah lies beyond the valley of the Shadow of Death. Many Christians spend all their days in a continual bustle doing good. They are too busy to find either the valley or Beulah. 'Virtues they have, but they are full of the life and attractions of nature, and are unacquainted with the paths of mortification and death.' Let us die as soon as possible, and by whatever process God shall appoint. And, when we are dead to the world, to nature, and to self, we shall begin to live to God."\* And these

\* Dr. Judson at this time was much interested in the *Life of Madame Guyon*, and used to ascribe to it not a little of his growth in grace. That remarkable woman was a disciple of Molinos, respecting whom the reader is referred to a small volume entitled, "*Thoughts and Aphorisms on the Christian Life*," lately published.

were not the pietistic reveries of a recluse. "On Tuesday," he continues, respecting a great Burman festival, "we gave away three hundred tracts; on Wednesday, eight hundred; on Thursday, nine hundred; on Friday (the full moon), seven hundred; on Saturday, eleven hundred; on Sunday, eight hundred; on Monday, five hundred. On Tuesday, the immense crowd of boats began to move off. That day, at the house, we gave away six hundred; on Wednesday, seven hundred; on Thursday (to-day), five hundred." And he adds:—"We don't give to every one we meet, but to those only who ask earnestly. Don't think the tracts you print, and stitch, and trim, with a great deal of labour, and send here, are lost. I am persuaded, after a great deal of enquiry, that not one in a hundred is destroyed. And I trust that most of them will come to light in the day of judgment."

. The viceroy had lately been solicited by two subordinate officers to persecute; but, being a quiet, good-natured man, and wishing to preserve the peace, though in no way favourable to the gospel, he declined. Each act of worship was conducted so secretly, that the government scarcely knew that there were any native converts; but the work, nevertheless, proceeded. "The most prominent feature in the mission at present," Judson writes, "is the surprising spirit of inquiry which is spreading everywhere, through the whole length and breadth of the land. I sometimes feel alarmed, like a person who sees a mighty engine beginning to move, over which he knows that he has

no control.” And he adds:—“ Our house is frequently crowded with company ; but I am obliged to leave them to Mounng Ing, one of the best of assistants, in order to get time for the translation. Is this right? Happy is the missionary who goes to a country where the Bible is translated to his hand.”

In the midst of these labours, a stroke startled him, deeply wounding his tenderly sensitive heart. “ One of the brightest luminaries of Burmah,” he writes, “ is extinguished. Dear brother Boardman has gone to his eternal rest. I have heard no particulars, except that he died on returning from his last expedition to the Karen villages, within one day’s march of Tavoy. He fell gloriously at the head of his troops, in the arms of victory, thirty-eight wild Karens having been brought into the camp of King Jesus within the preceding two months, besides the thirty-two who were brought in during the two previous years. Disabled by mortal wounds, he was obliged, through the whole of his last expedition, to be carried on a litter ; but his presence was a host, and the Holy Spirit accompanied his dying whispers with almighty influence. Such a death—next to that of martyrdom—must be glorious in the eyes of Heaven. Well may we rest assured that a triumphal crown awaits him on the great day, and ‘ Well done, good and faithful Boardman, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord !’ I have great confidence in sister Boardman, that she will not desert her husband’s post, but carry on the work which he has gloriously

begun." And to the bereaved widow he wrote:—"You are now drinking the bitter cup, whose dregs I am somewhat acquainted with. I can only advise you to take the cup with both hands, and sit down quietly to the bitter repast which God has appointed for your sanctification. As to your beloved, you *know* that all his tears are wiped away, and that the diadem which encircles his brow now outshines the sun. Little Sarah and the other have again found their father—not the frail, sinful mortal whom they left on earth, but an immortal saint, a magnificent, majestic being. What more can you desire for them? While, therefore, your tears flow, let a due proportion be tears of joy. Yet take the bitter cup with both hands, and sit down to your repast. You will soon learn a secret, that there is sweetness at the bottom. You will find it the sweetest cup that ever you tasted in all your life. You will find heaven coming near to you; and familiarity with your husband's voice will be a connecting link, drawing you almost within the sphere of celestial music."

Some months passed; and another great Burman festival summoned vast multitudes from the remotest parts to worship at the Rangoon pagoda, where were enshrined "several real hairs of Gautama." Ten thousand tracts were given, in each case to those only who asked. And at the house there were not fewer than six thousand inquirers. "Sir," were the touching words of some visitors, who had come two or three months' journey from the borders of Siam



and China, "we hear that there is an eternal hell. We are afraid of it. Do give us a writing, which will tell us how to escape it." "Sir," asked another group, from the frontiers of Kathay, a hundred miles north of Ava, "we have seen a writing which tells about an eternal God. Are you the man who gives away such writings? If so, pray give us one; for we want to know the truth before we die." "Are you," enquired a third group, from the interior of the country, where the name of Jesus Christ was now a little known, "Are *you* Jesus Christ's man? Give us a writing which tells about Jesus Christ."

From these scenes the Macedonian cry was wafted across the ocean. "It is most distressing to find," was Judson's burning appeal, "that when we are almost worn out, and are sinking one after another into the grave, many of our brethren in Christ *at home* are just as hard and immoveable as rocks—just as cold and repulsive as the mountains of ice in the Polar Seas. But, whatever they do, we cannot sit still and see the dear Burmans—flesh and blood like ourselves, and, like ourselves, possessed of immortal souls, that will shine for ever in heaven, or burn for ever in hell—go down to perdition without doing our very utmost to save them. And, thanks be to God, our labours are not in vain. We have three lovely churches, and about two hundred baptized converts; and some are in glory. A spirit of religious enquiry is extensively spreading throughout the country; and the signs of the times indicate that the great renovation of Burmah

is drawing near. Oh, if we had about twenty more versed in the language, and means to spread schools, and tracts, and Bibles, to any extent,—how happy I should be! But those rocks, and those icy mountains, have crushed us down for many years.”

At Maulmain, meanwhile, new blanks had occurred; for the Wades had been ordered home. And, at the request of the enfeebled remnant, Dr. Judson returned, to the great joy of the native Christians, who crowded to welcome him on the shore. “I am startled and terrified to find,” he writes, “that, by several unexpected moves, I am left, as it were, alone,—there being not another foreigner in all the country who can preach the gospel to the perishing millions, north and south, or can feed the infant churches. My prayers to God, and my entreaties to my brethren at home, seem to have equal efficacy. Since the last missionaries left home, I perceive no farther signs of life. All seem to have gone to slumbering and sleeping.” And he adds:—“Pour out, O Lord, Thy Holy Spirit upon all our feeble efforts, that we may be more successful; and upon Thy baptized people at home, that they may begin at last to wake up to the subject of missions, even though they have been sleeping these eighteen years—not to say, centuries!”

Aiming, with his characteristic energy, at the utmost possible measure of communion with his God, he laboured to subdue every passion which might hinder his heavenliness. From his earliest youth, for example, he had felt a craving for fame; and, even yet,

after all his sufferings, he was not without the emotion of the stricken warrior, who

“ Is glad that his wounds are salved with glory.”

A posthumous reputation was the form which the “ sweet self-homage ” now assumed. Startled one day by that saying of the Lord, “ How can ye believe, who receive honour one of another ? ” he committed to the flames a letter of thanks which he had received from the Governor-general of India for his services, and gave the most peremptory instructions for the destruction of all his correspondence.

Another snare which he dreaded, was his intense love for his friends. “ How much I love you all, dear brethren, and sisters, and disciples,” he had written, one day, from Prome, to friends in Rangoon and Maulmain, “ I cannot tell ! And, did I not expect soon to meet you in heaven and be happy with you for ever, I should be quite unwilling to live an exile, far from you, in this dark land.” But, finding, on his return to some of them, that they threatened to supplant in his heart the blessed God as the supreme object of his affection, he adopted the expedient of retiring to a small bamboo house in the jungle, where, for weeks together, he devoted himself to his studies and to converse with God, living on the most spare food, and seeing only inquirers who came to him for instruction. Once, for forty days, he retired from this hermitage to a thick jungle, so remote from all human habitation, that even a pagoda, once erected near it by some stern devotee of

Gautama, was now moss-grown and forsaken. Wandering over the hills each morning early with his Bible, he would sit down among the wild bushes to read, and meditate, and pray,—returning at night to the hermitage to sleep. One morning, on arriving at the spot, he found in it a rude bamboo-seat, surmounted by a canopy of branches to shield him from the scorching sun. Long afterwards, a friend discovered that the kind hand was that of a convert, whose warm affection for Judson had led him to go out in the dusk, in the face of prowling tigers and hyænas, and do this little deed of love. The natives, when they heard of these forty days' retreat in the jungle, and of Judson's preservation from the wild beasts, used to pronounce it a repetition of the miracle of Daniel in the lions' den.

Another temptation which beset him was “a peculiar form of the dread of death—not the separation of the soul from the body, nor any doubt of his acceptance with God, but a nervous shrinking from decay and corruption, from the mildewing and mouldering in dark, damp, silent ghastliness.” It was the result, he believed, of “pride and self-love;” and, to mortify it, he had a grave dug, and would sit for hours gazing into it, “imagining how each feature and limb would appear days, months, and years after it had lain there.”

Some will pronounce these austerities asceticism. But such acts, as well as a habit of frequent fasting which he continued to the close of his life, were done, not in the spirit of bondage, but in the exercise of a

child-like confidence, and in the midst of unceasing labours on behalf of perishing men. They were done, not imitatively because other holy men had done them, but in the strong instinct of a soul craving a fellowship with the Eternal which he found so rudely hindered by "the body of this death." Who art thou, O man, that sittest in the chair of the censor? Israel, strong in faith, marched victoriously through the sea: the Egyptians, assaying — without Israel's faith — to do the same act, were drowned.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Scene at Rangoon—Royal tank—A group—Steadfast faith—Two sleepers—Bamboo-raft—Converts—Karen Bible—Whitened fields—“Feed the gnäts”—Village-scene—The one tract—“Fine-spun systems”—Children of the forest—Native ministry—Three students—Dress—Satan fretting—“Barking in concert”—A chief—Not daring to think—The missionary life—“Mere skeletons”—The grindstone—“Pride of humble men”—“Genteel living”—Power of gentleness—Scenes on the river—“Taking into port”—Aged convert—“God is with me”—Demon of diseases—The translation—Privacy—Daily maxims—Compassion for souls—An appeal—“Devoted for life”—Tact—“My anvil”—The little triangular corner—How to shine—Sum of converts—Missionary’s business—Manuscript-Bible finished—Great triumph.

At Rangoon, one morning early, as the sun’s brilliant rays were reflected from the gilded spires of a hundred pagodas, and multitudes of a snow-white bird, called the rice-bird, were filling with their orisons the beautiful grove of mango-trees,—there were moving along towards a little lake, styled the “Royal tank,” a happy group of Karens, longing to confess Christ. Among the company were two youthful inquirers, whose baptism had

been delayed;—the one because, “though exceedingly interesting,” he “appeared scarcely to have enough counted the cost;” and the other, because he “had not sufficiently seen the evil of his heart.” Now kneeling at the edge of the lake, the converts lifted up their hearts in thanksgiving; and, coming up out of the water, they returned to their jungle with a chastened, holy joy. They were the fruit of the labours of Kothah-byoo, in the neighbourhood of Rangoon. Not long after, one of them was seized by the head-man of their village, and was questioned somewhat roughly about his new religion. “I believe,” was his prompt reply, “in Jesus Christ, and no more worship the gnäts, or the pagodas, or images,—nor drink spirits. I worship the Eternal God.” He was fined sixty-five rupees, and was ordered to renounce the “foreigners’ religion.” “Well, now,” said Judson, as the convert was narrating the incident next day, “I suppose you are all very much afraid?” “Some of the people are afraid,” replied one of them, “not the disciples; but they meet every Sabbath, one or two hundred of them, to hear Jesus Christ’s law.” “But, perhaps, the rulers will take your money or whip you: why are you not afraid?” “Because,” said the Karen, with an air of quiet confidence, “the Eternal God governs.”

Under a broad-leaved plantain, two sleepers were awoke one morning by a strange rustling among the bushes. Within a few feet of them were the new-made footprints of a tiger. Another day, a slight bamboo-raft was rolling over a fall in the Tenasserim, and pre-

pitching its cargo into the seething waters beneath. The wanderers were San Quala and the missionary Mason, hastening from hamlet to hamlet and from glen to glen, preaching to the Karens the gospel of the kingdom. Before many weeks had passed, the converts numbered two hundred and fifty-seven.

Another work was accomplished by them. There being no written literature, but only a mass of fictitious tales floating in the people's memories, and related in fire-side circles in the long rainy nights,—Quala had committed to paper every poem or story which any one knew, and thus had created a Karen literature, in prose and in verse, of several manuscript volumes. In this way, the missionary, having ascertained the words current among the people, had taken in hand a translation of the New Testament. Day after day, and night after night, as intervals of leisure occurred in the work of preaching, the two labourers might be seen poring over the sacred page, longing to give to the people the word of life. And, at length, the pleasant task was finished,—the Karens read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. “Consider the generation of the fathers,” said Quala, one day, to his fellow-Karens; “they had no books; they had none to teach them anything; they had no teachers. Of the things in heaven and the things on earth they knew nothing; but now, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the American teachers from the West have come and taught us, and we have obtained books in our own language. Let us, then, in the



strength of God, put forth strenuous efforts to acquire a knowledge of books; for, should the teachers leave, we should be left as orphans. While they are with us, let us make every possible effort to study, so that we may understand for ourselves independently, and, should the teachers be no longer with us, we may be able to instruct each other." Other publications followed; and so earnest was the study pursued in the different schools, that, before many years, the "ignorant Karens" were to be on a level, in intelligence and in Christian knowledge, with almost any Christian community.

The scene is shifted; and we are in another village of the Karen jungle, listening to Ko-thah-byoo. Crowds have been coming and going all day long, so that the building is already breaking down; and from morning to night he has been speaking to them of Christ. "Come among us," is their cry, as the preacher is obliged to leave them, "and we will build zayats and school-houses." And the only answer he can give them is, "Oh, for labourers to enter this whitened field, and to gather the golden grain!" "Come," said a Burman Karen to his neighbour, one day, after the missionary was gone, "join our worship again, and feed the gnäts."\* "No," was the reply, unhesitating and decisive: "I mean to worship Jesus Christ to the end of my life." "But will Jesus save you from the power

\* The "gnäts" are beings superior to man, but inferior to the chief god; some of them inhabiting the lower heavenly regions, and others having dominion over different portions of the earth and sky.

of the gnäts?" "I have been told so; and I believe it. I know that the gnäts cannot save me from sickness or from death, though I should feed them ever so much; and I mean to go to Rangoon as soon as I can, and find out more of Jesus Christ." A week or two afterwards, the inquirer was told that this tempter had been employed by Satan to seduce him into sin. "I do not know," was the reply; "but it looks very much like it."

In a village, two days' journey from Rangoon, might be seen, every Sabbath morning, an assembly of about two hundred worshippers, exhorting one another, and praying, and reading their solitary tract—the only publication except a spelling-book which had yet reached them in their language. "Send us," was the urgent petition of a deputation of their number one day at Rangoon, "send us some one to baptize the willing converts; they are like fruit fully ripe in the wilderness, only wanting to be gathered." And, another day, a group arrived from the village, to join the mission-worship. It was Saturday evening; and, after lifting their voices in prayer and singing a Karen hymn, they retired for the night to their mats on the verandah, from which rose once more the song of praise. The Sabbath was truly a feast of love. "These simple Karens," wrote the missionary, as they left the next day for their mountain-homes, "unshackled by the fine-spun systems of the Burmans, hear the gospel with cheering benefit." And, a Saturday or two later, another group appeared, earnestly desiring baptism.

Four were accepted, making a total of twenty-two within the space of three weeks. "The instruments in this work of grace," is the missionary's entry in his diary, "have been three men, and two lads under fifteen years, scarcely one of whom can read. How great is the grace of God, to render the truth so plain that the mere child may teach enough, if it be received with unwavering faith in God, to purify the heart and life, and to prove the salvation of the soul!" A year or two passed; and, for the first time, the village was visited by a missionary. Within the space of a week, one hundred and sixty-seven were baptized. "These children of the forest," wrote an eye-witness who had lately arrived in Burmah, "sustained as good an examination as any of an equal number I ever witnessed in America. The helpless condition of man as a sinner, and the way of salvation through Christ alone, were truths apparently understood by all; and, though they had every reason to expect that cruel persecution would be the result of their professed allegiance to the Saviour, yet theirs were the confidence and the joy of those who could say, 'I know in whom I have believed.' In this section," he added, "are probably a hundred or more believing Karens, who are still waiting for an opportunity to be baptized."

It had been Judson's steady aim to raise up a *native ministry*. Believing that without it Christianity could never *take root* among a people, he had surrounded himself with men whose gifts and graces seemed to promise success in the work of evangelisation. One

of his most marked characteristics was the art he possessed of attaching labourers to his service, and of stimulating them to hopeful effort. Starting, for example, one day from Maulmain, he found in the jungle nineteen converts ; and, in the course of ten days, three of the most intelligent of them had arrived at Maulmain, with their wives and families, to attend the adult school, that they might be qualified to read and interpret the Scriptures to their countrymen. "The plan," he wrote, "will involve some expense, as they must, of course, be supported while at school. Each family will require six or seven rupees per month. But I know of no way in which a little money can be laid out to greater advantage for the promotion of the cause of truth among this people. Whilst the men are at school, their families will be acquiring a little civilisation and Christian knowledge, which will render them useful when they return to their native wilds."

Three months passed ; and he again set out, taking with him the three scholars, and six ripened converts, "all good men and true." In one village, they found the little church lamenting the loss of its leader—the first of those northern Karens who had arrived safe in heaven. In another place, a man and his wife had died in the faith ; they had not been baptized and had never seen any foreign missionary, but both had departed in peace, the man enjoining his surviving friends to lay on his breast the "View of the Christian Religion," and to bury it with him. Arriving at another

village, they were "delighted with the prompt and intelligent replies" of a convert who had come from a neighbouring hamlet, desiring baptism. Adorned with "twelve strings of all manner of beads around her neck," and "with a due proportion of ear, arm, and leg ornaments," she was examined and approved without one remark on the subject of her decorations. But, the next morning, as the missionary was animadverting, at worship, on the female dress of the district, he was startled to observe the lady, as well as two others who were with her, divesting themselves, on the spot, of every article which could be deemed merely ornamental. It was done by them "with evident pleasure, and with good resolution to persevere in adherence to the plain-dress system." Prosecuting their journey, they had, in another village, "a crowded meeting,"—a venerable old man coming forward at the close and witnessing a good confession, whilst his son, though convinced of the truth, and giving some evidence of grace, "could not resolve at once on entire abstinence from rum." After baptizing eight converts, he proceeded to another village, where one man and his wife "embraced the truth, at first hearing." The inquirer joined the missionary group; and, two days afterwards, as they halted at another village, he exclaimed, "See, here is water! will you baptize me?" At first, they hesitated; and, "much disappointed and grieved," he said, "Ah, I may not live to see you again, and to have it in my power to confess Jesus Christ." The

brethren received him ; and he returned home rejoicing, “ resolving to tell all his neighbours what ‘ great things the Lord had done for him.’ ”

In a village about a mile inland, the whole little community, as one man, embraced the gospel. Two were baptized—a man and his wife, the latter possessing “ the best intellect, as well as the strongest faith,” which the missionary had found among this people. Though rather advanced in life, they agreed to come to Maulmain the next rainy season, that they might learn to read,—Mr. Judson promising to support them for a few months. “ They followed us,” he writes, “ all the way to the boat ; and the woman stood looking after us, until we were out of sight.” On their way down the river, they found at another village two men and their wives, who, having heard the gospel before, “ gave good evidence of having the grace of God,” and had now made up their minds to be baptized. The next day, they were welcomed joyfully into fellowship. Further on, a young man “ drank in the truth,” and promised to follow them to Maulmain ; whilst, at another hamlet, a man threatened to turn his aged father out of doors, if he embraced Christianity—“ a thing,” adds Judson, “ perhaps not to be regretted, for Satan never frets without cause.” Entering another place, they heard that the chief was favourable to the gospel ; but he had gone up the river, and the people “ did not dare to think in his absence.” A few miles further down, they came upon a village inhabited chiefly by Buddhist Karens. The children and dogs cried and barked in

concert; and, after sending word that, if any wished to hear him, he would come again in the evening, he relieved them by retreating to the boat. The chief sent a message, that, if he came, he would not refuse to listen. Arriving about sunset, he was sent off to an old deserted room; and the chief and a few confidential friends deigned at length to draw near. "And what a hard suspicious face did he exhibit!" writes Judson. "And how we had to coax him to join in a little regular worship! It was, at least, an hour before he would consent at all. But, in the course of worship, his features softened, and his mind 'crossed over,' as he expressed it, to our religion; and I returned to the boat inclined to believe that all things are possible with God." In another village, the chief volunteered a site for a zayat; and one of the converts was appointed to superintend its erection, and afterwards to minister to the station: six hearers "appeared to be near the kingdom of heaven." And, two days later, the chief of a hamlet "listened with the utmost eagerness till after midnight," and, the following day, was baptized—the first Karen chief in those parts who had been received into the church. His people, to a man, held back,—taking side with his eldest son, who was a Buddhist priest. About a month elapsed; and, during a second visit, his wife and eldest daughter declared themselves on the side of Christ.

In the midst of these labours, a letter reached Judson one day, from a body of students in the United States, soliciting his advice regarding the "missionary life."

If ever a man was entitled to speak with authority on such a theme, it was this prince of missionaries. "*First*," said he, in reply, "let it be a missionary *life*; that is, come out for life, and not for a limited term. Do not fancy that you have a true missionary spirit, while you are intending all along to leave the heathen soon after acquiring their language. Leave them! for what? To spend the rest of your days in enjoying the ease and plenty of your native land! *Secondly*: Take care that the attention you receive at home, the unfavourable circumstances in which you will be placed on board ship, and the unmissionary examples you may possibly meet with at some missionary stations, do not transform you from living missionaries to mere skeletons, before you reach the place of your destination. *Thirdly*: Beware of the reaction which will take place, after you have acquired the language, and have become fatigued and worn out with preaching the gospel to a disobedient and gainsaying people. You will sometimes long for a quiet retreat, where you can find a respite from the tug of toiling at native work—the incessant, intolerable friction of the missionary grindstone. And Satan will sympathise with you in this matter; and he will present some chapel of ease in which to officiate in your native tongue—some government-situation—some professorship or editorship—some literary or scientific pursuit—some supernumerary translation—or, at least, some system of schools; anything, in a word, which will help you, without much surrender of character, to slip out of real missionary work. Such a temptation will



form the crisis of your disease. If your spiritual constitution can sustain it, you recover; if not, you die. *Fourthly*: Beware of pride—not the pride of proud men, but the pride of humble men; that secret pride which is apt to grow out of the consciousness that we are esteemed by the great and good. This pride sometimes eats out the vitals of religion, before its existence is suspected. *Fifthly*: Beware of genteel living. Maintain as little intercourse as possible with fashionable European society.” And he concluded with a prayer that they might be “guided in all their deliberations, and that he might yet have the pleasure of welcoming some of them to those heathen shores.”

Henry Martyn, one day, summed up the lesson which a scene in India had taught him, thus:—“The power of gentleness is irresistible.” A few days after writing these counsels, Judson was out in one of the Karen villages, and was startled by the sudden return of one of the converts, trembling all over with rage. Mounz Zu-thee had been away preaching, and had encountered a Burman priest with a train of novices, who, not liking his doctrine, had fallen upon him and given him a sound beating. Nothing would satisfy him but that Mr. Judson should forthwith assemble his little force, and, seizing the offenders, deliver them up to justice. “I did assemble them,” Judson writes; “and, all kneeling down, I praised God that He had counted one of our number worthy to suffer a little for His Son’s sake, and prayed that He would grant unto us a spirit of forgiveness, and to our persecutors every blessing,

temporal and spiritual ; after which we left the field of battle with cool and happy minds."

The work proceeded. Stopping, on the river, wherever they could catch a listening ear, they met at one place "two very attentive hearers," who sat up nearly all the night, drinking in the truth. One of them became urgent for baptism ; and, on narrating his present and past experience from the time he first had listened to the gospel, he was received into the fellowship of the church. The next day, in another village, the old man, whose son had threatened to turn him out of doors, came forward with his wife before a little assembly ; and both witnessed a good confession. "The truth," Judson wrote, on leaving it, "is evidently spreading here ; one inquirer after another is coming over to the side of Christ." And, in a village several miles inland, he had "a profoundly attentive, though small, audience." "We felt," says he, "that the Holy Spirit sent home the truth in a peculiar manner. Some of the disciples were engaged in religious discussions and prayer a great part of the night."

One day, after visiting a village from which on a previous occasion he had received "a respectful message, desiring them to go about their business," and after having preached to some attentive listeners, he was sailing up the river, when he fell in with a boat containing several of the listeners of yesterday, one of whom declared his resolution to "enter the new religion." That group was scarcely gone, when another

boat came up, full of men. "Do you wish," enquired Judson, auguring from the look of the party that they were bent on some such errand, "to hear the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Yes," exclaimed an elderly man, the chief of the party. "I have already heard much of the gospel; and there is nothing I desire more than to have a meeting with the teacher." "Our boats," Judson writes, "were soon side by side, where, after a short engagement, the old man struck his colours, and begged us to take him into port, where he could make a proper surrender of himself to Christ. We accordingly went to the shore, and spent several hours very delightfully, under the shade of the overhanging trees, and under the banner of the love of Jesus. The old man's experience was so clear, and his desire for baptism so strong, that, though circumstances prevented our gaining so much testimony of his good conduct since believing as we usually require, we felt that it would be wrong to refuse his request. The old man went on his way, rejoicing aloud, and declaring his resolution to make known the eternal God, and the dying love of Jesus, all along the banks of his native stream." And Judson adds:—"The dying words of an aged man of God, when, waving his withered, death-struck arm, he exclaimed, 'The best of all is, God is with us,' I feel in my very soul. Yes, the Great Invisible is in these Karen wilds. That mighty Being, who heaped up these craggy rocks, and reared these stupendous mountains, and poured out these streams in all directions, and scattered immortal beings throughout

these deserts,—He is present by His Holy Spirit, and accompanies the sound of the gospel with converting, sanctifying power. ‘The best of all is, God is with us.’

‘ In *these* deserts let me labour,  
On *these* mountains let me tell  
How He died—the blessed Saviour—  
To redeem a world from hell.’ ”

Satan, meanwhile, was not idle. Arriving at another village, they found a disciple who, in a moment of anxiety on account of the sudden illness of her child, had been tempted to make an offering to the “demon of diseases,” and had remained ever since in an impenitent, prayerless state. She met the teacher with an averted eye, refusing to listen to his words. It was an affecting case. Her husband and herself were surrounded by enemies, who had been employing every art to induce them to apostatise; and, since their baptism at Mr. Judson’s former visit, they had not seen the face of a disciple or heard one encouraging word. But now, blinded by the deceitfulness of sin, and refusing to express sorrow, they were suspended from fellowship, and were “left to the mercy and judgment of God.” It was thus that, amidst unequalled successes, the “earthen vessel” was taught where alone resided “the excellency of the power.”

Returning once more to Maulmain, after a month’s wanderings in the jungle, and after baptizing nineteen Karens,—he found brother Bennett arrived from Calcutta with a complete fount of types. And he wrote :—

“Must I, then, relinquish my intention of making another trip up the river before the rains set in? Must I relinquish for many months, and perhaps for ever, the pleasure of singing, as I go—

‘ In these deserts let me labour,  
On these mountains let me tell ’ ?

Truly the tears fall as I write.” But, just at that moment, a missionary arrived from another station, who could take charge of the evangelistic work. And, finding that, by confining himself exclusively to the task, he would be able to finish the entire Burman Bible within the space of two years,—he resolved to consecrate to it his whole energies. “I have, therefore,” says he, “retired to a room which I had previously prepared, at the end of the native chapel, where I propose, if life be spared, to shut myself up for the next two years; and I beg the prayers of my friends that in my seclusion I may enjoy the presence of the Saviour and that special aid in translating the inspired Word which I fully believe will be vouchsafed in answer to humble, fervent prayer.”

Six months elapsed; and he had made such progress with the Old Testament that he hoped to finish it before the end of another year. A veil rests over the privacy of that season; but a few vestiges may be traced, in certain rules which guided each day's business:—“1. Rise at light (in general). 2. Pray, morning, noon, and night. 3. Read nothing in English, which has not a devotional tendency. 4.

Never speak an idle word. 5. Check the first risings of anger. 6. Deny self at every turn, so far as consistent with life, health, and usefulness. 7. Embrace every opportunity of doing any favour to a child of God. 8. Learn to distinguish and obey the internal impulse of the Holy Spirit." And he yearned with a freshening tenderness over souls. "We are in distress," he wrote home, one day. "We see thousands perishing around us. Our hearts bleed, when we think of poor Mergui and the Karens in that vicinity, many of whom are ready to embrace the gospel and be saved. Of all the places which now cry around us, we think that Kyouk Phyoo cries the loudest. No; we listen again, and the shrill cry of golden Ava rises above them all. O Ava! Ava! with thy metropolitan walls and gilded turrets, thou sittest a lady among these Eastern nations; but our hearts bleed for thee! In thee is no Christian Church, no missionary of the Cross. O God of mercy! have mercy on Pagan and Promé (poor Promé!), on Ava and Bassein, on old Pegu and the provinces of Arracan, on all the Karens and the kingdom of Siam! Aid us in the solemn and laborious work of translating and printing thy holy, inspired Word, in the languages of these heathen! Oh, keep our faith from failing, our spirits from sinking, and our mortal frames from giving way prematurely under the influence of the climate and the pressure of our labours! Have mercy on the churches of the United States; hold back the curse of Meroz; continue and perpetuate the heavenly revivals of religion which they have begun

to enjoy ; and may the time soon come when no church shall dare to sit under Sabbath and sanctuary privileges without having one of their number to represent them on heathen ground ! Have mercy on the theological seminaries, and hasten the time when one half of all who yearly enter the ministry shall be taken by thy Holy Spirit, and *driven* into the wilderness, feeling a sweet necessity laid on them, and the precious love of Christ and of souls constraining them ! Adorn thy beloved one in her bridal vestments, that she may shine forth in immaculate beauty and celestial splendour ! Come, O our Bridegroom ! Come, Lord Jesus ! come quickly ! Amen and Amen."

And his sympathies were ever flowing, wherever there was a weeping eye. "Infinite love," we find him writing to one whose little girls were sailing for America, "in the person of the Lord Jesus, is even now looking down upon you, and will smile, if you offer Him your bleeding, breaking heart. All created excellence and all ardour of affection proceed from Him. He loves you far more than you love your children ; and He loves them also, when presented in the arms of faith, far more than you can conceive. Give them, therefore, to His tender care. He will, I trust, restore them to you under greater advantages, and united to Himself ; and you, who now sow in tears, shall reap in joy. And on the bright plains of heaven they shall dwell in your arms for ever ; and you shall hear their celestial songs, sweetened and heightened by your present sacrifices and tears.

‘Sovereign love appoints the measure  
And the number of our pains,  
And is pleased when we take pleasure  
In the trials He ordains.’”

When Henry Martyn left England for India, “he left it wholly for Christ’s sake, and he *left it for ever.*” Nothing so wounded Judson as the temptations which he found the churches at home presenting to missionaries to make a stepping-stone of the heathen-field. “It is with regret and consternation,” he wrote to the Secretary of the Board, “that we have just learned that a new missionary has come out for a limited term of years. I much fear that this will occasion a breach in our mission. How can we, who are devoted for life, cordially take to our hearts and councils one who is a mere hireling? I have seen the beginning, middle, and end of several limited-term missionaries. They are all good for nothing. They come out for a few years, with the view of acquiring a stock of credit on which they may vegetate the rest of their days in the congenial climate of their native land. As to lessening the trials of the candidate for missions, it is just what ought not to be done. Missionaries need more trials on their first setting out, instead of less. The motto of every missionary—whether preacher, printer, or schoolmaster—ought to be, ‘*Devoted for life.*’ A few days ago, brother Kincaid was asked by a Burmese officer of government how long he intended to stay. ‘Until all Burmah worship the eternal God,’ was the prompt



reply. If the limited-term system, which begins to be fashionable in some quarters, gain the ascendancy, it will be the death-blow of missions." And he added : — "Excuse my freedom of speech, and believe me to be, with all faithfulness and respect, your 'devoted for life,' A. JUDSON."

He had a singular tact in the management of men. An occasion for its exercise occurred in the remuneration of the native labourers. "I can assure you, from long experience," he wrote to a missionary, who had been soliciting his advice, "that you can seldom, if ever, satisfy Burmans, Talings, or Karens, by giving them stated, specified, known wages. However much it may be, they will soon be murmuring for 'more 'bacco,' like their betters. Few of the natives that I pay know how much they get. No word on the subject ever passes between me and them. I contrive, at unequal intervals, to pop a paper of rupees — five, ten, or fifteen — into their hands, in the most arbitrary way, and without saying a word. But I take accurate note of every payment; and at the end of the year, or of the period for which they are employed, I manage to have paid them such a sum as amounts to so much per month, the rate agreed upon by my brethren. This plan occasions less trouble than one is apt to think at first; at any rate, not so much trouble as to be in hot water all the time about their 'wages.' However, I only show you my anvil. Hammer your tools on it, or on another of your own invention, as you like." The native assistants were never allowed

by the mission enough for their support, but enough with the aid which the respective congregations were required to furnish. The sum granted was four rupees monthly, and they “ never lost a man worth retaining.” The language of every one in the field was, “ Were the teachers all to go away, I would still preach—I would not forsake the work.”

At intervals, he would repair to the Karen jungle, speaking to many willing ears about Christ. But his main resort was the “ little triangular corner,” “ toiling on at the Old Testament.” “ I have no family or living creature about,” he writes from it, “ that I can call my own, except one dog, Fidelia, which belonged to little Maria, and which I value more on that account. Since the death of her little mistress, she has ever been with me; but she is now growing old, and will die before long, and I am sure I shall shed more than one tear when poor Fidee goes. It is near ten o’clock, and I am worn out with the day’s work. I had a somewhat remarkable instance of Divine guidance last Friday, in a private case of conscience which had troubled me for some time. It was as if I had seen with my bodily eyes my own adorable Saviour pointing out the particular passage and shedding a flood of light on the sacred page. May you both be blessed, in body and soul, and be burning and shining lights in Rangoon, and throughout Burmah! and you *will* be, if you venture to follow Christ *throughout*, and to be holy as He is holy.”

In the dozen years which had elapsed since Judson

landed, there had now been received into the Church's fellowship one hundred and forty-seven Burmans, two hundred and ninety-two Karens, and one hundred and fifty-three foreigners, making a total of five hundred and ninety-two. His great aim, as each new missionary appeared on the field, was to engage every voice, and every heart, in the direct preaching of the gospel. Burmah must be pervaded with it, and Arracan, and the whole Karen country. And he could not brook any delay. "Look at dear Boardman," he wrote, as some of them would "rust" at Maulmain, poring in private over the language. "In eleven months after landing at Amherst, he was in Tavoy. And what a light he kindled up during his short life! And now, with the New Testament in hand, and with tracts and prayers all prepared, a young missionary can begin to preach and exhort very soon. Why should not he dash, for example, into Toung-oo, or some other place—get the language from the living sounds—and build up a church,—thus kindling up a bright light which will never go out?"

And another work went forward. "I did hope at one time," he wrote, on the closing day of the year,\* "to be able to insert, under this date, a notice of the completion of the Old Testament; but, though I have long devoted nearly all my time to that work, I have found it so heavy, and my health (as usual at this season) so poor, that, though near the goal, I cannot yet say I have attained." At length, he completed his

\* 1833.

great task. "Thanks be to God," he wrote (January, 1834), "I can now say that I have attained. I have knelt down before Him with the last leaf in my hand; and, imploring His forgiveness for all the sins which have polluted my labours in this department, and His aid in future efforts to remove the errors and imperfections which necessarily cleave to the work, I have commended it to His mercy and grace — I have dedicated it to His glory. May He make His own inspired Word, now complete in the Burman tongue, the grand instrument of filling all Burmah with songs of praise to our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ! Amen."

If Judson had only done this work, he would not have lived in vain. The translation had been most laborious. There being no version of the Scriptures in any cognate language, he had been obliged to prepare one which was *original* — like Morrison's Chinese, and Carey's Sanscrit and Bengalee, and Zeigenbalg's Tamil version. These served respectively as the basis of their cognate dialects; and from the Burman, in its turn, will be derived, more or less directly, the Taling, the Siamese, the Karen, and other cognate versions. The translation was a master-piece of skill. "I dare not pass encomiums upon a fellow-mortal in speaking of the Word of God," wrote a most competent judge; "but the more I study it, the better I am pleased and satisfied with the translation. I am delighted with the graphic style of the narrative parts, and think many of the doctrinal passages are expressed with a force and

perspicuity entirely wanting in our version. Last Lord's day, while reading a portion, I was affected to tears, and sometimes could scarcely proceed." And the writer adds :—" The translation of the Bible into Burmese is an event to which thousands have looked forward with joyful anticipation, and for which thousands, now perishing in their sins, should fall on their knees in thanksgiving to God, and through which thousands yet unborn will praise Him for ever and ever."

## CHAPTER XIV.

The widow of Tavoy—"How can I go?"—Visitors from the jungle—  
 "Have you prayed?"—A Karen death-bed—A Chinaman—  
 Laughing for joy—Willing sacrifices—Schools—East India  
 Company—No Bible—"Utter repugnance"—Mountain-passes  
 —A group—An English officer—Scene in the jungle—A morning-  
 party—Karen communings—A strange spell—Marriage—A  
 farewell—Judson at Maulmain—A master-builder—Evangelistic  
 method—New labourers—Regions beyond—Burman Bible—  
 Printed—A retrospect—Preaching—Passion for souls—A con-  
 vert—Wayside zayat—Self-denial—A stranger—The bright-  
 eyed boy—The smile—"Jesus Christ's man"—The two walkers  
 —The turban—"Wicked sorceries"—"Cannot keep away"—  
 "My mother"—"Did she?"—The palm-leaf—The assistant—  
 A mystery—"Face of an angel"—The medicine—Cradle-scene  
 —Angel-call—Bright hope—The oath—Scene in the zayat—  
 The sah-ya—"Story of Jesus Christ"—"One desire of my life"  
 The inward monitor—A writing—Key to eternal life—"Papa,  
 hear him!"—"I must go"—The prayer—Ripening for the  
 golden country—A message—The cholera—Death-chamber—  
 "Gone up"—The mysterious voice—"Only Jesus Christ"—  
 "God was here"—Another death-bed—Anxious look—The  
 smile—The finger upward—The child—A New Testament—  
 "All three!"—Martyr-joy—"Take me to-night"—Living  
 epistle—A lordship.

"WHEN I first stood by the grave of my husband,  
 I thought I must go home with little Georgie. But  
 these poor, enquiring, and Christian Karens, and the

school-boys, and the Burmese Christians, would then be left without any one to instruct them ; and the poor stupid Tavoyans would go on in the road to death, with no one to warn them of their danger. How, then, oh ! how can I go ? We shall not be separated long. A few more years, and we shall all meet in yonder blissful world, whither those we love have gone before us." So wrote the desolate widow at Tavoy, replying to an urgent invitation which had reached her to quit the mission-field, and to return to the happy home of her childhood. And she added :—" I feel thankful that I was allowed to come to this heathen land. Oh ! it is a precious privilege to tell idolaters of the gospel ; and when we see them disposed to love the Saviour, we forget all our privations and dangers. My beloved husband wore out his life in this glorious cause ; and that remembrance makes me more than ever attached to the work, and to the people for whose salvation he laboured till death." The sainted Boardman had left, as he went up, his mantle on the shoulders of this woman ; and scarcely was he gone, and the first stunning grief assuaged, when her whole soul was dedicated to the labours of the mission. " Every moment of my time is occupied," she wrote, " from sunrise till ten o'clock in the evening. And now, although I would fain write you a long letter, I scarce know how to find time for a single line. It is late bed-time, and I am surrounded by five Karen women, three of whom arrived this afternoon from the jungle, after having been separated from us nearly five months

by the heavy rains. The Karens are beginning to come to us in companies, and with them, and our scholars in the town, and the care of my darling boy; you will scarce think that I have much leisure for letter-writing."

One day, not long after Boardman's removal, a disciple came in from the jungle to offer his tribute of sympathy. "We are living in love one with another," he said; "we are enjoying God; and the only thing to distress us is the loss of our beloved teacher;" and, as he spoke, he was obliged to turn away his face to weep several times. The same day, in the evening, the widow was visited by a female convert from Rangoon. "I have been telling Moungh Shwaybwen," she said, the great tears rolling down her cheeks, "that now you would be more distressed than ever; and he sent me to speak soothing words." The next morning, a Karen woman called on the same errand. "Have you prayed?" she enquired, after sitting down,—not as if she doubted her habitual practice of the duty, but in the same simple manner that she would ask if she had eaten breakfast. About thirty listeners assembled at worship; and, when it was over, the female Christians met in Mrs. Boardman's room for prayer, all taking a part,—some in Burman, and some in Karen. Another day, a convert was on his death-bed. He had taught his school in the jungle till within two days of his removal; and, now no longer able to bear up against the growing prostration, he said to his scholars—"I can do no more; God is



calling me away from you; I go into His presence; be not dismayed." Taking an affectionate leave, he was carried to his father's house, a few miles off; followed by some of the scholars weeping. Up to his last moment, he continued exhorting and praying with all around him; and he calmly fell asleep.

In the church at Tavoy there was a little Chinese disciple, whom Mrs. Boardman had for months most affectionately tended. One day, in the *zayat*, as Moug Ing was preaching, Sekkike took his seat among the hearers, having just returned from his grandmother's, whom he had been visiting for two or three weeks. "The dear child," she writes, "could not help laughing with real delight, at once more finding himself in the midst of the disciples, and under the sound of the gospel. And, I confess, when I saw the joy beaming from his countenance, I had as little command over my feelings." The church around Tavoy now numbered one hundred and ten members. They were mostly Karens, living at a distance; and, by their frequent visits to the town, over almost impassable mountains, and through deserts — the haunts of the tiger, they evinced a love for the gospel seldom surpassed. "What would the Christians of New England," she wrote, "think of travelling forty or fifty miles on foot to hear a sermon and beg a Christian book? A Karen woman, who had been living with us several months, told me, that, when she came, the water was so deep that she was obliged to wait until the men could fell trees to cross on; and sometimes she

forded the streams herself, when the water reached her chin. She said she feared alligators more than anything else."

In Tavoy and in the jungle, Sarah Boardman had established day-schools, which were now attended by one hundred and seventy pupils. The care of them devolved almost wholly upon herself. An allowance towards their support was granted by the East India Company, on the condition that the scholars should not be taught Christianity. No sooner did the condition transpire, than she wrote:—"It is impossible for me to pursue a course so utterly repugnant to my feelings, and so contrary to my judgment, as to banish religious instruction from the schools in my charge. And, if such are the terms on which Government affords their patronage, I can do no otherwise than request that the monthly allowance be withdrawn." And she added:—"The person who should spend his days in teaching this people mere human science (though he might undermine their false tenets) would, I imagine, by neglecting to set before them brighter hopes and purer principles, live to very little purpose. For myself, sure I am I should at last suffer the overwhelming conviction of having laboured in vain."

A strange group might be seen, one day, gliding quietly through wild mountain-passes, braving swollen streams, and struggling through the tangled jungle and over craggy rocks. It was the devoted woman, on one of her many tours among her beloved Karens, her child borne beside her in the arms of some affectionate disciple,

and herself stimulating, by her wise and sympathising words, each new circle of inquirers who gathered to her feet. Her husband's successor was engrossed with the language ; and, to meet his lack of service, she grudged no sacrifice of time or of ease. One solitary scrap among her writings — a note given to a party of men whom she had sent back to Tavoy for provisions, and containing directions about the things needed for her journey, gives a glimpse of her Christian heroism : —“ Perhaps you had better send the chair, as it is convenient to be carried over the streams when they are deep. You will laugh when I tell you that I have forded all the smaller ones.”

On one occasion, an English officer, on a hunting expedition from Tavoy, had strolled, with his few followers, far into the jungle. The rains had set in earlier than usual ; and, all along his path, as the dark clouds poured forth their torrents, hung the dripping trailers, whilst beneath his feet were the roots of vegetables, half-bared and half-embedded in the mud. In the gloomy waste were scattered clusters of crazy bamboo-huts, with here and there by the way-side some lonely zayat, mouldering and moss-grown. It was breakfast-time ; and, just as they approached a zayat, a heavy shower forced them for shelter beneath its frail roof. In not the best of humours, the officer was standing near the door whilst breakfast was getting ready ; and, as he gazed out moodily upon the scene of desolation, what was his surprise to observe, not many yards distant, among a party of wild Karens who were

making for the same shelter, "a fair, smiling face," which looked more like a visitor from heaven than like any denizen of such a desert? A graceful curtsy, and a pleasant salutation in English, set him at his ease; and, retiring, she was about to proceed in search of another shelter. But could he suffer the lady to go out into the rain? Hastening after her, he hesitated, and stammered out something about his "miserable accommodation, and still more miserable breakfast,"—till her quick apprehension relieved him from his embarrassment, and, mentioning her name and errand, she added smilingly:—"The emergencies of the wilderness are not new to me; give me leave to put my breakfast to yours, and we shall make a pleasant morning-party." A word to her Karens—and, disappearing beneath a low shed—an appendage of the zayat, she returned in a few minutes in dry clothing, and with the same sunny face. The officer was a fellow-disciple; and the brief interview was remembered ever afterwards as if it had been an hour of heaven.

The scene is shifted; and she is in a zayat, at the foot of a mountain skirting the jungle. Mats are spread invitingly on the floor; and a group of Karens enter, glad of a moment's rest and shelter from the burning sun. "Meek, and sometimes tearful," says one who knew her, "she would speak in low, gentle accents, and with a manner sweetly persuasive," until the little company of wild men began to feel a strange spell upon them, as if a touch more than mortal was

on their consciences and hearts. It was the Lord perfecting His strength in weakness, and bringing these rude denizens of the jungle into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

In the spring of the year, she was united to Dr. Judson. "He is a complete assemblage," she wrote in her diary, "of all that a woman's heart could wish to love and honour." And Judson recorded the auspicious event thus:—"To-day, having received the benediction of the Rev. Mr. Mason, I embark for Maulmain, accompanied by Mrs. Judson, and by the only surviving child of the beloved founder of the Tavoy station. Once more, farewell to thee, Boardman! and to thy long-cherished grave. May thy memory be ever fresh and fragrant as the memory of the other beloved, whose beautiful, death-marred form reposes at the foot of the hopyá-tree! May we, the survivors, so live as to deserve and receive the smiles of those sainted ones who have gone before us! And, at last, may we all four be re-united before the throne of glory, and form a peculiarly happy family, our mutual loves all purified and consummated in the bright world of love!"

Judson was a wise master-builder. It was now more than ever necessary to place the mission on a footing which would make it take root; and he wrote:—"My ideas of a *seminary* are very different from those of many persons. I am really unwilling to place young men, who have just begun to love the Saviour, under teachers who will strive to carry them through a long

course of study until they are able to unravel metaphysics, and calculate eclipses, and their souls become as dry as the one and as dark as the other. I have known several promising young men completely ruined by this process. Nor is it called for in the present state of the church in Burmah. I want to see our young disciples thoroughly acquainted with the Bible from beginning to end, and with geography and history, so far as necessary to understand the Scriptures and to furnish them with enlarged, enlightened minds. I would also have them carried through a course of systematic theology. And I would have them well instructed in the art of communicating their ideas intelligibly and acceptably by *word* and by *writing*. So great is my desire to see such a system in operation, that I am strongly tempted to make a beginning." And he added: "I have now five native assistants, who spend an hour with me every morning in reporting the labours of the preceding day, in receiving instructions, and in praying together. These men penetrate every lane and corner of this place, and of the neighbouring villages; and, since I have adopted this plan—about four months ago, there are some very encouraging appearances. As soon as I get through with the printing of the Old Testament, I want to double their number and devote part of my time to instructing them systematically. Now, ten such persons—half students and half assistants—cost no more than one missionary family; and, for actual service, they are certainly worth a great deal more. This is

the way in which I think missions ought to be conducted. One missionary, or two at most, ought to be stationed in every important central place, to collect a church and interest around him—to set the native wheels to work, and to keep them at work.”

New labourers were arriving, and Judson wrote: “Assam presents a splendid opening for missionary efforts; and brother Brown, who is excellently fitted to take the lead in that great and important mission, embraces the proposal with instant enthusiasm. My heart leaps for joy, and swells with gratitude and praise to God, when I think of brother Jones at Bangkok, in the southern extremity of the continent, and brother Brown at Sadiya in Assam, on the frontiers of China—immensely distant points; and of all the intervening stations—Ava, Rangoon, Kyook Phyoo, Maulmain, and Tavoy; and of the churches and schools which are springing in every station and throughout the Karen wilderness. Happy lot to live in these days! Oh, happy lot, to be allowed to bear a part in the glorious work of bringing an apostate world to the feet of Jesus! Glory, glory be to God!”

At the close of the following year,\* the Old Testament was at last issued, in three volumes. “Unite with me, my dear mother,” he wrote, “in gratitude to God, that He has preserved me so long, and, notwithstanding my entire unworthiness, has made me instrumental of a little good. I used to think, when first contemplating a missionary life, that, if I should live to

\* 1835.

see the Bible translated and printed in a new language, and a church of one hundred members raised up on heathen ground, I should anticipate death with the peaceful feelings of old Simeon." And to his sister : " I am now in my forty-seventh year ; and, as we cannot expect to live so long in this climate as at home, I begin to feel that my work is mostly done, and to look upwards to that blessed world where, I trust, we shall all meet before the throne."

But his whole soul was still bent on the work. " More preaching," he writes, a few months later, " has been done in Maulmain and the vicinity during the past year, than all the previous years together which we have spent in the place. Five or six native assistants have been kept constantly at work. They have brought in several converts, and excited more religious inquiry and disposition favourable to the reception of truth than we have ever before known." One of the converts was a faithful old servant, who had stood by the Judsons at Ava during the gloomy transactions of the war. At length, after a protracted and deep struggle, he had yielded to the force of truth ; and now he came forward to make his formal request for baptism. He was above sixty, his cheeks quite fallen in, his long beard almost white, and he seemed to have but a short time to live. So intensely did he feel the responsibility of changing his religion, that he trembled from head to foot ; but, when the moment arrived, he confessed Christ joyfully. That year, in Burmah, one hundred and twenty souls were added to the Lord.



We are with Judson, one day, in the zayat by the wayside. It is noon ; and the sun is pouring down his rays upon the thin, fragile roof. In the centre of the floor beneath is seated in a bamboo chair the missionary, haggard and careworn, repeating over and over, to each new listener who enters, such simple truths as mothers are accustomed to teach the infant on her knees. At home, his study-table is loaded with papers and periodicals still unread ; and in his pocket is “a delicious little book of devotion” which he has brought with him, promising to it the first leisure-moment. But this wayside preaching engrosses his whole thoughts ; for, whilst his face is “hidden for a moment by his book,” and his “mind intent on self-improvement,” some poor passers-by may “lose a last, an only opportunity of hearing the words of life.” He takes up a Burmese tract—written by himself, and familiar in every letter as a household word ; and, reading it aloud, he waits, hoping that some native, as he passes, may be arrested and may enter in.

Just at that moment, a stranger, tall and dignified, whom he had often noticed in the town, and whose attention he had in vain endeavoured to attract, came up, leading by the hand a bright-eyed, sprightly boy. “Papa ! papa !” said the latter, twitching by the hand the grave, staid, aristocratic Burman ; “look, look, papa ! *there* is Jesus Christ’s man ! Amai ! how shockingly white !” The missionary, raising his eyes, darted upon the child, as he was disappearing at the corner of the zayat, one of his brightest smiles. The father did

not speak or turn his head; but the boy had caught the look of kindness, and the worn labourer "somehow felt that his hour's reading had not been thrown away." Day after day elapsed; and the two walkers were on the road, the father carrying the same imperturbable face past the zayat, and the child as regularly smiling at "Jesus Christ's man," as if recognising in him a friend. At length, one day, as the pair came in sight, the missionary made a sign; and in a moment the child was on his knee. Winding round his head a gay-coloured Madras handkerchief, he kissed him,—and the boy was again at his father's side. "Very beautiful!" exclaimed the child, touching his new turban, and looking into his father's clouded face. "Very beautiful," repeated the father, involuntarily,—meaning, not the turban, but the indulged favourite's sun-lit brow. "You have a very fine boy there, sir," said Judson, in a kindly tone, stepping out to the roadside. A blush of confusion rose into his cheek; and, with a low salaam, he passed on.

"That zayat, Moug Moug," said the father, gravely, as they walked along, "is not a very good place to go to. Those white foreigners are ——," he left the sentence incomplete, but a mysterious shake of the head supplied the rest. The child gazed into his face in silence; and, after a pause, the father added—"I shall leave you at home to-morrow, to keep you from his wicked sorceries." "I do not think he has hurt me, papa," at last whispered the child; "but I cannot — keep — away,— no, no." "What do you

mean, Moug Moug?" said the father, startled by the child's manner, and especially by the strange brilliancy of his eye. "The sorcerer has done something to me—put his beautiful eye on me. I see it now." "Mai, Mai! what a boy! *He* is not a sorcerer—only a very provoking man. His eye—whish! it is nothing to my little Moug Moug. I was only sporting. But we will have done with him. You shall go there no more ——" "If I can help it, papa." "Help it!" replied the father, a strange restlessness coming over him. "Hear the foolish child! What strange fancies!" and, for a few moments, as they walked along, there was a pause.

"Is it true," asked the child, after a little,—looking up smilingly, but with a certain air of seriousness, into the stern, bearded face,—"that she—my mother——" "Hush, Moug Moug!" "Is it true that she *shikoed* to the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Who dares to tell you so?" "I must not say, papa: the one who told me said it was as much as life was worth to talk of such things to *your* son. Did she, papa?" "What did he mean? Who could have told you such a tale?" "Did she, papa?" "That is a very pretty *goung-boung* the foreigner gave you." "Did she?" "And makes your eyes brighter than ever." "Did my mother *shiko* to Jesus Christ?" "There, there! you have talked enough, my boy!" And the two again walked on in silence. As they proceeded, a woman, with a palm-leaf fan before her face, who had been following so closely in the shadow of the stranger as to catch

almost every word, stopped at a little shop by the way, and was soon intent, seemingly, on making purchases.

The scene changes: and, returning to the *zayat*, we are seated once more beside the missionary, who, since the stranger passed on, that evening, has been wrapt in deep thought. "Ko Shway-bay!" he at last called out, as if resolved to solve the mystery; and there appeared at the door of an inner apartment a native convert, bearing a large satchel which he had just been filling with tracts and books. "Did you ever observe the tall man who has just passed leading a little boy?" "I saw him." "What do you know about him?" "He is a writer under Government, a very respectable man—haughty—reserved——" "And what else?" "He hates—— Christians, *tsayah*." "Is he very bigoted, then?" "No, *tsayah*! he is more like a *pāramūt* than a Buddhist. Grave as he appears, he sometimes treats sacred things very playfully, always carelessly."

"But does the teacher remember," continued the convert,— "it may be now three, four, I do not know how many years ago,—a young woman came for medicine——?" "I should have a wonderful memory, Shway-bay," interposed the missionary, smiling, "if I carried all my applicants for medicine in it." "But this one," said the assistant, gravely, "was not like other women. She had the face of a *nūtthamee*" (goddess or angel); "and her voice—the teacher *must* remember her voice—it was like the silvery chimes of the pagoda bells at midnight. She was the favourite wife of the *sah-ya*;

and this little boy, her only child, was very ill. She did not dare ask you to the house, or even send a servant for the medicine ; for her husband was one of the most violent persecutors ——” “ Ay, I do recollect her, by her distress, and by her warm gratitude. And so this is her child ! what has become of the mother ?” “ Has the teacher forgotten putting a Gospel of Matthew in her hand, and saying that it contained medicine for *her*, for that she was afflicted with a worse disease than the fever of her little son ; and then lifting up his hands, and praying solemnly ?” “ I do not recall the circumstance just now. But what came of it ?” “ They say,” answered the Burman, lowering his voice, and first casting an investigating glance around him, “ they say that the medicine cured her.” “ Ah !” “ She read the book at night, while watching by her baby ; and then she would kneel down and pray as the teacher had done. At last the sah-ya got the writing.” “ What did he do with it ?” “ Only burned it. But she was a tender little creature, and could not bear his look ; so, as the baby got out of danger, she took the fever ——” “ And died ?” “ Not of the fever, altogether.” “ What, then ? Surely he did not ——” “ No, tsayah ; it must have been an angel-call. The sah-ya was very fond of her, and did everything to save her ; but she just grew weaker day after day, and her face more beautiful, and there was no holding her back. She got courage as she drew near paradise, and begged the sah-ya to send for you. He is not a hard-hearted man ; and she was more than life and soul to him ; but he would not send.

And so she died,—talking to the last moment of the Lord Jesus, and calling on everybody about her to love Him, and to worship none but Him.”

“Is this true, Shway-bay?” “I know nothing about it, tsayah; and it is not very safe to know anything. The sah-ya has taken an oath to destroy everybody having too good a memory. But ——” and the man again looked cautiously around him—“does the teacher think that little Burman children are likely to run into the arms of foreigners without being taught?” “Aha! say you so, Shway-bay?” “I say nothing, tsayah.” “And what of the child?” “A wonderful boy, tsayah! He seems usually as you have seen him. But he has another look—so strange! He must have caught something from his mother’s face, just before she went up to the golden country.” The missionary was again wrapt in thought; and the assistant, after waiting a moment to be questioned further, slung his satchel over his shoulder and proceeded up the street.

The next day, the sah-ya passed by on the other side of the way, and without the little boy; and the next day, and the next, the same. But the fourth morning, who should spring up the steps of the zayat but the child, a light laugh playing on his beautiful features, and, behind him, his grave, dignified father? The boy had on his head the new Madras turban, surmounted by a red-lackered tray, bearing a cluster of golden plantains. The gift he placed at Judson’s feet; and the father, with a courteous bow, took his seat upon the mat. “You are the foreign priest?” he

remarked, by way of introduction, after calling to his boy to sit down at his side. "I am a missionary." "And so," rejoined the stranger, smiling, and evidently conciliated by the missionary's frank use of the offensive epithet, which he in civility had avoided, "you make people believe in Jesus Christ? My little son, here, has heard of you, sir," he added, with an air of assumed carelessness, but betraying to Judson's practised eye a deep, wearing anxiety; "and he is very anxious to learn something about Jesus Christ. It is a pretty story you tell of that man—prettier, I think, than any of our fables; and you need not be afraid to set it forth in its brightest colours, for my MOUNG MOUNG will never see through its absurdity, of course." "Ah, you think so? To what particular story do you allude?" "Why, that strange sort of a being you call Jesus Christ—a great gnät or prince, or something of that sort—dying for us poor fellows, and so—Ha! ha! The absurdity of the thing makes me laugh; though there is something in it beautiful, too. Our stupid pongyees would never have thought out anything one-half so fine; and the pretty fancy has quite enchanted little MOUNG MOUNG here."

"I perceive you are a *päramüt*." "No! oh, no! I am a true and faithful worshipper of Lord Gautama; but, of course, neither you nor I subscribe to all the fables of our respective religions. There is quite enough of what is honest and reasonable in our Buddhistic system to satisfy me; but my little son," he added, with an embarrassed look, and laughing again as if to cover his

confusion, "is bent on philosophical investigation—eh, Moug Moug?" "But are you not afraid that my teachings will do the child harm?" "You are a very honest fellow, after all," said the visitor, looking with a broad smile of admiration; and then, turning to the child, he added, in a tone of mingled tenderness and apprehension, "Nothing can harm little Moug Moug, sir." "But what if I should tell you I do believe everything I preach as firmly as I believe you sit on the mat before me, and that it is the one desire of my life to make everybody else believe it—you and your child among the rest?"

The sah-ya tried to smile; but some inward monitor seemed to bid the smile away, and he answered quietly—"I have heard of a writing you possess, which, by your leave, I will take home and read to Moug Moug." "Sah-ya!" said Judson solemnly, holding out to him a tract which he had taken from a parcel lying on the table, "I herewith put into your hands the key to eternal life and happiness. This active, intelligent soul of yours, with its exquisite perception of moral beauty and loveliness"—and he cast a significant glance towards the child—"cannot be destined to inhabit, in another life, a dog, a monkey, or a worm. God made it for higher purposes; and I hope and pray that I may yet meet you, all beautiful, and pure, and glorious, in a world beyond the reach of pain or death; and, above all, beyond the reach of sin." "Papa, papa, hear him!" suddenly exclaimed the boy, springing forward. "Let us both love the Lord Jesus Christ. My mother



loved him ; and, in the golden country of the blessed, she waits for us." "I must go," whispered the sah-ya hoarsely, and attempting to rise. "Let us pray," interposed the missionary, kneeling down ; and the child placed his hands together on his forehead, bowing his head to the mat, whilst the father involuntarily re-seated himself. The prayer proceeded ; and, as it deepened in fervency, the sah-ya's head gradually drooped, and, placing his elbows on his knees, he covered his face with his hands. Prayer over, he rose ; and, taking the child by the hand, he bowed in silence and retired.

Day after day elapsed ; and the sah-ya, as he walked passed the zayat, would salute respectfully its inmate, but apparently shunning further acquaintance. The boy was not often with him ; but, occasionally, as the little fellow would come running up for a moment to ask for a book or to exchange a word of greeting, the missionary remarked a certain deepened thoughtfulness, as if he were growing meet prematurely for another place. At length, one night, very late, when all was still, and the wearied missionary had retired to rest, the faithful assistant roused him from his slumbers, crying, "Teacher, teacher ! you are wanted !" The cholera had been sweeping through the town with fearful virulence ; immense processions had been thronging the streets, with gongs, drums, and tom-toms, to frighten away the evil spirits ; and the missionary and his assistants had been with the sick and dying. And now a victim was prostrated in the

house of the sah-ya. "Who is it?" enquired Judson, as Shway-bay, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, had, with his hands at each side of his mouth, pronounced, through a crevice in the boards, the words "At the sah-ya's." "I do not know, tsayah. I only heard that the cholera was in the house, and that the teacher was wanted; and so I hurried off here as fast as possible."

In a few minutes, both were hastening along in the direction of the house. "It is not good for either of us," whispered the Burman, as they approached the place, and pausing in the shadow of a bamboo-hedge, "that we go in together; I will wait you here, tsayah." "No," said Judson, "you need rest; and I shall not want you; go!"

The missionary entered the verandah. Passing through a crowd of relatives and dependants, he proceeded to an inner room where was a wild wailing sound, intimating the presence of death. A few moments more, and he was gazing, in intense emotion, upon the corpse of a little boy. "He is gone up to the golden country," murmured a voice close to his ear, "to bloom for ever amid the royal lilies of paradise." Startled, and turning abruptly, he had before him a middle-aged woman, holding to her mouth a palm-leaved fan. And, half losing her individuality of utterance amid the confused wail of the mourners, and slurring over an occasional word which she dared not pronounce distinctly, she added—"He worshipped the true God, and trusted in the Lord our Redeemer—the

Lord Jesus Christ; he trusted in Him; he called, and was answered; he was weary—weary and in pain; and the Lord who loved him—He took him home to be a little golden lamb in His bosom for ever.” “How long since did he go?” “About an hour, tsayah.” “Was he conscious?” “Yes, and full of joy.” “What did he talk of?” “Only of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose face he seemed to see.”

“And his father?” enquired Judson anxiously. “His father! oh my master! my noble master! he is going, too! Come and see, tsayah!” “Who sent for me?” “Your handmaid, sir.” “Not the sah-yah?” “The agony was on him,” replied the woman, shaking her head; “he could not have sent, if he would.” “But how dared *you*?” “God was here,” said she, a certain unearthly smile lighting up her swarthy features.

They moved forward together to the next apartment, where, stretched upon a couch, in the last stage of the disease—the pain all gone—lay the noble figure of the sah-ya. “It grieves me to meet you thus, my friend,” whispered the visitor. The stiffening lips moved, but no sound. The only response was an anxious look, and a gesture of impatience, as if he would point at something. At length, laying his hands together, he with some difficulty placed them on his forehead, and calmly closed his eyes. “Do you trust in Lord Gautama at a moment like this?” enquired the missionary softly, but with deep emotion, not sure that the act of worship was not intended for

the poor idol. The eyes were unclosed; and, with a look of mingled pain and disappointment, he dropped upon the pillow his death-heavy hands. "Lord Jesus, receive his spirit!" exclaimed Judson, lifting up his eyes, and kneeling at the side of the dying man. A smile flitted across the sah-yah's pale face, as if the precious name had touched a kindred chord within. The finger pointed upward, then fell heavily on his breast; a moment longer, and he was with the Lord. "You had better go now," whispered the woman; "you can do no further good, and may receive harm."

"And who are you," enquired Judson eagerly, "that you have braved the danger to yourself of bringing me here?" "Pass on, and I will tell you." They were once more beside the corpse of the child, which the mourners, by the rush to the inner apartment, had suddenly left alone. "See!" she said softly, and almost choked with emotion, and at the same moment reverently lifting the cloth. Judson looked, and on the boy's bosom lay a copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew. "Who placed it there?" "He did, with his own dear hand — Amai! amai-ai!" — and her voice was again lost in an outburst of grief. "I was his mother's nurse," she proceeded, after a pause. "She got this book from you, sir. We thought my master had burned it; but he kept, and, maybe, studied it. Do you think that he became a true believer?" "To whom did he *shiko* at that last moment, Mah-aa?" "To the Lord Jesus Christ —

I am sure of that. Do you think the Lord would receive him, sir?" "Did you ever read about the thief who was crucified with the Saviour?" "Oh, yes! I read it to Mounng Mounng this very day. He was holding his mother's book when the disease smote him; and he kept it in his hand, and went up with it lying on his bosom. Yes, I remember." "The Lord Jesus Christ is just as merciful now as He was then." "And so they are all——" she exclaimed, gathering before her mind's eye the three departed, now with Christ above. "Oh, it is almost too much to believe!"

"But where," asked Judson, "did you first become acquainted with this religion, Mah-aa?" "My mistress taught me, sir, and made me promise to teach her baby when he was old enough, and to go to you for more instruction. But I was alone, and afraid. I sometimes got as far as the big banyan-tree on the corner, and crawled away again so trembling with terror that I could scarcely stand on my feet. At last," she proceeded, "I found out Ko Shway-bay, and he promised to keep my secret; and he gave me books, and explained their meaning, and taught me how to pray, and I have been getting courage ever since. I should not much mind now," she added, her eye brightening into a martyr-like joy, "if they did find me out and kill me. It would be very pleasant to go up to paradise. I think I should even like to go to-night, if the Lord would please to take me."

These were Judson's "living epistles," his joy and

crowns. And, as he gazed on them, he took new courage—the Lord was with him of a truth.

“ My God, if writings may  
Convey a lordship any way,  
Whither the buyer and the seller please;  
Let it not Thee displease,  
If this poor paper do as much as they.”

## CHAPTER XV.

Another labourer—Blood of souls—Picture of Judson—One theme—Closet—Secret prayer—"What do I live for?"—Visitors—Watching for souls—An incident—The straight line—"Will you?"—Coleridge's aphorism—Love—Pity—"A strange providence"—Mrs. Judson—Inquirers—A death-bed—Home-affections—"My mother"—The fireside—A thousand converts—Missions and the Bible—One golden lamp—A wish—The two arms—Illness—Voyage to Bengal—"Home is home"—One longing—Burman Bible—"Hearse-like airs"—God's aim—Presentiments—Mrs. Judson—Sudden prostration—Little Henry—Grave at Serampore—Praying always—The voyage—Twenty converts—Labours—Burmese dictionary—Rules of life—Grand motive—Mrs. Judson—Indescribable heavenliness—"Stealing out"—Voyage—The parting—Sudden sinking—The last kiss—St. Helena—Lonely grave—Desolate cabin—The orphan—United States.

THAT dreary winter, which the Judsons passed amidst the horrors of the Ava prison, had witnessed elsewhere the strivings of a soul amidst the miseries of a gloomier bondage. In the city of Boston, the arrow of God had wounded Lovel Ingalls; and, after finding peace at the cross, he had been fired with "a burning desire to preach the gospel to the heathen." A year or two had

passed ; and, after a prosperous voyage to Burmah, he was on his way, in the spring of 1836, from Maulmain to Arracan, to join the mission on that coast. Headwinds baffled the efforts of the seamen ; and the missionary, turning aside to the city of Bassein, began his evangelistic labours. The timid magistrates interposed, and Mr. Ingalls was compelled to return ; but a brave heart like his was not to be beaten back. " I am willing to go," he writes, " and to abide the consequences. The present generation of Burmans are fast going down to death, and another generation, and another, come on the stage to follow in their footsteps, — not because precious blood has not flowed for them, nor for want of a *command* to go and preach the gospel to each one of them, and not for want of an Agent to attend that preaching with life and power. In the name of God and of Christ, let me ask, In whose garments will the blood of so many souls be found?" Again setting out, and having reached the scene, he found his *zayat* thronged with visitors from morning to night ; and within two months he rejoiced over fifteen converts.

As the missionary had stepped upon the pagan field, he thus pictured Judson :—" If I wished to see him, I always knew where to find him—in his study. His conversation was ever upon the theme of the soul's salvation. The Burmans lay near his heart ; he was accustomed to spend a portion of each day in secret prayer for them. I had the privilege of enjoying some of those seasons, and shall never forget the hallowed



hours. He not only prayed, but laboured ; the *zayat* was the place of his delight, and he had a peculiar tact to arrest the attention of the Buddhists. His mild, winning manner gained an influence over them. The disciples loved and revered him ; they reposed in him the confidence the child does in a father. It was thus he had the power to build and sustain a Burmese Church."

In his own diary, Judson writes :—" Observe the seasons of secret prayer every day — morning, noon, and night. Embrace every opportunity of preaching the gospel to every soul. Endeavour to keep the resolution of promoting brotherly love. Indulge in no foreign — that is, English or American — newspaper reading, except a regular course of some one religious paper, and sometimes an occasional article from other papers. Read a certain portion of Burmese every day, Sundays excepted. Go and *preach* the gospel every day." And, a week later, he addressed a friend thus :—" I am now writing in a *zayat* by the wayside, not far from the mission-house, where I daily sit to receive company. I have some hopeful inquirers, and a few applicants for baptism. It is my earnest desire to spend the rest of my days in more direct missionary work than my studies for many years past have permitted. May the Lord grant my desire, if it accord with His blessed will, and fit me to be a faithful missionary."

It is a saying of Lord Bacon, that "there is no such gain of time as to iterate often the state of the ques-

tion ; for it chaseth away many a frivolous speech as it is coming forth." Judson was ever and anon iterating the state of the question—"What is the aim of my life?" and the result was a gain of time such as few men deem possible. "Why, I can't do him any good," was his remark one day as an officer was announced, who had more than once frittered away a precious half hour with him. "*Must* I see him?" He was no cynic—every visitor was welcome ; but "for all who called upon him as a minister," says one who knew him well, "he had one invariable rule—after a few enquiries as to their temporal welfare, and after ascertaining the state of their souls, he would read a half-dozen suitable verses from the Bible, offer a short but singularly appropriate prayer, and, with a cordial shake of the hand, dismiss the well-pleased visitor, without a single moment having been wasted."

And the one end for which he cared to live, was, to watch for souls. "Look here!" said he, on one occasion, to a native Christian woman, for whom he had sent, to warn her against a step on which he had heard that she had set her heart, and which he believed to be hurtful to her soul ; "look here!" and, as he spoke, he had eagerly snatched a ruler from the table, and was tracing on the floor a not very straight line, "here is where you have been walking. You have made a crooked track, to be sure—out of the path half of the time ; but then you have kept near it, and not taken to new roads, and you have—not so much as you might have done, mind, but still to a certain

extent — grown in grace; and now, with all this growth upon your heart and head, in the maturity of your years, with ripened understanding, and with an every-day deepening sense of the goodness of God, *here*,” — bringing down the ruler with emphasis, to indicate a certain position, — “*here you stand*. You know where this path leads. You know what is before you — some struggles, some sorrows, and, finally, eternal life and a crown of glory. But to the left” — and he again traced a new line — “branches off another very pleasant road; and along the air floats, rather temptingly, a pretty bubble. You do not *mean* to *leave altogether* the path you have walked in all this while since you knew the Lord; you only want to step aside and catch the bubble, and you think you will come back again; but *you never will*. Woman, think!” he proceeded, warming into a deeper earnestness, and his tones softening into a still kindlier gentleness; “dare you deliberately leave this straight and narrow path, drawn by the Saviour’s finger, and go away for one moment into that of your enemy? Will you? *will* you? *WILL* you?” The words told. “I was sobbing so,” said the woman afterwards, narrating the scene, “that I could not speak a word: but he knew, as he always did, what I meant; for he knelt down and prayed that God would preserve me in my determination. I have made a great many crooked tracks since,” she added, with tears; “but, whenever I am unusually tempted, I see the teacher as he looked that day, bending over in his chair, the ruler placed on

the floor to represent me, his finger pointing along the path of eternal life, his eye looking so strangely over his shoulder, and that terrible 'Will you?' coming from his lips, as though it was the voice of God; and I pray just as Peter did, for I am frightened."

"He knows us, through and through," said one of the converts, on another occasion, "much better than we know ourselves. If we have done anything amiss, he will call us pleasantly, will talk *so* ——" and, suiting the action to the word, the Burman took up a toy which lay upon the floor beside him, and passed his finger gently round the rim — "will talk, and talk, and talk, till suddenly, before we know it, he pounces upon us here,"— striking his finger violently on the *centre* of the toy,— "and will hold us breathless till we have told him everything. Ah, no one will ever know us poor Burmans so again!" "It is impossible," said another of the converts, "to conceal a sin from him. The culprit may be exulting in his fancied security, when suddenly he will find an eye fixed on him which is perfectly irresistible, and will be obliged, in spite of himself, to confess all."

Coleridge has an aphorism, that, as the Jew will not willingly tread on the smallest piece of paper because possibly it may have upon it the name of God, so ought we to beware of trampling upon any man, for the name of God may be written upon that soul — it may be a soul which Christ thought so much of as to give for it His precious blood. With the tenderness of Him who breaketh not the bruised reed, Judson

could never suffer even the meanest or most uncouth disciple to be treated unkindly. "Is she a Christian?" was his remark, one day, to a friend who had been expressing her dislike of some one. "Yes, I think so," was the somewhat reluctant reply. "Then Christ loves her," rejoined Judson; "cannot you?" A while afterwards, a similar remark escaped the same lips regarding another. "Is she a Christian?" he again pointedly asked. "No," replied his friend, with a certain confidence, as if feeling a sensation of relief; "I am sure, not." "Poor creature!" was the condemning rejoinder, "you ought to pity her too much for dislike." Another day, a convert came with a complaint against a brother. "Have you told him his fault," Mr. Judson enquired, suddenly interrupting his visitor, "betwixt you and him alone?"

God, in these years, was gravating more deeply in his heart the utter emptiness of the creature. One day, he was startled with the news of the loss, in the China seas, of a most promising missionary whom he had known in America and most tenderly loved. "A mysterious providence!" exclaimed a friend; "a dark dispensation! how it will chill the ardour of the patrons of missions!" Deeply affected—even to tears—for the personal bereavement, he sat for a few moments silent, as if contemplating the possibility of the result which his friend had hinted. "Oh, when *will* Christians learn," he at length broke forth, with deep emotion, "that their puny, polluted offerings of works are not necessary to God? He permits them

to work, as a favour, in order to do them good personally, because He loves them and desires to honour them — not because He *needs* them. The withdrawal of any man from his harvest-field, however learned, and wise, and good — however well prepared, even by a life-long discipline, for that particular part of the field — is no loss to *Him*. As though the omnipotent God," he added, after a pause, "had so few weapons in His armoury that we must tremble and faint at the loss of one!"

Another labourer might be seen, in those days, spending and being spent for Christ. "My time," Mrs. Judson writes, "is chiefly devoted to the study of the Peguan, and to the instruction of the native Christians and inquirers. My female prayer-meetings are very interesting. Yesterday, twenty-six Burman women met with me at different times; and we had six inquirers, four of whom I think very hopeful." And, another day: "The little ones play in the verandah adjoining the room where I sit all the day with my Peguan translator. It is open to the road, and I often have inquirers. Since I commenced this letter, I happened to look up, and saw a man leaning over the balustrade, looking at me very attentively. The thought occurred to me — "He may be one of the dear *chosen ones*, and may have been guided to this place to hear the blessed Gospel." So I asked him what he wanted. He replied, he was looking to see me write. I immediately laid down my pen, invited him in, and he sat a long time listening to the truth. He promised

to pray to the Eternal God to give him a new heart, that he might believe in the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, of whom he says he never heard till to-day. He is a Shan, who has been residing for a number of years at Pegu, and came here for trade. He lives in his boat; and, while strolling about the streets, was led by curiosity hither; and oh! may it be for the salvation of his soul!" And, on another occasion, she wrote to her parents, thus:—"I am sure that you have never regretted giving up your beloved child, your first-born, to the cause of Christ. However unworthy the offering, it was valuable to you; and, if given up in a right spirit, it has been the source of most precious blessings to your souls. It is in this state of existence only that we can testify our gratitude to the Saviour, by suffering and by denying ourselves for Him. Oh! as we draw near eternity, and the bubbles of earth recede from our dazzled vision, shall we not lament that we have done so little for Christ—that we have been willing to deny ourselves so little for His sake who gave up His life for us? Oh! let us live for the Saviour! and then, after a long separation on earth, how sweet to meet at God's right hand, to part no more for ever!"

The glowing earnestness of these labourers attracted to Burmah other kindred spirits. "They must not come," Judson had written, on one occasion, referring to the opening for female missionaries, "with the expectation of finding snug quarters, and all things ready to their hands. They must come expecting, yea, desiring, to occupy some solitary, perhaps remote, post,—

destitute of all resources for daily comfort but such as they shall find in God and their work.” And one of those gentle but zealous workers, early taken, he thus laments :—“ We have just returned from our dear sister Osgood’s new-made grave. She has left no one behind her who is more universally beloved. Though her mind, for a few of the last days was much deranged, we were sure, whenever a lucid interval occurred, to find her in the same place, trusting in Jesus, resigning all into the hands of God ; no clinging to life, no impatience to depart. Her will seemed to be lost in the will of God ; and she enjoyed, in a very unusual degree, that peace which passeth all understanding. I do think that no person ever descended the banks of Jordan with a more even step ; none ever felt the cold waves dashing higher and higher, with less shrinking from the chill, less apprehension of being lost in the gulf beneath. The last sentiments which I am aware she made intelligible to us were, that her mind was happy, and that she was ready to go. How sure we all feel that the moment her mortal eyes were closed in death, the eyes of her spirit were opened to behold the face of Jesus in the paradise of the blessed ! Dear sister ! we feel sad to leave thee remote and lonely in yonder burial-ground. But we know that thou sleepest in Jesus, and that, when the night of death is passed away and the resurrection-morn appears, thou also wilt again appear, blooming in celestial beauty and arrayed in thy Saviour’s righteousness, a being fitted to love and be



beloved throughout the ever-revolving hours of an eternal day.”

Amidst graver thoughts and labours, Judson had a place in his heart for the tenderest home-affections. “They gave me,” he writes to his mother and sister, on the arrival of a fresh missionary and his wife from America, “an account of their visit to Plymouth, and of their interview with you both, and how you looked, and what you said ; and he remembered the exhortation to ‘preach the three R’s.’ He remarked that my mother was the very picture of the venerable ; and *she* observed that everything about the house was kept in remarkably nice order. And they both thought, that, from your appearance and remarks, you were in the enjoyment of much religious feeling. How I wish I could see you once more ! I send you a copy of the Burman New Testament, which may be a gratifying curiosity, if nothing more.” And he adds :—“ Little Adoniram is one of the prettiest, brightest children you ever saw. His mother says that he resembles his uncle Elnathan. Abby is growing fast. She runs about, and talks Burman quite fluently, but no English. She attends family and public worship with us, and has learned to sit still and behave herself. But Fen, or Pwen, as the natives call him, when he is brought into the chapel and sees me in my place, has the impudence to roar out Bah (as the Burmans call father) with such a stentorian voice, that his nurse is obliged to carry him out again.”

And, after some months, to his sister, thus:—"I have lately had the happiness of baptizing the first Toung-thoo that ever became a Christian. I hope he will be the first-fruits of a plentiful harvest. God has given me the privilege and happiness of witnessing and contributing a little, I trust, to the conversion of the first Burmese convert, the first Peguan, the first Karen, and the first Toung-thoo. Three of them I baptized. The Karen was approved for baptism; but, just then brother Boardman removing to Tavoy, I sent the Karen with him, and he was baptized there. There are now above a thousand converts from heathenism, formed into various churches throughout the country. And I trust that the good work will go on, until every vestige of idolatry shall be effaced, and millennial glory shall bless the whole land. The thirteenth day of this month\* finished a quarter of a century that I have spent in Burnah; and on the eighth of next month, if I live, I shall complete the fiftieth year of my life. And I see that mother, if living, will enter on her eightieth year next December. May we all meet in heaven!" And, four months later:—"If it were not for my missionary obligations, and duty to the perishing heathen,—how happy I should feel if we were all settled with you in the old mansion-house at Plymouth! I feel more desirous than I did formerly, to do something to express my gratitude to dear mother for the love she felt and the pains she took for me when I was a little one. But I can do nothing but pray that her last days may be

\* July, 1838.

illuminated by the light of God's countenance, and that an abundant entrance may be administered to her into the kingdom of our Lord. It seems an unnatural thing that families should be broken up and scattered as ours has been. This missionary work, though a blessed work, is attended with severe trials and sacrifices, especially of a domestic kind. These dear children I shall have to part with, I suppose, and send to America, to be educated; and what a heart-rending trial that will be!"

In his "Star in the East," Dr. Claudius Buchanan wrote:—"The Romish Church preached Christianity in India *without the Bible*. What was the effect of giving the Hindoos the Bible? It was the same as that which followed the giving the Bible to us, while we lay in almost Hindoo darkness, buried in the ignorance and superstition of the Church of Rome. It gave light and knowledge: God blessed His own Word to the conversion of the heart; and men began to worship Him in sincerity and truth." Judson, following the same line, writes:—"Modern missions have been distinguished from the Roman Catholic, and indeed from all former missions since apostolic times, by patronising and honouring the Word of God. And I do believe that those missions which give the highest place to the divine Word, will be most owned of God, and blessed. There is only one book in the world which has descended from heaven; or, as I tell the Burmans, there is one golden lamp which God has suspended from heaven to guide us thither. Shall we missionaries

throw a shade around it, or do ought to prevent the universal diffusion of its life-giving rays? Oh! that one complete volume of the Bible, and not merely the New Testament—for the Word of God, though not such a book as human philosophy or logic would have devised, is doubtless, in the eye of Infinite Wisdom, a *perfect* work, and just fitted to answer the great end which God has in view—oh! that one copy of the Burman Bible were safely deposited in every village where the language is understood!”

For this, he had spent months and years in close study. The translation had, for some time, been completed; and now he was busy, early and late, superintending the publication of a new edition. Nothing satisfied him but thorough work. “Seeing,” says he, “how some eminent missionaries divided their attention among several objects, at the risk of doing nothing well, —I thought it incumbent on me, with less capacity, to aim at *more singleness of object*. And now I feel that it is the one main duty of my life to study and labour to *perfect the Burmese translation of the Bible*. I would not be understood,” he adds, “to depreciate the preaching of the gospel, the grand means instituted by Christ for the conversion of the heathen. Only, all our preaching must be based on the written Word; and, when the voice of the living preacher is passed away from the village, the inspired volume may still remain to convict and to edify. I would say, therefore, that the preached Gospel and the written Word are the two arms which are to pull down the kingdom of darkness and build

up the Redeemer's. Let us not cut off one of these arms; for the other will, by itself, be comparatively powerless, as the history of the Church in every age will testify."

With a kind of prophetic presentiment, he was here unconsciously anticipating the silencing of his own voice. Symptoms began to exhibit themselves,—such as soreness of the throat, and pain in the lungs—indicating the approach of a disease which was by and by to remove him to his heavenly home. On one of a succession of voyages which he took for the renovation of his shattered health, he writes:—"In the afternoon we lay at anchor, outside the buoy; and, though in the face of the sea-breeze, my cough was rather troublesome all day and evening. Perhaps it was one of my bad days. We are now moving forward with a light wind. I think of you, and the house, and the chapel, and the compound, and all the scenes and occupations and endearments that are past—past, perhaps, never to return; but they will return, if not in this world, yet in another,—purified, exalted, when all this mortal shall be invested with immortality." And, ten days later:—"I am decidedly convalescent, at sea. It is sad dull work to go to a place which you have no wish to see, and where you have no object scarcely to obtain. I hope to be on my return before long. The bosom of my family is almost the only bright spot that remains to me on earth. You know I love you more than all the world beside." Arriving a few days afterwards at Calcutta, he added:—"My cough has not returned on

shore, as I feared it would. The soreness remains about the same. I expect to return in about three weeks; but we know not what a day may bring forth. I shall occasionally note down my adventures, that, if you should not see me again, you may get some shadow of me. And then, I take greater pleasure in writing to you than in anything else.

‘ Where’er I roam, whatever realms I see,  
My heart, untravell’d, *fondly* turns to thee;’

thee, my most beloved wife, and you, my dear children, Abby Ann, Adoniram, and Elnathan !” Two days later, the atmosphere of the place seemed to be bringing on a relapse; and, in another fortnight, he was on his voyage back to Maulmain, joyfully hoping to find again that “home was home.” The Sunday previous to his arrival, he “made a trial of his voice by attempting to conduct Burmese worship in his cabin with the only native convert on board, but was dismayed to find the old soreness of lungs and tendency to cough come on.” “The approaching rainy season,” he wrote, on landing, “will probably decide whether my complaint is to return with violence, or whether I am to have a further lease of life. I am rather desirous of living, for the sake of the work, and of my family; but He who appoints all our times, and the bounds of our habitation, does all things well, and we ought not to desire to pass the appointed limits.”

The disease returning with fresh force, a voyage home to America was suggested, as the last remaining resource. “To this course I have strong objections,”

he wrote. "There are so many missionaries going home for their health, or for some other cause, that I should be very unwilling to do so, unless my brethren and the Board thought it a case of absolute necessity. I should be of no use to the cause at home, not being able to use my voice. And, lastly, I am in my fifty-first year. I have lived long enough. I have lived to see accomplished the particular objects on which I set my heart when I commenced a missionary life. And why should I wish to live longer? My present expectation is, to use medicinal palliatives and endeavour to keep along for a few months until I see the present edition of the Bible completed, and then be ready to rest from my labours. But the very thought brings joy to my soul. For, though I am a poor, poor sinner, and know that I have never done a single action which can claim the least merit or praise,—glory is before me, interminable glory, through the blood of the Lamb, the Lamb for sinners slain! But I shrink back again, when I think of my dear wife and darling children, who have wound round my once widowed, bereaved heart, and would fain draw me down from heaven and glory. And then, I think also of the world of work before me. But the sufficient answer to all is, 'The Lord will provide.'"

Meanwhile, the unfavourable symptoms abated. "God has been merciful to him beyond our fears," Mrs. Judson wrote, "and has so far restored him that he was able to preach last Lord's day, the first time for about ten months. His discourse was short, and he

spoke low. I felt exceedingly anxious respecting his making the attempt; but he has experienced no ill effects from it as yet. How pleased you would have been to see the joy beaming from the countenances of the dear native Christians, as they saw their beloved and revered pastor once more take the desk! He applies himself very closely to study, though he is still far from well. He is revising the Scriptures for a second edition, quarto. They have already proceeded in printing as far as the Psalms. He revises as they print, and often finds himself closely driven. But God gives strength equal to his day." And, in the same letter, Judson himself writes:—"Dear Sister, I avail myself of the margin of this letter to mother, to say good morning to you across the wide world which divides us. Life is wearing away, and the time drawing on when, I trust, we shall all be reunited in one family, enjoying together eternal life and glory. Till then, I hope we shall daily remember one another at the throne of grace, and especially the little ones who have not hearts to pray for themselves. Do write often, long, and particularly."

One-and-twenty years after his first landing at Rangoon, he had finished his translation of the whole Bible; and, in the autumn of this year,\* having occupied six more years in revising the great work, the last sheet of the new edition was printed off. It was the completion of his life-work. The Burman Bible has been pronounced by competent judges to be the most

\* 1840.



perfect work of the kind which has appeared in India. It was the unfolding to a whole nation, in language perfectly idiomatic and clear, of the precious word of life.

“If you listen to David’s harp,” says Bacon, in one of his essays, “you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon.” Judson was now learning experimentally the same truth. “I have thought of late,” he writes, “that God, in His dealings with us, aims particularly at our individual development and growth, with the ultimate object of fitting each one of us, personally, for the life to come; and when, in His infinite wisdom, He sees that the recast of our original natures is so filed and rasped as to be ready for the position He designs us to occupy, He graciously removes us thither.”

For months past, Sarah Judson had been labouring in her home-circle, and in the mission, with a zeal which seemed to tell that her life-work was nearly over. A translation of the “Pilgrim’s Progress;” a Burmese book of questions on the Acts, for the use of Bible-classes; a Sabbath-school, numbering nearly a hundred children; and a Bible-class of twenty adults,—were some of the objects which had shared her daily labours with the care of her own little family. And, of the latter, three had scarcely recovered from a serious illness, when she was suddenly prostrated by a pulmonary attack which seemed to threaten her removal from this vale of tears. “The dear sisters of

the mission," she wrote afterwards, "came to give me a last look and pressure of the hand; for I was too far gone to speak. The poor children, three of whom were ill, were sent away; and my husband devoted his whole time to taking care of me. I felt sure that my hour of release from this world had come—that my Master was calling me; and, blessed be God! I was entirely willing to leave all and go to him." Ordered to sea as the only means of saving his life, though no one hardly hoped that they could all get on board ship alive—they had not been out four days when the vessel struck on a shoal, and, for about twenty minutes, was expected to be a total wreck. "I shall never," she wrote, "forget my feelings as I looked over the side of the ship that night on the dark ocean, and fancied ourselves, with our poor sick, and almost dying children, launched on its stormy waves." The tide rose, and they escaped from the extreme peril. A few more days, and the sick mother obtained a temporary reprieve.

But, meanwhile, another stroke descended. "Oh, my love," said Judson, as she arrived one night at Serampore from a day or two's sail, "you have come to the house of death." "What!" she exclaimed, "oh, what is it?" "Dear little Henry," said the weeping father, "is dying." Hastening to the chamber, she found the bright little boy, with eyes dim and cheeks colourless, and already in the icy grasp of death. "I had my cot," she writes, "placed so that my head was close to his. After a while, as I fell asleep, Mr. Judson sat watching him on the other side." She awoke; and

a soft whisper broke upon her ear. "Henry," sobbed his father, "my dear son, Henry." And "the dear little creature opened his eyes and looked into his papa's face with all the intelligence and earnestness he was wont in days of health." But "suddenly," she adds, "his countenance changed—his papa spoke to me—I looked at him—there was one gasp,—and then all was over. The body had ceased from suffering; the spirit was at rest in the bosom of Jesus." And, the next day, she wrote:—"He sleeps in the Mission burial-ground, where moulders the dust of Carey, Marshman, and Ward."

Amidst these scenes, the missionary was learning new lessons. "Oh, that we had all more of the spirit of prayer!" he writes. "'Nothing is impossible to industry,' said one of the seven sages of Greece. Let us change the word 'industry' for *persevering prayer*; and the motto will be more Christian, and worthy of universal adoption. I am persuaded that we are all more deficient in a spirit of prayer than in any other grace. God loves importunate prayer so much, that He will not give us much blessing without it; and the reason He loves such prayer is, that He loves us, and knows that it is a necessary preparation for our receiving the richest blessings, which He is waiting and longing to bestow." An instance of the power of prayer occurred, on leaving Serampore. Having accepted the generous offer of an English captain to convey him in his ship to the Mauritius, as a means of recruiting his own and his family's health, he made it a matter of special prayer to God that he might be of use to the

seamen ; and, before going on board, he expressed a conviction that God had heard him, and that He would give him some, if not all, of the crew. On the passage, he laboured unceasingly for their souls ; his words “ seldom failing to make the big tear roll down the weather-beaten cheeks of his hardy auditory.” And, before their arrival at the Mauritius, three of the sailors were manifestly converted to God. On the voyage back to Maulmain, the converts were multiplied to twenty ; and they did not separate until they had entered into a solemn written “ engagement before God to live as real Christians ought to live, avoiding all known sin, and striving to keep all His commands.”

Judson was now able to preach at the mission once on the Sunday, and to conduct worship each alternate evening in the week. Burmah continued shut against the gospel ; and he had begun a Burmese dictionary, “ plodding on while daylight lasted, and looking out for the night, ready to bequeath both the plodding and the profit to any brother who should be willing to carry on and to complete the work when he himself should have obtained his discharge.” Nor was his own soul neglected. “ Be more careful,” he writes, laying down anew certain *rules of life*, “ to observe the seasons of secret prayer. Never indulge resentful feelings towards any person. Embrace every opportunity of exercising kind feelings and of doing good to others, especially to the household of faith. Also,

‘ Sweet in temper, face, and word,  
To please an ever-present Lord.’ ”

And, renewing the rules, some months later, he added : —“ Resolved to make the desire to please Christ the grand motive of all my actions.”

It was now nineteen years since the fair girl of Massachusetts had bidden adieu to her pleasant home in Salem ; and never, amidst the many intervening vicissitudes, had she regretted for one moment her decision to be a missionary. “ We are not weary of our work,” she writes ; “ it is in our hearts to live and die among this people.” But a less elastic step, a more pensive drooping of the eyelid, and, above all, an indescribable heavenliness of the ripening soul, “ stealing out” insensibly upon the face, betokened, to close observers, a gradual approach to her rest above. Each day, a little thinner, and a little paler, and a little weaker, she at last set out for America as the only hope of restoration. Borne to the ship amidst a circle of swarthy tear-bedewed faces, and the echo of the weeping farewell still falling sadly on her ear, she sailed westward, until she reached the Mauritius, so much improved in health that Judson was just about to leave her to pursue her voyage alone. As the parting moment approached, she wrote on a scrap of broken paper thus :—

“ We part on this green islet, Love !  
Thou for the Eastern main,  
I for the setting sun, Love !  
Oh ! when to meet again ?

My tears fall fast for thee, Love !  
How can I say farewell ?  
But go ; thy God be with thee, Love,  
Thy heart's deep grief to quell !

Yet my spirit clings to thine, Love!  
Thy soul remains with me;  
And oft we'll hold communion sweet,  
O'er the dark and distant sea."

But another parting was come. Suddenly the invalid was prostrated once more; and, embarking on board a ship just sailing for Boston, they both pursued for a few weeks their sad path over the great waters, when one evening they sighted St. Helena. In the little cabin, the three children had already imprinted on those pale lips the last kiss, and the fond husband was leaning wistfully over the death-pillow,—when suddenly the invalid was summoned on high. And, as they entered port next morning, the colours half-mast high,—the precious dust was carried to a quiet, shady spot, to rest till the Lord should come. The same evening, the bereaved missionary and his motherless children were on their way to the United States. "And oh! how desolate," he wrote, "my cabin appears, and how dreary the way before me! But I have the great consolation that she died in peace, longing to depart and be with Christ. She had some desire, being on her passage home, to see her parents, and relatives, and friends, after twenty years' absence; but the love of Christ sustained her to the last. When near dying, I congratulated her on the prospect of soon beholding the Saviour in all His glory; she eagerly replied, 'What can I want beside?'"

## CHAPTER XVI.

Judson — Visit to America — Welcome — Characteristic scene — “The precious Saviour” — A snare — Emily Judson — Rangoon — The brick house — The Karens — Inquirers — Persecution — “Cover of the bushes” — New visit to Ava — Frustrated — The invisible — Burmese Dictionary — “Any work” — Scene in the study — “A strange providence” — Waiting for his change — Ripe for heaven — Brotherly love — Sick-bed longings — “So strong in Christ” — “Not my will” — Voyage to the Mauritius — Answer to prayer — “This frightens me” — The parting — “My only kindred” — “All right there” — “I am going” — “Bury me!” — Sea-grave — The tiny sapling — “A real live oak” — Burman work — Karen jungle — Native preacher — One business — Secret exercises — Karen village — The “two mites” — Melody — “Happiest day of my life” — Awakening — “What is it to believe?” — San Quala — British Commissioner — “How do you live?” — “My heart sleeps” — No guile — Fifteen hundred converts.

JUDSON’S sojourn in America, extending to nine months, was one continuous ovation. The first missionary to leave his native shores, he had now for thirty years been in the brunt of the fight; and so intense was the desire to see him, that, wherever it was known that the veteran was to appear, the largest buildings were thronged long before the hour of service. But, the

more his brethren were disposed to exalt him, the lower he lay in the dust. "It is one of the severest trials of my life," he said, or rather whispered, on one of those occasions, "not to be able to lift up my voice and give free utterance to my feelings before this congregation; but repeated trials have assured me that I cannot safely attempt it. I will only add, that I beg your prayers for the brethren I have left in Burmah—for the feeble churches we have planted there—and that the good work of God's grace may go on until the world shall be filled with His glory."

One evening, a characteristic scene occurred. Announced to address an assembly in a provincial town, and a vast concourse having gathered from great distances to hear him,—he rose at the close of the usual service, and, as all eyes were fixed and every ear attent, he spoke for about fifteen minutes, with much pathos, of the "precious Saviour"—of what He had done for us, and of what we owed to Him; and he sat down, visibly affected. "The people are very much disappointed," said a friend to him, on the way home: "they wonder you did not talk of *something else*." "Why, what did they want?" he replied; "I presented the most interesting subject in the world, to the best of my ability." "But they wanted something different—a story." "Well, I am sure I gave them a story—the most thrilling one that can be conceived of." "But they had heard it before. They wanted something new of a man who had just come from the antipodes." "Then I am glad they have it to say, that



a man coming from the antipodes had nothing better to tell than the wondrous story of Jesu's dying love. My business," he went on to say, with great animation, "is to preach the gospel of Christ; and, when I can speak at all, I dare not trifle with my commission. When I looked upon those people to-day, and remembered where I should next meet them, how could I stand up and furnish food to vain curiosity—tickle their fancy with amusing stories, however decently strung together on a thread of religion? That is not what Christ meant by preaching the gospel. And then, how could I hereafter meet the fearful charge—'I gave you one opportunity to tell them of ME; you spent it in describing your own adventures?'"

On another occasion, about the same period, a sermon which he had just heard was "eliciting warm praises from a parlour-circle." He sat silent, evidently sad at heart. "But how did *you* like it?" at last whispered one of the company to him, after the others had retired. "It was very elegant," he replied; "every word was chosen with care and taste; and many of the thoughts were exceedingly beautiful. It delighted my ear so much, that I quite forgot that I had a *heart*; and I am afraid all the others did the same." And, another day, speaking in glowing terms of a sermon, to which he had listened with evident interest, he suddenly recollected himself, and broke off thus:—"But such are not the sermons to arouse a dead sinner, or to feed the sheep. No man could say there to-day, 'The poor have the gospel preached.' This tendency," he added,

“of cultivated people to visit the house of God in quest of intellectual gratification, rather than for their spiritual good, is the most dangerous snare in the path of the rising ministry.”

In the city of Philadelphia, there lived, in those days, a lady of singular accomplishments, and occupying a high place in the literary circles of her country, whom Judson sought out to aid him in embalming the memory of his deceased wife. Emily Chubbuck entered on the task with all the fervour of her affectionate nature. And, as the time drew near for the distinguished Apostle of Burmah to return to his sphere of labour, the other had consented, with a rare self-devotion, to leave her literary laurels, and to go forth as his fellow-labourer. In July, 1846, they were married; and, a few days afterwards, they embarked for Burmah. Four months passed; and now, “Off Amherst,” he wrote:—“The wide expanse of the ocean is again crossed; the Maul-main-mountains loom in the distant horizon.” And, a fortnight later:—“We are here at last. I have set up housekeeping in my old house. Emily makes one of the best wives, and kindest mothers to the children, that ever man was blessed with. I shall now go on with the dictionary and other missionary work as usual.”

After a while, he set out for Rangoon, desiring to carry the gospel once more into Burmah Proper. But, though invited by the governor to settle in the town and to labour at his dictionary, he was warned that it was as the minister of a foreign religion, teaching the

foreigners in the place, that his presence was sanctioned, and not at all as a missionary, or propagator of religion among the natives. "The young heir," he writes, "and his younger brother, who is premier and heir-apparent, are rigid Buddhists. Buddhism is in full feather throughout the empire. The prospects of a missionary were never darker. But let us aim to obtain the praise bestowed upon Mary, 'She hath done what she could.' If we give up all to God, He will take care of us, and bring light out of darkness, and good out of evil, I do believe; and we shall praise Him for ever, that He led us through some dark ways in His blessed service." And again:—"I have hired the upper story of a brick house, and am bringing my family to a place dreary, indeed, and destitute of almost all outward comforts, but one which will afford an opportunity of building up the feeble church by private efforts, and of seizing the first opening for more public efforts which God in His providence may present, in answer to the prayers of His people in beloved, far-distant America."

Scarcely were they settled in Rangoon, when the Karens began to flock in from different parts. They came at all hours between daylight and ten o'clock, and dispersed as gradually. "We have plenty to do," he says. "What with a little missionary work, and what with our studies, and what with visiting, our hands are full. Oh, for that humility and contrition! oh, for that simplicity of faith, which will secure the indwelling glory! He dwelleth in the contrite soul;

and the rays of indwelling glory appear more resplendent, gleaming through the chinks of the humble tenement." Four hopeful inquirers appeared, one of whom he baptized soon afterwards at the same spot where, twenty-eight years before, he had baptized the first Burman convert. "Our missionary efforts," he writes, "being conducted in secrecy, must necessarily be very limited. It is, however, a precious privilege to be allowed to welcome into a private room a small company, perhaps two or three individuals only, and pour the light of truth into their immortal souls,—souls that, but for the efficacy of that light, would be covered with the gloom of darkness—darkness to be felt to all eternity."

Persecution again showed itself. One Saturday morning, they were startled by some private intimations that the "Bloody Raywoon" (as one of the vice-governors was called) had his eye on them. A little before evening, police-officers were set at the house, to watch for any who "favoured Jesus Christ's religion." That morning, only two appeared; and with them the missionary had a very interesting and affecting time in a private room, and they got off undiscovered. Another day, he was visited by a fine young man, son of one of the oldest converts; and, in the dusk of the evening, they repaired to the old baptizing-place, where, "under cover of the bushes," says he, "we perpetrated a deed which, I trust, our enemies will not be able to gainsay or invalidate to all eternity."

He had left the care of the churches at Maulmain and among the Karens, and had repaired to this dark

spot, chiefly with the view of proceeding to the capital, wishing to make one more effort to present the gospel to the blinded people. "I tell you," he said, one day, as he contemplated setting out, "if we had but the power to see them, the air above us is thick with contending spirits—the good and the bad—striving for the mastery. I know where final victory lies; but the struggle may be a long one." The church at home, however, failed to forward the usual supplies; he saw in it an intimation of God's will that he should not go to Ava; and, with a childlike acquiescence, he returned once more to Maulmain.

For months, he laboured on,—his voice scarcely allowing him to speak, but his whole energies concentrated on his dictionary, as the object most likely to forward, indirectly, the mission-work. "Work of all sorts," he writes, "must be done. I would not choose for myself. It is a great privilege to be allowed to do anything for the King of kings and Lord of lords." At length, the first part of the dictionary—the English and Burmese—was printed, in a quarto volume of six hundred pages. And the second part—the Burmese and English—he pored over, week after week,—until, at last, one night in November, he was seized with an illness which seemed to touch the springs of life. "There cannot," he wrote, as if consciously drawing near his heavenly rest, "be many links of my chain remaining. It is time to set my house in order, and to take leave of all further earthly aspirations." And, on another occasion:—"So the light in your dwelling has gone out; and coldness has

gathered round your hearthstone. Let us travel on and look up. We shall soon be there."

One day, as he sat in his study, with his pen lying on the table, as it had been stricken from his hand, he said :—" People will call it a strange providence, if I do not live to finish my dictionary. But to me it will be a strange providence if I do. Men almost always leave unfinished some work which they or their friends consider vastly important. It is a way God has of showing us what really worthless creatures we are, and how altogether unnecessary, as active agents, in the working out of His plans."

Month after month, he struggled on, gradually declining in strength, and calmly waiting for his change. " During his last year," writes Mrs. Judson, " it seemed as though the light of the world on which he was entering had been sent to brighten his upward pathway." And another writes :—" I saw Dr. Judson occasionally, and have seen no man, in India or elsewhere, whom I thought riper for heaven."

One day, talking of love to the brethren, and of the ardent attachment we ought to feel for them, he remarked that it would be so in heaven, and that we lost immeasurably by not beginning now. " As I have loved you, so ought ye also to love one another," was a thought continually on his mind ; and he would often murmur, as though unconsciously, " ' As I have loved you '—' as I have loved you, '—then would burst out with the exclamation, " O the love of Christ ! the love of Christ ! " Another day, as he lay on his

couch, thinking of that passage, "In honour preferring one another," he looked up with sudden animation, and said to his wife earnestly :—"I have gained the victory at last. I love every one of Christ's redeemed, as I believe He would have me love them—in the same manner, though not, probably, to the same degree, as we shall love one another in heaven : and gladly would I prefer the meanest of His creatures who bears His name, before myself."

Late, one night, slowly unclosing his eyes, and fixing them on Mrs. Judson, he said :—"I should like to complete the dictionary on which I have bestowed so much labour, now that it is so nearly done ; for, though it has not quite pleased my taste or satisfied my feelings, I have never underrated its importance. Then, after that, come all the plans that we have formed." And, in answer to a suggestion from his wife, he added :—"It is not that—I know all that, and feel it in my inmost heart. Lying here on my bed, when I could not talk, I have had such views of the loving condescension of Christ, and of the glories of heaven, as I believe are seldom granted to mortal man. It is not because I shrink from death that I wish to live, neither is it because the ties that bind me here, though some of them are very sweet, bear any comparison with the drawings I at times feel towards heaven ; but a few years would not be missed from my eternity of bliss, and I can well afford to spare them, both for your sake and for the sake of the poor Burmans. I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world ; yet, when

Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from school. Perhaps, I feel something like the young bride when she contemplates resigning the present associations of her childhood for a yet dearer home—though only a very little like her, for there is no doubt resting on *my* future." "Then death would not take you by surprise," said his wife to him, "if it should come even before you could get on board ship?" "Oh, no!" he replied, eagerly; "death will never take me by surprise—do not be afraid of that—I feel *so strong in Christ*. He has not led me so tenderly thus far, to forsake me at the very gate of heaven. No, no; I am willing to live a few years longer, if it should be ordered; and, if otherwise, I am willing and glad to die now. I leave myself entirely in the hands of God, to be disposed of according to His holy will."

A voyage to the Mauritius had been urged upon him; and, after "weeping and praying over it one day and night," he had concluded to go. A day or two previous, Mrs. Judson had been reading to him in a journal the narrative of an awakening among some Jews in Germany, through the agency of a tract containing an account of certain efforts which he had made, years before, at Ava, to stir up Christians in Europe to a deeper interest in Israel.\* As she read, his eyes had filled with tears; and then, a look of almost unearthly solemnity coming over him, and grasping her hand firmly as if to assure himself of

\* At that period, as ever afterwards, the condition of the Jews had been much on his mind.



being really in the world, he said—"Love, this frightens me. I do not know what to make of it." "Of what?" "Why, of what you have just been reading. I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything, but it came; at some time—no matter at how distant a day—somehow, in some shape—probably the last I should have devised—it came."

The invalid was carried on board in a litter; and, with a heavy heart, Mrs. Judson returned that evening to her desolate home. After sailing, he was attacked by agonising pain, his mind being so affected by it that he could not think or even pray. One evening, as he lay somewhat relieved, he said to Mr. Ranney:—"I am glad you are here. I do not feel so abandoned. You are my only kindred now—the only one on board that loves Christ, I mean; and it is a great comfort to have one near me that loves Christ." "I hope," said the other, "you feel that Christ is now near, sustaining you?" "Oh, yes!" replied the dying saint, "*it is all right there*. I believe He gives me just so much pain and suffering as is necessary to fit me to die—to make me submissive to His will." The paroxysms returned; and he whispered, "Oh, how few suffer such great torment—die so hard!" About noon, the next day, he said in Burman to his native servant—"It is done! I am going!" Shortly after, he drew Mr. Ranney's ear close to his, and whispered convulsively, the thought of a sea-grave seeming to startle him for a moment—"Brother Ranney, will you bury me? bury



Maulmain. — page 350.



me?—quick! quick!” Then, turning to the attendant, he said, in English, and also in Burman, “Take care of poor mistress!” and, in a few more minutes, he had gone aloft. That evening, at eight, his remains were committed to the deep, nine days after his embarkation from Maulmain, and scarcely three days out of sight of the mountains of Burmah. It was on April 12, 1850, in the sixty-second year of his age, and in the thirty-sixth of his missionary life.

One day, not long before his death, a visitor was expressing his grief at the faint results of missions. “To be sure,” replied the Apostle of Burmah, earnestly, “our oak is a tiny sapling yet; but it is a real live oak, and well out of the ground; and, when I think of that, and know that He who fashioned it will unfailingly bring it to its perfect stature, my heart thrills with joy indescribable.” And, suddenly turning to a little map of the world which lay on his study-table, and passing his finger rapidly from town to town, he added:—“I am always glad to see Christians so much awake to the importance of extending the Master’s kingdom, as to rejoice in the conversion even of a single soul. ‘There is joy in heaven;’ why not among the redeemed of earth? But look here! See how the gospel-light is girdling this world! It is base ingratitude to be blind to all these wonders.”

We are now to fix our eye for a moment on the Burmah-work, as it has proceeded since these words were uttered.

The first scene which attracts us is a Karen jungle ; and in the foreground is Judson's earliest Karen convert, Ko-thah-byoo. Taking his stand in a *zayat*, or by the road-side, or in some village, he would commence reading from a book, occasionally interspersing remarks, until he had read one, two, and sometimes three or four pages ; and then he would strike off into some train of earnest remark, the people oftentimes listening for hours with the greatest apparent interest, as though it was equally impossible to exhaust his strength or their patience. On another occasion, he would find himself left with an audience of some one or two, and yet would continue with as much zest as if he were preaching to listening thousands. No time or place was "out of season" for setting forth Christ. "It was the death of Christ as a Substitute," he would say, "which laid the foundation of our hopes. It is because He stood in our place and suffered the penalty due to our crimes, that we who believe in Him may now be saved." Amidst growing infirmities, he was always planning some new missionary excursion, never so happy as when he found fellow-Karens to whom he might preach from morning till night.

Preaching was not only the great business of his life, but the one only work to which he attached the least importance. "I have made a number of excursions with him," writes a missionary, "and I do not recollect that I ever knew him to pass a person on the road without stopping him for a few words of con-

versation on the subject of religion ; and, if the individual would consent, he would sit down by the wayside and preach to him by the hour together. Not unfrequently has he in this way been left by his associates ; and in one instance they returned from an excursion, saying, that their patience was exhausted, and that they had left Ko-thah-byoo preaching by the wayside." He would spend whole days in reading and prayer ; and, even at night, he would rise two or three times and go on his knees, sometimes praying for hours. At last, in the midst of his labours, he was attacked one day by a violent inflammation. The disease settled upon his lungs ; and he sent word to the missionary that he wanted to come and die near him. " As it pleases God," was his usual reply to any inquiry made about him, his naturally irritable temper having softened down into the most lamb-like gentleness. And, at length, he fell asleep. It was not long before the death of Judson ; and he had seen, within twelve years, twelve hundred and seventy Karens received into the church.

Other scenes meet us scarcely less affecting. The people would travel to hear the gospel, often a distance of two or three days, crossing almost impassable mountains, bridging torrents by cutting down large trees, and facing deserts frequented by the tiger and the hyæna. " We left Maulmain on the 2d of this month," a missionary writes from the jungle ; " and, on our arrival here, we were received by the native church, and, indeed, by the whole village, with expressions of joy such as are seldom seen on the arrival of a long-

absent, but endeared friend. Even the children were not content without letting us know the interest they felt, by joining their parents in carrying our things up the steep ascent to the house. At evening, the whole village came together for worship. They seemed filled with interest at the thought that one was to be devoted to the work of making known to them the message of mercy through a Saviour. The next day, they brought us such fruits and vegetables as the land afforded; and, indeed, they have continued to make their offerings in such abundance that hitherto we have been more than supplied. These, though of trifling value, are like the widow's two mites, which in the sight of God are of more value than all the offerings of the rich, and seem to presage the pouring out of that Divine blessing annexed to bringing in all the tithes into the storehouse. Inquirers are multiplying; and I trust the time is not far distant when this whole land shall be Immanuel's land."

One day, on the beautiful banks of the Tenasserim, twenty-five converts were baptized. The assembly was large, the singing animated and melodious, and the scenery around most romantic and delightful. At intervals, about that period, every petty Burmese officer would feel it his duty to manifest his loyalty and his attachment to the institutions of his country, by oppressing, fining, imprisoning, and annoying them in every conceivable manner. But none of these things moved them. "As often," says an eye-witness, "as I think of the little church at Yeh, and of the hopeful in-

quirers there, I feel that we have reason to exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!' What but Divine power could have induced so many to believe the doctrine of foreign teachers, when their views of their own worldly interest inclined them to take a directly opposite course! What God has done there for part of the population, He is able to do for the whole; and He is able to do the same in every heathen settlement where the gospel is preached."

In another district, far separated from any other Christians, and rarely visited by any missionary, the people were found "living a life of prayer and of simple faith in God." Every Sunday, they assembled, and read, and prayed, and sang,—the blessing of the Lord evidently resting upon them. "Oh, it is delightful," wrote an eye-witness, "to sit and hear them tell how peaceful and happy they are since 'God gave them new hearts!' On our arrival at Matah this morning, we found the Christians had repaired the old house, and spread the mats on the floor, and made all things look quite comfortable. We spent the remainder of the day in conversing with them, attending to the sick, &c. until evening, when they beat a small gong, which called them all to the zayat for worship. It was truly a delightful sight to see above one hundred and fifty, all seated in perfect order, and waiting to hear the word of the Lord from their teacher. Their singing was really melodious; and their attention and behaviour every way might be a useful example to many congregations in our own dear native land. I



will not retire without recording the goodness of God; for this has been one of the happiest days of my whole life."

A mountain-region to the north was visited by a great awakening. "I have now the happiness to inform you," wrote the missionary, after the lapse of some weeks, "that the excitement, which I attributed wholly to novelty, proved to be the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit. A number of these poor dark heathen, who were then bound in Satan's double chain—idolatry and drunkenness, have been liberated and brought into the glorious liberty of the gospel of Christ, and are now rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God. The progress of the work has been deeply interesting to all who have been acquainted with it, and particularly so to myself. Never were the power and mercy of God more manifestly displayed; and never did His saving grace shine through a more feeble instrumentality. Our first baptism was on the 12th of January. Chung-pau, a man rather advanced in years, but of a sound good mind, and who has thus far manifested a most devoted spirit, had from the first listened with uncommon interest; and I think I never shall forget the sensations it gave me when he would come and sit down by me, and with a countenance which bespoke a soul awakened to the interest of eternal realities, would ask, 'What is it to believe? What can I do to believe? I want to escape hell, and obtain heaven. I wish to trust in Jesus Christ. What shall I do?' Oh, what would

I have given at that moment for an easy use of the language! but I said what I could, and the Spirit taught him as man could not."

On the banks of the Sitang, which finds its way to the sea betwixt the mouths of the Salwen and the Irriwadi, stands an ancient city, some two hundred miles from the coast, the capital of a still more ancient kingdom, into which no Christian had ever entered. It is in the territory of the Karens; and to its benighted people the second Karen convert — San Quala — had long been purposing to go with the message of eternal life. It was now in the hands of Britain; and, as he was preaching one day, he was sent for by the English Commissioner. "Teacher," said the latter, "I have spoken to the Government concerning you, that you should become a head and overseer among the Bghais, Pakus, and wild Karens, for which you will receive thirty rupees a-month." "Sir," answered Quala meekly, but firmly, "I will not do it. I will not have the money. I will not mix up God's work with Government work. There are others to do this thing. Employ them. As for me, I will continue in the work in which I have been engaged." "Where," enquired the Commissioner, somewhat startled at the man's disinterestedness, "where do you obtain money to live on? Why do you not like money? We will give you money, and you may continue your work as a teacher as heretofore. Will it not make it easier for you?" "No, sir," replied the Karen. "When I eat with the children of poverty,

I am contented (literally, my heart sleeps). I did not leave my dear wife, and come up hither, in search of silver or agreeable food. I came to this land that its poor and benighted inhabitants might be saved. Be patient with me, sir. Were I to take your money the wild Karens would turn against me." "Well, teacher," said the Commissioner, "think of the matter a day or two." Proceeding straightway to a Christian chief, and to another who had just been baptized, and having persuaded them to undertake the office,—he returned the next day to the Commissioner, and presented these men as willing to receive the appointment. "He agreed," Quala wrote afterwards, "to give them the office; so I am free, with clean hands. Teachers and teacheresses!" he added, "do not be anxious about me. I have no desire for this work; neither is my wife pleased with it. When I was in Tavoy and Mergui, and was urged to accept the office of magistrate, she threw all the difficulties in the way she could; but, when I became a teacher, that pleased her (literally, hit her heart). The Holy Scriptures say, 'If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work;' why should I go back to things that are worthless? May the Lord help me, draw me by the hand, and guide me to the things which are pleasing in His sight!" That man baptized with his own hand not fewer than fifteen hundred Karens.

## CHAPTER XVII.

River-scene—A Gothic temple—Eager listeners—Songs of Sion—Courage—Rangoon—"Sheaves"—Midnight teachings—God's anointed ones—Bassein—Power of the gospel—Native assistants—Winning souls—"One settled design"—A contrast—London and Tavoy—"Twenty pagans"—Schools—Attainments—Giving—Karen matrons—The stocks—Not angry—"A great Bethel"—The chief—Conversions—"Decided Christians"—Bitterest foes—Burmese war—New openings—New triumphs—Favourite hymn—Missionary method—Direct preaching—Men, not children—The missionary not a schoolmaster—The one weapon—No pioneer—A parallel—Fresh successes—A convert—Burning zeal—An aged saint—"All is peace"—A death-bed appeal—"One cry"—Burman pastors—"A good degree"—A forlorn hope—"Ready to go"—Village Scenes—Grace, grace—The chief's audience-hall—American deputation—Best mode of preaching—Win souls—Results—A Burman—Apostolic bearing—An ordination scene—An inquirer—Searching look—Fresh triumphs—The Dagon-pagoda—"How we pray?"—Pointing to heaven—Another welcome—Family worship—Old Covenants—Mountain-scene—Christian villages—Lamp of life—A little boy—The smoked catechism—A martyrdom—Assembly of two thousand—Motley groups—Missionary zeal—A confessor—Happy to die, happy to live—Results—Conclusion.

ONE Sabbath morning, on a river's bank, in a Gothic temple formed by the leafy, outstretched arms of a

banyan-tree, a missionary spread his mat, and, Bible in hand, stood, like Wisdom, crying to the boats full of natives passing up and down the stream. Company after company obeyed the summons; and all the day there was a succession of eager listeners. The following morning, leaving the boat, he visited a village delightfully situated on a mountain-stream; and immediately the whole people flocked around him, to listen to the Word of God. "They sang the songs of Sion," he writes, "in the sweetest manner. There was a melody and a sweetness in their singing which, perhaps, is rarely ever heard." And, some days later, from another place, he writes:—"The Karen Christians are coming in almost daily, often seven or eight together; and they would come by twentys, if we had not sent them word that it would be imprudent, and that they would be exposing themselves unnecessarily to fines and imprisonment, perhaps to long servitude, and, possibly to death. Some who had been bound with cords, and cruelly beaten till nearly senseless, for preaching Christ and the resurrection, came to see us. At Maubee and the surrounding villages, there are very many who have learned to read within the last year, and many who have embraced the gospel and are waiting for baptism. The church stands firm amid storms and threatenings, oppressions and persecutions."

At Rangoon, where Dr. Judson had originally gone forth weeping, bearing the precious seed, such scenes would now occur as the following:—"Often, when we returned from a walk in the evening, through some

part of the town or suburbs, we found four or five, or seven or eight, in our room, nearly worn out with their long march through the sun. Still they would sit up till after midnight, asking questions about Christian doctrines and duties, and having difficult passages explained ; and, even at that time of night, it was not easy to get away to sleep, they were so eager to have everything obscure made plain. Some of these are assistants, who have from twenty to sixty families under their care. They are pastors as well as preachers, each one in his own parish visiting from house to house, reading the Scriptures and praying with the sick, conducting public worship on the Sabbath, preaching to the unconverted, and performing the rite of marriage according to Christian usage. They also preside in the respective churches under their care. They are not ordained, and therefore do not administer baptism and the Lord's Supper. They are, indeed, God's ' anointed ones.' Two of the young men, who were in irons and stocks last year, are now sitting near me, reading the New Testament. Both of them are fine, active young men."

And, another day, the same eye-witness writes :—  
"The assistant, who has been labouring in the vicinity of Bassein, where the celebrated young chief resides, has just arrived in Rangoon. The work of Divine grace in that region is wonderful. The house of the young chief is thronged much of the time by Karens, who come to hear the gospel and to learn to read. In that district, between two and three hundred are waiting

for baptism ;—such is the power of the gospel among that people. We have examined six or seven native assistants, and given them all the instruction which so short a time could allow. Our prayers go with them in their blessed labours. They have the highest wisdom ; that is, wisdom in winning souls to Christ. Their purpose and feelings are decisive : one settled design seems to engross all their thoughts and wishes. Persecution does not dishearten them ; fines and imprisonment do not terrify them. The spread of the gospel, and the salvation of their countrymen, is the all-engrossing subject by day and by night.”

London, the centre of Christendom, has a population of upwards of two millions and a half ; and, though in possession of the gospel since the days of the apostles, it numbers not more than sixty thousand communicants—*one-fortieth* of the whole people. In the district around Tavoy, there are ten thousand and seventy-five souls ; and of these, after the gospel had been among them some fifteen or twenty years, there were one thousand and forty-six members of churches, whose steadfastness had stood the severest test,—exclusive of some hundreds who, in the interval, had died in the faith of Christ ;—a proportion exceeding, by at least four to one, the Christians of our great metropolis. This result was effected by the simplest and humblest of human agencies—some twenty pagans whom God had raised up among the people,—the foreign missionaries never averaging above two and a-half, and oftentimes reduced even to one. And not less

striking was the condition of the schools. In these there were, two years ago, not fewer than three hundred pupils, all of them members of the convert-families\*—being a proportion of fifteen per cent, exceeding that of the district of Boston in the United States, the most enlightened section of that highly educated country. And the schools were not mere names. "I have had pupils in my theological class," writes a missionary, "direct from those village-schools, who took hold of the exegesis of the Bible in as masterly a manner as most of the students from our learned Universities, and who grappled with geometry and trigonometry, with their applications to astronomy and land-surveying, as if they had been nursed in the lap of science."

The converts, having freely received, freely gave. Their twenty-three chapels were all built at their own cost; no labour and no expense were spared. And not only did they support their own teachers, but they contributed, most willingly, to send the gospel to others. In one little church, of some forty or fifty members, the subscription-list for the missionary society would often number more than one hundred names. "When I visited," a missionary writes, "in the mission-boat some of the villages which were accessible by water, they would often load it, on my return,

\* No heathen parents will there send their children to the mission-schools, because they believe they are "sure to be converted and become Christians." What stronger testimony could be given to the decisive and successful character of the teaching?



with rice and paddy, fowls and fish, sweet potatoes and yams, gourds and pumpkins. These were sold in Tavoy, and the proceeds paid into the funds of the society." One day, a convert, who had just lost his wife, came with two rupees. "My wife," said he, with a mingled sadness and joy, "handed me these just before going, and whispered, 'It is all I have, and I wish to give it for the spread of the gospel.'" And they grudged not even their very choicest men. No Karen matron had any higher ambition than to be privileged to give up her son to be a poor persecuted "teacher."

One evening, three men arrived from Bassein, in great alarm. "Teacher!" said they, "what shall we do? four of our brethren are in the stocks." An assistant, who had gone from Rangoon to preach, accompanied by three young men, had halted at a large Karen village; and, as his custom was, he had called together the people, and had preached to them the kingdom of God. It was near the hamlet of a Burman officer, and sundry menacing rumours were abroad; but, feeling that they ought to obey God rather than man, they had continued their meeting till late at night. The next morning, the four disciples had been arrested and beaten, with several who had listened to their words the previous evening. A day had passed; and the four confessors had been placed in the stocks, reserved for sterner torture. A sum of one hundred and fifty rupees was now raised among the villagers as a ransom; and, at last, the prisoners

were liberated. Six weeks afterwards, the assistant returned to Rangoon, pale and emaciated from disease. "How did you feel when they were beating you?" enquired the missionary. "I prayed for them," he replied, meekly. "But were you not a little angry?" "No; I told them they might beat me to death if they wished, but that they would not make me angry, and I should live again at the resurrection. When they heard this," he added, "they laughed, and, after beating me a little, stopped." "Since that time," the missionary writes, "he has been preaching in the villages more remote from the Burmans, and has not been molested. The account he brings relative to the work of the Lord in those regions, surpasses everything I have known in modern days among heathen nations."

At Bassein, the house of the young chief was "a great Bethel, a temple of God," whither the people from the neighbouring and distant villages resorted, "to learn to read, and how to worship God." Himself, as yet, the only baptized person in the district,—he never ceased labouring on behalf of his people's souls. And amazing was the power which accompanied the Word. Ere long, the number of decided Christians was estimated at a point varying from six hundred to a thousand. "Although but one has been baptized," writes a missionary, "the line of demarcation betwixt those who serve God and those who serve Him not is distinctly drawn; and, generally, there exists, on the part of those who reject the gospel, a most bitter hatred

towards the Christians. In fact, the Karen Christians fear their own countrymen, who are enemies to the gospel, more than the Burman officers. Sometimes, even in families, there exists the most deadly opposition; and not only are 'a man's foes those of his own household,' but they are often his bitterest foes. Notwithstanding," he adds, "I know of several villages where the people are all decidedly Christian; and, although it may be denied by some that there are whole villages that have turned to God, yet, if they will take a trip with me into the Karen jungles, I will show them several such. It is easy to account for the rapid spread of the gospel in these regions. I attribute it, under the blessing of God, to the efficiency and apostolic zeal of the Karen native preachers."

A fresh Burmese war, which issued in the annexation to England of the entire southern portion of the kingdom of Burmah, opened, in 1852, a new field for missionary labour. Scarcely had the echo of the last gun from the war-ships died away on the hills above Rangoon, when the long-oppressed people rushed in amidst ten thousand foreigners, in search of the teacher. A deputation, sent by the native churches, and followed night and day with their prayers, appeared in the town; and the work was resumed with new energy.

A favourite hymn, in these remote jungles, was :—

“ The morning-light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears ;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears ;

Each cry, to heaven going,  
Abundant answers brings ;  
And heavenly gales are blowing,  
With peace upon their wings."

And marvellous indeed were the results. In one district alone, a single missionary baptized, in one year, two thousand converts,—the only agency employed being the simple preaching and reading of the Word. In another district, inhabited by the Red Karens, upwards of thirteen hundred members were admitted into the church.

Judson regarded it as the chief lesson of his thirty-six years of missionary life, that the great business of the missionary is less the training of the children than the direct preaching of the gospel to the mass of the people. And, if ever a theory was made good by facts, it was in the Burmah mission. "It is sometimes said to be unreasonable," was the observation of an American deputation, who had just returned from a protracted visit to the scene of his labours, "to expect that old men, hardened in sin and wedded to idolatry, will submit themselves to the gospel; and we must, therefore, commence with their children, and imbue them with scriptural truth, and thus lead them to a knowledge of the Saviour. But to this there appear several objections:—*First*. If our only hope of the conversion of men rests upon the work of the Holy Spirit, this course is unnecessary; for to infinite power all things are equally easy. *Secondly*. There also seems a radical objection to this view, arising from

the circumstances under which the gospel is always introduced. Jesus Christ says that He came to set parents and children at variance with each other, and that a man's foes shall be they of his own household. Such invariably is the fact. Converts from the heathen are exposed to bitter and relentless persecution, from their own relatives and from the whole society in which they live. So violent does this frequently become, that men and women quail before it, and nothing but the sternest convictions of duty can nerve them to the conflict to which they are exposed by a profession of Christianity. But, if the convert is exposed to such trial, are we to expect, as a rule, that its bitterest violence is to be borne by children? When such a contest is impending, are we to place the most immature and youthful minds in the forefront of the battle? Can we expect a victory under such auspices? *Thirdly.* Are the facts such as this reasoning supposes? When did a mission number, among its first converts, children instead of men? When were children found more willing than their parents to listen to the message of salvation? Was it thus in apostolic times? Was it thus amongst the Karens, or the Burmans, or the Chinese? Precisely the reverse, in all. In the Chinese Church in Siam, most of the members are past middle life, and the rest of them are really old men. Mr. Granger, in his late excursions in Burmah, has said, that he never saw more attentive auditories than those composed of the middle-aged Burmans."

But is not the object of the missionary work, first,

the destruction of heathenism, and then the establishment of Christianity? and to bring down the paganism—especially such a paganism as exists in India—is it not essential to infuse into the public mind the elements of human science? The conclusion to which Judson and his fellow-labourers had come was directly the reverse. *First*; this did not seem to them the work which Christ had appointed to His disciples, when He commanded them to go forth. It was not the manner in which Paul and the other apostles understood or obeyed the command. The mythology of the Greeks and Romans was just as false, and it had just as much control over the public mind, as the mythology of the Hindoos or Burmans. Yet Christ did not reveal a system of astronomy to overturn it; nor did the apostles, by appeals to the reason, attempt to subvert it. Their only weapon in this warfare was the preaching of “Christ and Him crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness.” And, if this were so then, why was it not the same now? If Infinite Wisdom devised and exemplified a plan, why was it not safe for us to follow it? *Secondly*; no converting grace was promised to the promulgation of any other truth than that revealed to us in the Holy Scriptures. *Thirdly*; the preparation in question could not be so accomplished. The hearts of men were estranged from God everywhere. If instructed, they remained estranged as before. We had, therefore, approached no nearer to the end we had in view, than when we commenced. Besides, was it found that the youth

educated in schools were more accessible to the gospel than others ? It was confessed that such was not the fact. It had been said that the pupils of the best schools in India, as a class, proved to be the most virulent opposers of the gospel. *Fourthly* ; if the gospel, as a pioneer, was found inefficient, were we to go into the battle armed with weapons which *we* had fashioned and tempered ? Were we to attempt, by human means, what Divine Power had failed to accomplish ? To be honest (they concluded) we should confess the failure of the gospel, and withdraw our missionaries, sending school-teachers in their place ; and, when these had prepared the people, missionaries in the power of the Holy Ghost should follow in their footsteps. It was certainly wrong to ordain ministers, and send them forth as preachers of the gospel, under the Saviour's commission, when we only meant them to be school-teachers. Besides, the aim of the gospel-message in this dispensation was, not to move the masses, but to gather out individual souls ; and the way of attaining that aim was, not any romantic illusion about converting nations, but a believing, earnest effort, to be in every place "unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved and in them that perish."

Judson and his associates did not undervalue school-instruction ; but their educational efforts were reserved chiefly for the converts and their children,—and the educational agents were found, not in ministers of the gospel, but in others, both natives and foreigners, who were always raised up in adequate numbers. And

the instruction itself had for its object, not to make Burmans and Karens talk English, but to imbue the vernacular with elevating and ennobling truth, and to render it a vehicle of knowledge to the noble and the trader, not less than to the serf and the peasant.

These conclusions were the ripe decisions of men who could appeal, for a confirmation of them, to results such as no modern missions have achieved. They were founded on the exact parallelism betwixt the position of missionaries in a heathen land now, and the position of the apostles and first preachers of Christianity. How the latter laboured, the Acts inform us; and there seemed to Judson and his fellow-missionaries no good reason for adopting any other method than that pursued by those who had the instructions of the Saviour Himself. The more closely Christians in any age had followed in their footsteps, the more encouraging had been their success; and such, these men believed, would be the case till the end.

One day, in the summer of 1854, a missionary arrived at Prome, bringing with him two or three native assistants. In the town, there was only one man who professed to be a Christian; and he had come from Rangoon. Immediately they began to preach, by the wayside, and from house to house. Inquirers appeared; scarcely a week passed without applicants for baptism; and, before a year had expired, there were upwards of one hundred and forty converts. "How often have we been asked by English



people," writes an eye-witness, "if we thought they were really Christians. Many, I fear, in Christian lands, would scarcely be able to bear the severe tests which some of these have done. Some have been called to give up brothers and sisters; and, in one or two cases, wives have forsaken their husbands, because they have become Christians. One poor woman, who was baptized, found, on her return home, all her clothing, bed, &c., put out into the street, and this by her own son. She took refuge with her daughter, and, by her consistent walk, has commanded their respect. I could mention numberless instances of both men and women, who give the strongest evidences that their conversion is genuine." And the writer adds:—"We are daily more and more convinced that the Scripture-method is the best for evangelising the world,—to follow the example of the blessed Saviour and His disciples, depending on the simple preaching of the way of salvation, through a crucified Saviour. If we enjoy any success more than others, I think it is by restricting ourselves to this plan."

Christianity is essentially aggressive. No sooner does grace possess the heart, than a "necessity" is laid upon its possessor to spread the glad tidings. The great secret of the success in Burmah was this earnest missionary spirit of the converts. "Because God has showed my work," writes one of them, "I rest not. I go up the mountains and down the valleys, hither and thither—one day in a place, one night in a place, continually. Still I know that I do the work of God

imperfectly; and my heart is exceeding sad. Some come to me from a distance, and reprove me, saying—  
‘Thou sayest thou hast come to exhort men, and thou hast not been to our stream. Dost thou not love us?’  
Then I feel unable to open my mouth; for I know that, when the judgment-day arrives, many who know not God will charge sin upon me, and I can only stammer. ‘I desire that the kingdom of God be established all over the land more than I can express, and among the man-killers far beyond words.’”

In a village, some miles from Rangoon, there lay, one evening, in his lowly cottage, a Burman racked with pain, and his eyes lifted up to heaven, saying, “Within, all is peace and joy!” Some months before, he had heard first the gospel in Rangoon; and, though an old man, he had come every day very early to the *zayat*, thirsting for the word of life. “There must be something true in this religion,” one poor pagan after another would be heard whispering, as he had marked the aged inquirer’s calm joy; “I will search and see.” At last, he had publicly confessed Christ; and, morning after morning, as he had arrived in the grey dawn at the chapel, he had “overflowed with smiles and tears at the thought of God’s mercy in bringing him into the church at his advanced years.” A month or two had passed, and he was taken seriously ill; and now the hour of his departure seemed at hand. His village was still pagan; and, as death approached, he summoned to his bedside his heathen son, and sundry rela-

tives and neighbours. "I love the eternal God," said he, in a tone of mild solemnity, "and His dear Son. I am a Christian, and am now dying. Go in the morning, and tell the teacher, and have me buried as the Christians are." And, without a struggle, he passed to his rest. A day or two afterwards, the whole village attended at his grave—strong men weeping like children. In a week or two the pagan son appeared, one morning, at the mission, with his father's Bible and tracts: they were received as a memento of the departed saint. And, before the week was out, the son returned, saying, "I must worship the God of my father." The inquirer was warmly welcomed; and, ere long, he too put on Christ.

In another village, also some distance from Rangoon, a similar brightness illumined a Burman's death-chamber. It was a woman whose husband had been down, a few weeks before, at the mission, and, after hearing the gospel, had brought home some books, and had begun to read them to his sick wife. "I believe this new religion," said he, with a calm decisiveness; "and I am going to confess Jesus." The dying woman, likewise, was drawn to the cross; and she departed, "rejoicing in the love and mercy of Jesus." A month or two afterwards, the bereaved survivor came to Rangoon, bringing with him three friends. "I am building a chapel," said he; "you must send me books and a preacher; a church of the living God must be planted in my village." And, before many weeks had

gone by, he was at the mission, one morning, saying, "From all the people there is heard one cry, 'Send us your books and men!'"

In Rangoon itself, there were to be seen on every side most signal trophies of grace. "Our Burman preachers," writes an eye-witness, "are learned men, and, considering all their trials, have a faith and zeal which would shame the ministry of a Christian land. The pastor of the Burman church at Rangoon has been a Christian more than thirty years. During the Burmese government, he was twice imprisoned for preaching the gospel, was fined a large sum, and was obliged to pay it by making roads. Still he did not fall; and to-day he tells me he has baptized over three hundred Burmans and Karens." The same eye-witness adds:—"Another of our pastors has been a preacher seventeen years. On one occasion, he went to preach the gospel in Arracan; and, after a while, finding an open door, he sent for his wife and eight children. Just as the ship reached the shore at Akyab, it went down, with all on board; but, instead of murmuring against God's doings, he consecrated himself more entirely to the cause of Christ; and now, often, the midnight hour finds him in his little room, instructing the repenting sinner, or pouring out his petitions to the God of mercy."

One day, a missionary had decided to remove into the territory of the Burman king, knowing that he could there preach the gospel only at extreme personal risk. Laying the case before the little native church,

he enquired if there was any one willing to lay himself upon God's altar. "You may expect," said he, "trials, imprisonment, and even death itself; but God will not forsake you." The next morning, one of the converts presented himself at the mission. "I have spent," he said, "the whole night in prayer: and now I am ready to go."

In a Burman village, whilst on a preaching tour, the missionary awoke, one morning, to the echoes of a voice in the verandah. The moment he was dressed, a man entered, holding in his hand a Christian book. "You must send us a preacher," said he; "for we must learn this sweet law of God." In the evening, a great assembly were gathered; and, as they dispersed, one after another lingered, as if to know more perfectly the way of life. The teacher "explained, talked, and prayed with them, until he was hoarse." Another day, the house was "filled with females, weeping bitterly as the thought struck them that many of their friends had died without hope." Proceeding to a little Burman town some miles distant, they were welcomed on the bank by the native magistrate, who conducted them to a handsome room in his house, hung with fancy silk curtains, and furnished with mats, fruits, and flowers. The people assembled in large numbers, and remained till late at night. "If this physician is true," said one old man, "why have you not come before to tell us of joy?" And an aged woman, putting her withered hand on the missionary's shoulder, and the tears trickling down her cheeks, inquired:—

“Do your father and mother worship and believe in this God?” “Yes.” “Then why did they not hasten to tell us of these things?” The Lord was visibly present. “This evening,” the missionary wrote, “has been a solemn time. There are many learned men here; and almost at a glance they seemed to comprehend the wonderful love of God. I never witnessed such rapt attention, in an English audience, as I saw here. At the close, one of the teachers prayed; and, as he concluded, one of the wise men turned to him and said, ‘Man did not teach you these eloquent words.’” Some weeks later, he was accosted in a large village by some aged men, anxious to “hear about the God who made the world.” “I told them,” says he, “of man’s fall, and the story of redemption through Jesus Christ. Smiles and tears were mingled together, as they listened. They asked how they must pray to God; and, when I told them, they listened as though their life depended upon those words. ‘But,’ said one of the old men, sorrowfully, ‘I fear we cannot remember these words.’ I told them that the book I had given them would teach them; and they clasped it, even as some precious treasure. They said they should come to see us; and we expect to see them, for we believe their hearts have been touched.”

On another occasion, a little preaching expedition proceeded on a trip up the Irriwadi. The second day, at noon, they reached a large, flourishing town; and, on-going ashore, they were met by the head-man, who received them most cordially, and invited them to

preach in his audience-hall. In the evening, as they strolled through the town, the streets resounded with the call of the runner, warning the people to come the following morning to hear of the God who made the world. As the morning dawned, hundreds crowded to the ruler's house; and there, "for the first time, they heard of Him who alone is able to save from hell." "Many of them," says an eye-witness, "were the builders of the temple, and the strong men of the priest. They, too, listened with the most rapt attention: they came, no doubt, with an eye of curiosity; but they soon became deeply interested, and the truth seemed to sink deep into their hearts. Not only was the large hall filled, but the house was surrounded with men, women, and children, who were so eager to hear, that the ruler gave them permission to tear off the front of the house. As the missionary stopped a moment in his remarks, we could not but call to mind God's mercy to Burmah. How changed the scenes!"

At Maulmain, one summer, the various missionaries assembled from all parts of Burmah; and, following up the views of Judson, they recorded their convictions thus:—"There can be little doubt as to the best mode of preaching, after a careful examination of the Acts of the Apostles. The burden of all preaching should be the *way of life* through Christ Jêsus, as this is the instrumentality appointed by Infinite Wisdom for evangelising the world. The language of Paul to believers in Corinth was, 'I came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom; my preaching was not with enticing

words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power.' There was an appeal to the heart, rather than to the intellect; to the moral, rather than to the mental. Paul and his fellow-labourers addressed themselves to men as poor, and wretched, and lost, and, telling them how they might be saved, sought to win their hearts, and, through their hearts, gained their understandings also. It is our deliberate conviction, that any other mode of preaching will fail in winning men to Christ. Other methods may shake their confidence in heathenism—may enlighten their minds,—and there may be so much of clear demonstration, that they will accept as true the great doctrine that there is one living and eternal God. But what have we gained? A battle has been fought, and there is a triumph! but where are the captives?" These men, in the presence of such results, were entitled to speak with authority. "The report," was the language of the Church at home, "furnishes the most gratifying evidence of the enlightened, progressive, and scriptural piety of the converts, as seen in the fortitude and firmness with which they have endured trials and sufferings, and in the zeal and self-denial which they have manifested for the salvation of their benighted countrymen. These facts furnish, also, the most triumphant proof, not only of the power of the gospel of Christ, but also of the efficiency of the labourers engaged in these missions, and of the wise and judicious adaptation of the means and instrumentalities employed in the prosecution of their missionary work."



Time was now testing the results. One of Judson's earliest converts, Ko-thah-a, is described by a visitor thus :—“ He is a venerable old man of eighty. I have met him repeatedly, and always I have been constrained almost involuntarily to rise up before him—so apostolic is his bearing—and with unaffected sincerity to do him reverence. He is a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. He is too advanced to lead public worship; but he can counsel, and he knows both how to live a holy example and how to pray. At the late ordination of two Karen pastors, he offered the ordaining prayer; and it is not difficult to call up the impressiveness of the occasion, as he laid his hands and commended them to the one God—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. He told me, at our first interview, that he had been a preacher of Jesus Christ more than thirty years. During all this period, he had resided at Rangoon. ‘The teachers have come and gone,’ said he; ‘I have always remained here. When the teachers left Rangoon, the rulers seized me; they commanded me not to preach. They said, ‘Do you intend to preach Jesus Christ?’ I said to the rulers, ‘I shall preach; Jesus Christ is the true God.’ He did preach, and was cast into prison, and fined one hundred rupees. Twice he was placed in the stocks, once with his head downward. But his faith has not failed. He has baptized at Rangoon more than two hundred believers, including about eighty Karens. Ko-thah-a, though making many rich, is exceedingly poor. His former dwelling was destroyed during the late war.

His present residence is scarcely a *coop* to creep under. He says, 'It is enough for *me*; the teachers have given me a support. I do not ask more for myself. The love of money'—this he repeated with emphatic earnestness—'is the root of all evil. But I have been pastor of the church. Inquirers come to see me. I have no house to receive them to. I have not enough to give them food.' I need not say," the visitor adds, "that provision will be made for him. A *zayat* will be fitted up, with a room annexed; and inquirers may continue to come and sit at his feet."

In a beautiful village, adorned with fragrant groves, and the houses clean and tidy, the missionary met, one day, an old man, with silvery locks and tottering form, who had read some of the Christian books. "Will you not remain and instruct us?" said he, with tremulous emotion; "we are like children who have only learned their A B C." "No, I must go back," was the reply; "but we will send you some teachers;" and the venerable man wept for joy. Scarcely had they parted, however,—when, suddenly turning back, he enquired, with the most searching look, "But has my wife, who never heard of this God, gone down to the abodes of misery?" "I felt sad," the missionary writes, "for the old man, and tried to explain to him the wisdom and justice of God, and His love to poor sinful man. We hope he may yet sing God's love and mercy." As the visitors wandered through the groves, and saw the smiling faces of the people, and heard the joyous peals of laughter from the urchins on the water,

the thought of happiness darted on them; but the next turn in the road presented idols of brick and stone, and crowds of darkened devotees. "What," they enquired of one of them, as he bowed before his god, "is your hope beyond the grave?" "It is all dark," he replied, with a look of blank sorrow. Two days afterwards, as the worshippers were assembled at Rangoon, the head-man of the village appeared with a large following of the villagers. And, a week or two later, the priest came in his yellow robes, and openly renounced idolatry; and, the week following, he was baptized.

Month by month, and on all sides, fresh tokens of God's presence were seen. "Everything in the jungles," writes a missionary, last year, "is in a most interesting state; the spirit of investigation is wonderful. Large companies visit us, saying they intend to worship the living God. Last Sabbath, a most interesting man was baptized. He has kept the Lord's day holy for one year, and seems to be strong in the Lord. His deep devotion, as he rose from being baptized, brought tears to many eyes. He raised his hands according to the Burman custom—looked into the heavens—and blessed God for the joys of salvation. The Dagon-pagoda reared its gilded form not far from us; and it was beautiful to see that man turn his back upon these false gods, and avow allegiance to the God who is not made with hands." And, six months later, the same visitor writes:—"We went to a town where they had built a chapel for us,

Here we had seven Christians, two of them converted through the travels of native preachers. No missionary had ever visited the place; and, when we arrived, we found all in readiness for us, and the chapel completely crammed. Some fifty persons remained all day, save when they went for rice; and they did not separate till three o'clock in the night. "How must we pray?" they enquired eagerly. It was a melting sight to see these high men bowing themselves while we taught them to say, 'Lord, teach us thy way; forgive our many sins, and save us, for Christ's sake!' One fine woman came every day to see us, and never failed to ask us how she must pray. The last time she came, she said—'I have lost all confidence in idols and pagodas; and I do feel that I love the eternal God.' Her husband heard that she was renouncing idolatry, and came just then, and said she had friends at the house; and she was called away. As she went, she said, 'My husband is very angry. I have no friends at the house.' He told the people that I had bewitched his wife, and that he feared he might be the same. Poor man! he did not know that the spirit was God's Spirit working in her heart. One evening, as we were leaving, we saw him at his door, talking with her. He passed into the house; she pointed to heaven; and, in a moment, both had disappeared."

Setting out, one day, for a town at some distance, their approach was no sooner known, than some twenty men started to cut a road for their elephants, the bamboo-scrub being quite impassable. They met;

and, after joyful salutations, they convoyed them towards their homes. The road was so difficult, and the mountain so steep, that places for the elephants to step in had sometimes to be dug in their sides; whilst, at other points, the gorges were so narrow that the animals could scarcely turn aside and pick a practicable track among the rocks. On the evening of the second day, they alighted at the door of a convert, who received them to his hospitable board. After the repast, the missionary announced prayers; and instantly their host's only daughter — a comely girl of sixteen — brought forward a New Testament and a Hymn-book, joining most sweetly in the praises of God. "Fancy," he writes, "my emotions! Three years ago, not a soul in these jungles had heard of the Saviour. Now the first house I am led to enter is furnished with a family Bible and a hymn-book, whose owners prize them as a precious treasure, just as the old Covenanters did. Surely it is the Lord's doing, and is wonderful in our eyes."

Another evening found him in a Christian village perched on a little table-land, in the midst of scenery grand beyond description. Pile above pile of magnificent mountains rose before the eye; but a feature more attractive to him was three other Christian villages visible on these heights. "From one," he writes, "where I observed the smoke curling in a little nook, we could not be distant more than four or five miles in a direct line; yet I was told it would be as much as my elephants could do to reach it by tra-

velling all day. On the mountain-range where I stood are six Christian villages; and on the range to the north are no less than fifteen. When I look around, I find myself in a Christian country, raised up, as if by magic, from the darkness of heathenism, in three brief years."

A day or two later, after preaching in another village, a chief came to him enquiring how many nights he had slept at Leukla. "Two," was the reply. "Then you must sleep at least two in my village. I spent a Sunday in your house at Tounghoo, and there first heard the gospel from your lips." "But I have dismissed my elephants, and I am not able to walk so far." "We do not want you to walk," said he, with earnestness; "we will carry you and all your things, if you only say you will go." The missionary assented; and instantly the chief, turning to a man at his elbow, said, "Make a *dooly* for the teacher, and bring twenty men to carry his things!" In a few hours, he was on his way across the hills, borne on a couch of bamboo, on the shoulders of four men, who, relieved at intervals by other four, trotted along till they reached the summit of a mountain-spur, on which stood the hamlet of the chief, and from which was visible a whole line of villages, where now shone the lamp of life. One evening, by the wayside, he came upon a little boy poring over an old smoked catechism, which, for preservation, he had sewed betwixt two bits of old Burmese pasteboard, on a kind of spring-back of a bamboo splint. The youth, not a dozen

years of age, welcomed the teacher as an angel of God.

The church of Burmah has been baptized in martyr-blood. One day, a native pastor, near Bassein, was seized, with forty of his people; and, after being hooked together with iron hooks, and receiving thirty lashes, they were hurried off to prison. The next day, certain old men of their number were liberated, on condition of paying one hundred and thirty rupees: the money was paid, but the Burman magistrate put them again in irons. A day or two afterwards, the preacher was dragged forth—beaten twice—pressed between bamboos—then tied by the neck to a mango-tree, and his hands roped behind to the trunk. “My lord, my lord,” cried the pastor, gently, “do you kill me?” “Give me,” said the magistrate, “a hundred and seventy rupees, and you shall be freed.” “I have no silver, my lord.” “Give his ransom,” resumed the officer, turning to some converts who were looking on, “and take your leader. If not, we will slaughter him.” The money was given; but, instead of being set at liberty, the pastor was led back to prison. A day or two passed: and the judge appeared at the gaol, and, hauling him out, said revilingly, “If your God is Almighty, bid Him take you out of these hooks.” The confessor replied, in a firm tone, “If the eternal God does not now save me from your hands, He will save me eternally in the world to come.” “How do you know that?” “God’s holy book tells me so; and it is true.” Thereupon the magistrate, in a burning rage,

beat him severely—hooked him with five pairs of hooks—and ordered him once more to his cell. Three days later, he had him dragged out again; and, awed apparently by the prisoner's calm mien, he said—"Your God, you tell me, can save you. Read His book before me now." "Though I read," replied the preacher, "you will not believe, but persecute me still. But the eternal God—my Judge and your Judge—the Lord Jesus Christ—He will save me." "Command Him, then, to save you from my hands now."

Another official stepped in—the chief judge; and, with a cudgel as thick as his wrist, he administered thirty blows, and had the pastor back to prison. "Kill these men," said the magistrate, a day or two afterwards, to the judge; "and I will give you a viss of silver." "I dare not kill them," he replied; but he took the money. Another day or two elapsed; and the magistrate was again with the judge, offering a further bribe of fifty rupees. The latter looked dissatisfied; but, at last, with an inviting smile, he said—"If you will marry your daughter to my son, I will kill them." "Brother," answered the magistrate, "I will marry them." The judge once again had the holy man dragged from prison. He began with three fearful scourgings. "If, because I worship God, you torture me," said the martyr, "kill me at once, I entreat you." The judge beckoned to the officers to do their office. They took him—struck him sixty times—then fastened him to a cross—shot him—disembowelled him—and cut him in three



pieces. It was another Stephen, passing in a chariot of fire upward into the presence of the Lord.

But the church "lives by all these deaths." The Burman king now welcomes to his territory the servants of Jesus Christ. And so mightily does the Word of God prevail, that, in two provinces alone—Tenasserim and Pegu, the number of hopeful converts has risen to eleven thousand, nine hundred, and sixty-six, with a nominally Christian population of at least one hundred thousand!

One morning, some months ago,\* there assembled, on the crest of a hill in the province of Tounghoo, a company of two thousand converts, representatives of forty-five stations,—robed in all possible variety of costume, from the silks of the pure Burmese, to the padded jackets of the Shans and the red-striped tunics of the Bghais; whilst, on the distant margin of the congregation, might be seen sundry groups from the remoter mountains, listening as they leaned on their spears. Ninety-five preachers were there; all of them, with the exception of about ten, natives of the province, and converted within the last three years. Not content with their home-efforts, they longed to evangelise the other wild tribes in the regions beyond; and they were now assembled to pray and to concert a plan. "When we travel among the heathen," said one of them, stimulating his brethren to fresh effort, "we are sometimes starved, sometimes sick, sometimes houseless by

\* February, 1857.

night. Then our hearts are troubled. Why is it so? Brethren, it is because we have little love. We ought to think of the Lord Jesus, who was full of love. He ruled over all things; and it was proper for Him to exalt Himself above all: yet He did no such thing. How did He exhibit His love? Oh! now He hungered for forty days; now He suffered till He sweat great drops of blood; and then He died; and for us—all for us! Oh! what love was that of our Lord! Brethren, we ought to think of these things more, and to arm ourselves by prayer, and to *work*. We must go among the heathen and *labour*; and then we must pray, as the disciples did on the day of Pentecost, until the Spirit be poured out and all these nations become Christians.”

And another native preacher, that day, told how, when scourged by the Burmans, he had felt courageous and happy in God. “When I was tied up,” were his words, “and they were about to beat me, they said, ‘Assemble the people together no more. Do what you do in your own house alone: if we find you going about again as we have done, we will kill you.’ After I was liberated, San Shai Kyan wrote me, ‘Brother, I have heard of thy sufferings, and that our Lord Jesus Christ revealed His power in thee. Because thou didst suffer for the sake of Christ, I prayed for thee to God incessantly; and, when I heard that thou didst publicly make known the things which pertain to our Lord, I rejoiced greatly.’ Subsequently,” he continued, “my mother heard that the Burmans were coming to

